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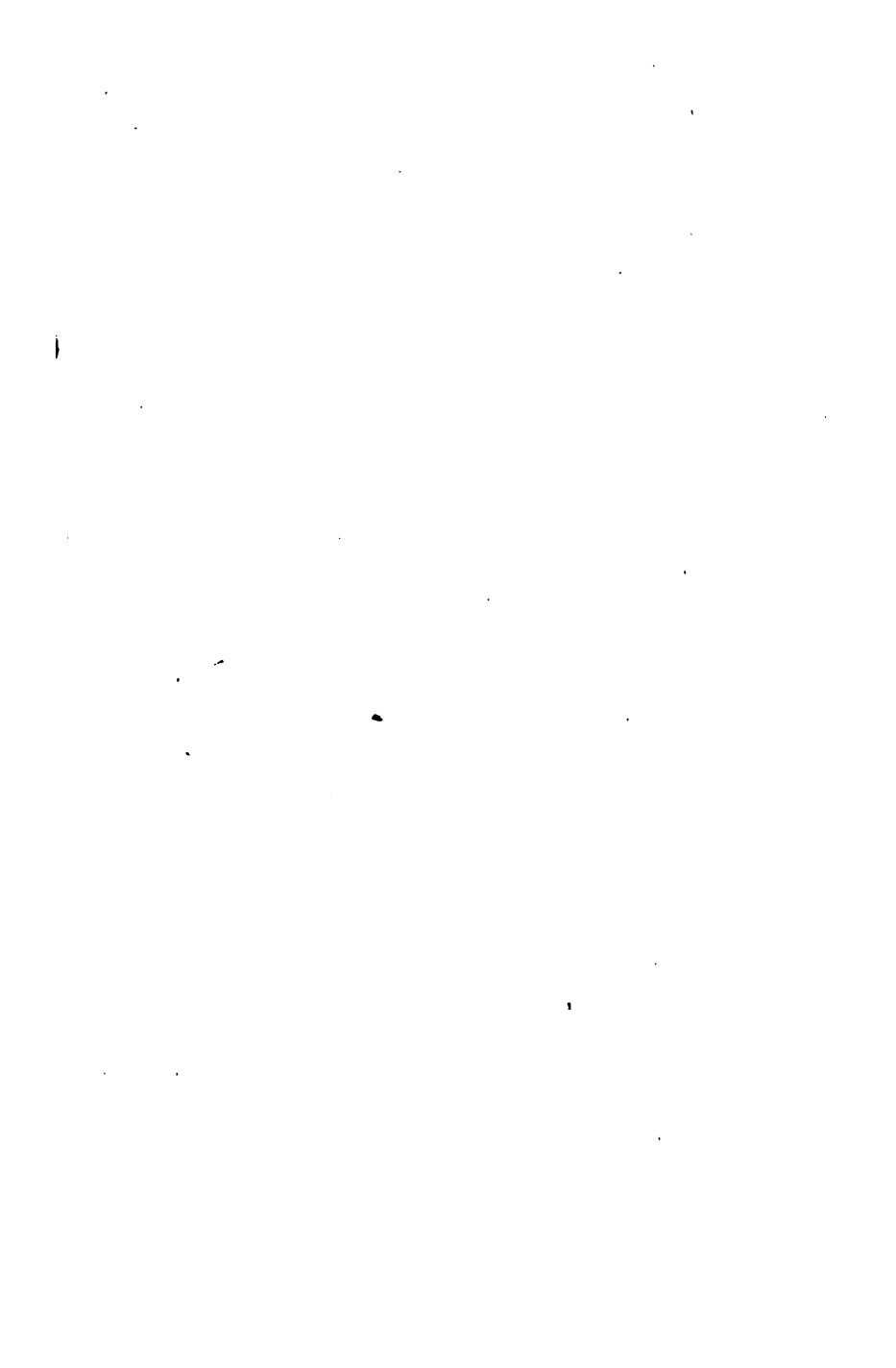
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to



HEART AND THOUGHT MEMORIES
OF
EASTERN TRAVEL.



For private circulation.

HEART AND THOUGHT
MEMORIES
OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

By T. HOLMES,

Author of "Rambles in North Britain,"

and

"Reminiscences of a Continental Holiday."



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By

THE REVEREND CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D.,

Author of

"The Life and Words of Christ," "Hours with the Bible,"

etc.,

VICAR OF ST. MARTIN'S AT PALACE,

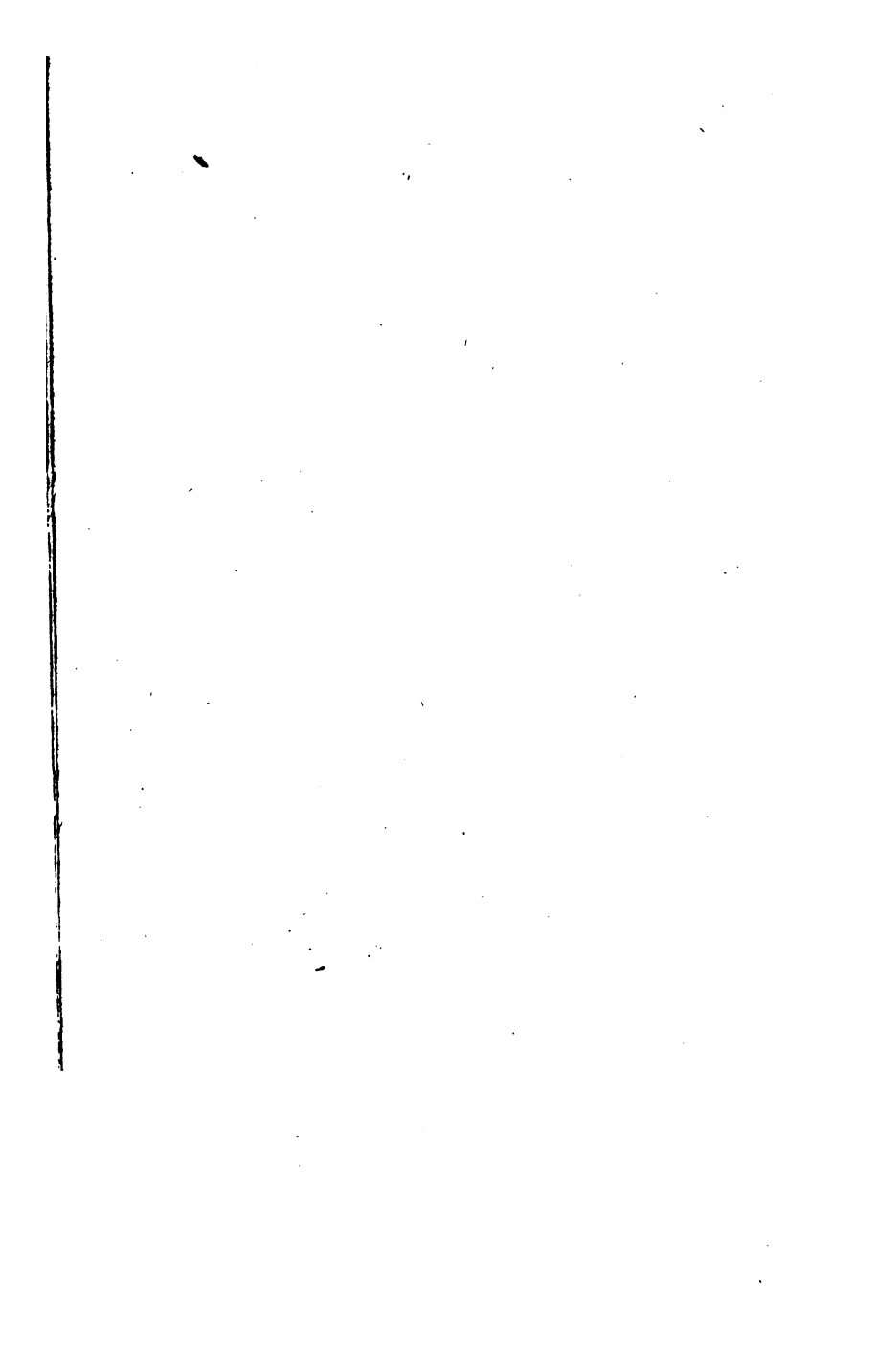
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THIS VOLUME

IS

In Testimony of Sincere Esteem,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.





* P R E F A C E . *

In the month of January, 1885, finding it necessary to obtain thorough change of air and scene, and to remit for a time the customary close attention to business, I undertook a journey to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Levant, in order, if possible, to recruit my health. On my return to England after an absence of four months, with my anticipations of restored vigour happily realized, the not unusual request was made by certain of my friends that I should give some account of my ramblings.

Now of "making of books there is no end"—especially the "making of books" of travel; and it would seem to be the fashion now-a-days for everyone who has crossed "the silver streak" which borders our "island home" to put his experiences of foreign lands into the Press; thence to come forth and swell the daily increasing mountain of literature which is read by none but the immediate and personal friends of the author.

It may well be that my little book may share the same fate: but, if so, it will exactly meet the wishes of the writer, who desires for it no greater notoriety, and whose sole aim it is to give some small amount of pleasure to those

whose loving thoughts followed him day by day in his wanderings, and for whose tender companionship he so often yearned when treading ground made holy by the footsteps of the Son of God.

To their urgent request—nay, their almost peremptory demand that I should “stand and deliver,” I have therefore complied, though with feelings of great diffidence; being well aware that abler pens have set forth, in living lines, all that can possibly be told of these interesting countries; yet also persuaded that those for whom these unpretentious pages are written will view them with the leniency they need, and believe that their only object is to minister a modicum of pleasure and profit to a small circle of indulgent readers.

Having made this somewhat necessary explanation, I will not further imitate the profuseness of good John Bunyan’s “Apology,” but at once commence my journal.—

“Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and nigh,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;
This memory brightens o’er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.”

Longfellow.

T. H.

Bolton-le-Moors, 1887.



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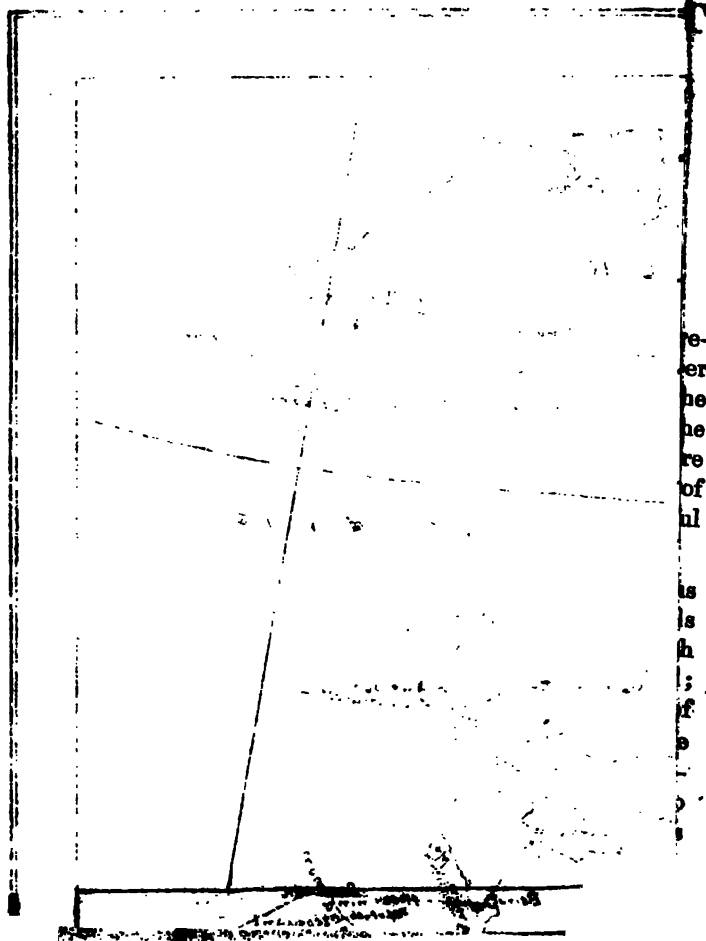
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HEART AND THOUGHT MEMORIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

AFTER gazing upon scenes which have before-time been visited but in thought it is neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to sum up the results of travel in lands far removed from the spot where we first drew breath, nor to compare the dreams of fancy with the impressions of reality, especially if due regard be paid to the faithful discharge of the self-imposed task.

Even with regard to countries scarcely known to us excepting by name interest is felt in the narration of details of manners and customs and the delineation of scenes which may contrast with those we have been accustomed to behold; and there is an especial air of novelty and often much of picturesque beauty attaching to the East. But when the hallowed interest that rests upon Palestine is appealed to—when places are described that have been associated with so many marvellous events,—when, more than all, the scenes are depicted which must at one time have been before the loving eyes of our dear Lord Himself—he must tell his tale but poorly who will not find many attentive listeners.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1885.—We arrived in London about 11-55 a.m., and at once engaged a cab and drove to the office of Messrs. T. Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, where we obtained first-class tour tickets and hotel coupons to clear us over the proposed

ITINERARY :

Friday, January 9th.—Leave London 7-55 p.m., via Calais.
 Saturday, „ 10th.—Arrive Paris.
 Monday, „ 12th.—Leave Paris, 11-15 a.m. for Turin.
 Tuesday, „ 13th.—Arrive Turin 8-35 a.m.
 Wednesday „ 14th.—Leave Turin 9 45 a.m., arrive Venice
 7-35 p.m.
 Thursday, „ 15th.—Leave Venice 3-18 p.m., arrive
 Trieste 9-52 p.m.
 Friday, „ 16th.—Leave Trieste at noon.
 Wednesday, „ 21st.—Arrive Alexandria 4-0 p.m.
 Thursday, „ 22nd.—Leave Alexandria 10-0 a.m., arrive
 Cairo 2-55 p.m.
 Friday, „ 23rd.—Leave Cairo (Boulac) 8-30 a.m.,
 arrive Assiout 6-35 p.m.
 Saturday, „ 24th.—Leave Assiout by steamer 12-5 a.m.
 Wednesday, „ 28th.—Arrive Assouan.
 Thursday, „ 29th.—Leave Assouan.
 Friday, „ 30th.—Arrive Luxor.
 Tuesday, February 3rd.—Leave Luxor.
 Wednesday, „ 4th.—Arrive Assiout.
 Thursday, „ 5th.—Arrive Cairo by Railway.
 Wednesday, „ 11th.—Leave Cairo by rail for Suez.
 Thursday, „ 12th.—Leave Suez, with camels, etc , for
 Sinai.
 Wednesday, March 4th.—Return to Suez.
 Thursday, „ 5th.—Leave Suez for Ismailia and Port Said.

Saturday,	„	7th.—Leave Port Said with conducted party for Jaffa.
Monday,	April	6th.—Leave Beyrout for Constantinople.
Monday,	„	13th.—Arrive Constantinople.
Sunday,	„	19th.—Arrive Athens.
Sunday,	„	26th.—Leave Athens (terminate tour with party.)
Wednesday,	„	29th.—Arrive Brindisi and leave for London.
Saturday,	May	2nd.—Arrive in London, via St. Gothard.

But to our history :—We (the Rev. J. H. Scowcroft M.A., and the writer) left the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Station, Holborn Viaduct, at 7-55 p.m., arrived at Dover about ten o'clock, and at once boarded the steamer. A strong wind was blowing and the passage of the channel was as disagreeable as usual under the circumstances, producing sensations and results which I had better not describe. In less than two hours Calais was reached, and from the cabin below and from the shelter of recesses on deck, every one awoke to stirring life ; and each, intent on his own belongings, pushed and shouldered to the front in hopes of being first on shore.

It was bitterly cold, and snow was falling fast as we stepped into the train, but foot-warmers in plenty did much to ameliorate the chilly temperature of the carriage, so we ensconced ourselves in our corners and prepared for sleep. My friend soon popped off, but I could not get a nap of even a few minutes.

Paris was reached in about six hours, and leaving the train we engaged a cab and drove to the Hotel St. Petersburg, being met at the door by the porter who took charge of our luggage whilst we inspected the rooms assigned to us.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10TH.—Breakfast concluded, we walked to the Madeleine—one of the principal churches in Paris. The interior is very beautiful, and the many excellent paintings and the numerous statues of exquisite sculpture caused us to linger before them in rapt admiration, but the exterior is very un-ecclesiastical. Having duly inspected this we came in sight of the Arc de Triomphe, and continuing along the Jardin des Tuileries we entered the Place de la Concorde. The Luxor Obelisk, which is similar to Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment, is a prominent object, as are also the fountains and eight stone figures fixed at intervals around the Place representing the chief towns of France.

We next proceeded to the Louvre. To a stranger who visits this vast pile of buildings for the first time (which, however, was not the case with us) the effect is simply bewildering. As we passed from room to room, admiring the productions of eminent artists, we could not help wishing that more time could be given so that a close examination might be made, as to do anything like justice to the galleries would take days rather than hours—the Louvre, with its miles of paintings and sculptures, being generally considered the finest collection of its kind in Europe. As we were leaving, the rain came down persistently, and, feeling cold and shivery, we sought the comfort of our quarters at the Hotel.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11TH.—A beautiful morning. We sallied forth to the English Church, an unpretentious but pretty looking building, where we were greatly pleased with the quiet but impressive service. After luncheon we attended afternoon service and had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Mackay preach, the sermon being short but very helpful.

Judging from its Sunday, Paris morality and respect for Divine ordinances is at a low ebb—that reverence for the

day which all professing Christians in England feel for the Sabbath has in great part disappeared; workmen toil late on Saturdays and resume work on Sundays quite as a matter of course. Towards three o'clock the gardens of the Champs Elysees and other places are crowded, football and other amusements are engaged in; later on—cabs and carriages defile along the Rue Rivoli to the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne; whilst by six o'clock the doors of the numerous theatres are surrounded by crowds of people who fill the buildings to their utmost capacity, even if empty all the rest of the week.

Like ancient Rome, Paris tries all modes of government—it is hoped that she will at last find and cleave to that which is good. Before she can do this, however, superstition and infidelity must be rooted out, and faith in the Christianity of the Bible planted in its stead.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12TH.—A very fine morning following a frosty night. Breakfast being concluded, and hotel expenses defrayed, I posted my letters and sent off a telegram. We had ordered our omnibus for ten o'clock, as it was a long way to the railway station and our luggage had to be registered.

We quitted Paris at 11-15 a.m. for Turin (a distance of four hundred and ninety six miles). After passing through a flat country in which there was little worthy of attention to be seen from the carriage windows, Dijon was reached about six o'clock, where we left the train and proceeded to the buffet for dinner, but in half an hour were off again with the prospect of a night on the rail. However, we had the carriage to ourselves, and it was well lighted and comfortable, though, as the night advanced, the coolness of the air increased. Through the semi-darkness the train whirled along, arriving about ten o'clock at Culoz, the junction of lines to Lyons, Maçon, and Turin.

Here we changed carriages for those of the Victor Emmanuel line, which diverges south-east towards Mont Cenis. On we sped, chatting and dozing alternately, until Modane was reached at 2-26 a.m., where we had the Customs examination to undergo and be off again in fifty minutes. I unstrapped all my portmanteaus and opened their contents to the officer's view, and he commenced rummaging with his dirty hands among my pocket-handkerchiefs. Soon he brought out a small canister of tea, and cried out "Tabac?" "Non, non," I replied, "du thé"; whereupon I had four francs to hand over; he afterwards assisting in the strapping of my portmanteaus and signing for me to move on.

At 3-16 we again took our seats, having a compartment all to ourselves; the prospect was essentially wintry, and small but thick flakes of snow were falling, so that it was pleasant to get into our great coats and wrap up snugly. The train was pulling up-hill all the way—soon we entered the Mont Cenis tunnel, which, according to Bradshaw, is seven and a half miles long, nineteen and a half feet high, and thirty feet wide. It is traversed by a double set of rails, though the outside approaches are single, and is well ventilated—with an average temperature of from sixty-five to seventy degrees. It was begun in 1857, finished December, 1870, and formally opened September, 1871; the cost of six millions sterling being divided between Italy and France. No doubt many travellers will still prefer to visit the sublime scenery of "The Pass," but to the greater number the passage through the tunnel will be an immense gain. Lamps are placed in the tunnel at short distances, but the time actually spent in it was inconsiderable, as in thirty-four minutes we were through.

The night-journey to Italy is necessarily tiring, in spite of the comfortable carriages and the rate of speed; but daylight dawned, and the grand outlines of the Alps amid which

the route winds, being seen to great advantage from the train, certainly looked charmingly beautiful in the light and freshness of the morning sun. The mountains with their snowy summits tower up on either side—between them are many lively plains, hillsides, and moraines ; spring grass was beginning to show itself in the sheltered hollows, a few goats and oxen were in the fields, and as our train wound its circuitous way up some steep ascent, shot across some perilous gorge where it seemed suspended in mid-air, or plunged into the tunnel—the sense of man's power and triumph over Nature added to the impressiveness of the scenery. Finally we entered the Turin Station about 8-30 a.m., and jumping into the omnibus we rattled and jolted to the Trombetta Hotel.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH.—A wash, a change, and a hearty breakfast greatly refreshed us before we sallied forth to the Telegraph Office, and wired home, proceeding thence to the Cathedral of S. Giovanni del Battista which adjoins the Royal Palace. The interior consists of a nave and aisles with an octagonal dome in the centre, the seats of the members of the royal family being to the left of the high altar, behind which is situated the Capella del Santissimo Sudario, approached by thirty-seven steps. It is a lofty circular chapel containing the burial vaults of the Dukes of Savoy, and was embellished by King Charles Albert in 1842 with statues in white marble to the memory of the illustrious members of his family. The door in the centre leads to the upper corridors of the royal palace.

We next proceeded to the Art Exhibition, where we spent several hours, and were greatly pleased with the splendid collection of paintings by modern Italian artists. In the afternoon we climbed the Monte or hill, on which is built the Capuchin convent, a cold biting wind from the snowy Alps giving zest to our walk. A most striking effect



THURSDAY, JANUARY 15TH.—After an early breakfast, we sallied forth to the Grand Square of St. Mark, which forms the principal attraction of the city, and which, architecturally considered, is perhaps the finest in the world. It is about five hundred and seventy feet long by two hundred broad, contains some of the more remarkable buildings, and is lined by arcades with handsome shops and cafés. Turner's great picture conveys to English minds a good idea of its magnificence, its lofty Campanile (bell tower) of St. Mark's, three hundred and twenty-three feet high, (built of red brick with marble dressings, interesting as the place where Galileo made many astronomical observations); its beautiful arcades; its wondrous columns; its magical clock-tower; and, above all, its world-renowned Cathedral; all combine to produce upon the mind of the beholder an impression of enchantment which time can never efface.

The origin of the custom of feeding the pigeons is one of far back date and unknown. Colombo Coen writes, "The pigeons are the protégés of the city as the lions are its protectors. They are fed every day at two o'clock. A dinner-bell is rung for them, that is to say the vesper-bells are utilised for that purpose. Any person found killing or ill-treating a pigeon is arrested. If it be his first offence he is fined: if he be an old offender he is sent to prison. It is believed by the credulous that the pigeons are in some way connected with the prosperity of Venice; that they fly round it three times every day in honour of the Trinity; and that their being domiciled in the City is a sign that it will not be swallowed up by the waves. It is a pretty sight to watch these birds flying about the Piazza, where their dinner is thrown out in a golden shower of grain. Sometimes the bell rings too soon, sometimes too late; but the birds are always in the Piazza at the right time; and if the bell-ringing is omitted by way of experiment they scream and flap their

wings in a peculiar manner. They could set the clock; they are as punctual as the sun itself. This may seem incredible, but the story has been verified over and over again, both for the amusement of visitors and the satisfaction of the authorities.

Of course we went to see the venerable Church of St. Mark, celebrated for its historical associations, and lavishly decorated with wall pictures executed in Mosaic with golden back grounds and with Oriental marbles of the tenth and following centuries. Under the altar repose the ashes of St. Mark, which, tradition says, Venice reveres beyond all things earthly. The Church is surrounded by five domes, the principal front, (one hundred and seventy feet wide) externally and internally, is adorned with five hundred columns of precious marbles. Above the doorway are the four celebrated gilded bronze horses brought from Constantinople by the Doge Dandolo in 1204, transferred to Paris by Napoleon in 1797, and restored to Venice in 1815.

Leaving St. Mark's we went to the Palace of the Doges, but a few yards off, which is built (like most public buildings in Italy) in the form of a quadrangle. It is now used in part for picture-galleries, sculpture-rooms, library, &c. From the palace to the prison is but a step:—no wonder that it is called the "Bridge of Sighs!" In allusion to this bridge Coen says,—“It was built in 1591, by Antonio da Ponte. Its style is that of the Decadence; neither very good nor very bad, but, useful as a corridor, and to a certain extent ornamental. Artists and connoisseurs will not admit that it has any merits. But, whatever its faults, it is one of the most celebrated bridges in the world.”

Every one remembers Byron's lines at the commencement of the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*:—

"I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."—

and most people have been misled by Byron into investing it with too much importance. It is a small covered corridor with a wall in the centre, dividing it into two separate passages. One of these leads from the apartments of the Avogadori to the prisons—the other from the prisons to the Hall of the Ten Inquisitors. It is high up and spans the street, or river, with a single arch.

The Prisons were built in 1589, by the architect of the Bridge of Sighs. The style is Classic. The facade overlooking the Canal is at once grand and ominous. The waves of the watery street wash past in sullen flow. The doorsteps and the wall are marked by the high tide, never did a prison deserve its name more thoroughly than this,—never did a house look more inhospitable, or more suggestive of a tomb for living men, than this "Jail of the Sea."

Leaving here we visited the establishment of M. Q. Testolini, 76 to 117, Place S. Marc, and purchased some mementoes of the place, in the shape of a few *Specialites Venetiennes* (Mosaïques) and photographs. Throughout the city there run also *calli* or lanes for foot-passengers, from four to twelve feet broad only, but if any distance has to be traversed the Venetians generally employ a gondola or a larger vessel called a *barca*; for the canals are really the streets of Venice, and it possesses neither horses nor wheeled-carriages.

Luncheon concluded, the black painted gondola waits at the door of our hotel. We enter it and find the seats upholstered in nice white cloth with fancy edging, the bow is ornamented with a steel comb and battle-axe attachment which occasionally threatens to cut passing boats in two, but

never fulfils the threat. We glide gracefully along, pulling up at the Railway Station, and take the 3-18 train for Trieste, where we arrived at 1-10 a.m., and instructed "*cocher*" to drive to the Hotel de la Ville, where we at once retired, on our rooms being assigned to us.

Trieste—the chief port of Austria—is a large and handsome city, and a place of great trade; exporting wool and tobacco and the produce of the Hungarian mines.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16TH.—A doubtful morning. An early breakfast afforded us ample opportunity for writing and despatching letters before we embarked on the Austrian Lloyd's Steamer "*Venus*" for Alexandria. After seeing our luggage safely deposited in our cabin (which at first sight looked very small and strange) we went on deck, where the snorting of the engines and the bustle on the quay indicated that active preparation was being made for an almost immediate departure, and shortly after twelve we were steaming slowly along. As we got further out, the wind increased in power, causing the vessel to pitch fore and aft—a bad example imitated by many of the passengers. At half-past five the dinner-bell rang, but there were many vacant chairs, and a few of the passengers who ventured down left the table in a hurry. We had on board seventeen saloon passengers, including a lady and a fascinating little girl of three or four years of age, and, as all were very agreeable, we were soon on the best of terms, and before the end of the voyage became like one family. About 9-30 I retired to my berth—bed I can scarcely call it, as it was the topmost one, and the getting in or out was a feat of gymnastic skill.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH.—Weather much worse, and walking on deck scarcely possible. Calm or stormy, however, the regular routine of the ship's day must be gone through—at six or seven in the morning, coffee or tea was served in

the saloon, breakfast at 10-30, dinner at 5-30, tea at 8 ; and all this besides the attendance upon passengers too unwell to be present at table. In the afternoon the wind increased amazingly, the vessel rolled and pitched very much, and as we were only going about three knots an hour our captain put back to the Island of Lissa, the weather getting worse and worse and blowing half a gale. No wonder that Hebrew poets refer to sea and storm to illustrate the might and majesty of Jehovah. Yes ! and it was this very sea that made the sweet singer of Israel exclaim in the 93rd Psalm :

“The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice ;
The floods lift up their waves.
The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.”

And again, in the 107th Psalm, verses 23-31 :

“They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters ;
These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.
For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof,
They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths :
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits’ end.
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet ;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven,
Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men !”

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18TH.—A fine bright morning, gale subsided, so that, at eight o’clock, we proceeded on our course again. After breakfast, Mr. Masterman, myself, and three

clergymen—the Reverends Scowcroft, Sykes, and Carr—quitted our seats and went on deck, where, on the leeward or sheltered side of the deck, divine service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sykes in a manner which we all felt to be very impressive and helpful. The greater portion of the day was occupied in reading.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19TH.—The thick and threatening atmosphere of the morning turned into a blinding snow-storm, so that we could not see more than about two hundred yards ahead. This was very disagreeable, and we were all very glad when the weather cleared up. We arrived in Corfu at ten o'clock, and now breathed the air of Greece. The anchor was not down before we were surrounded by row-boats to convey us on shore. We proceeded to the Post Office to leave our letters, and thence to the citadel. As we ascended the height and walked in the Palace Square, the interior of the city appeared bright and cheerful, the Albanian coast across the bay presenting a graceful outline, the ridge of snowy mountains seeming to retire farther into the distance, while the hills in the vicinity of the sea offered by their bleak but varied landscape a fine contrast to the richly wooded and cultivated shores of the Island. The channel which separates Corfu from Albania varies in breadth from two to twelve miles, and appears one noble lake from the harbour, whence its outlets are not visible. Corfu came into the possession of the English in 1815; but in 1864 it was ceded to the kingdom of Greece, together with the other Ionian Islands :—Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Paxo, and Cerigo, which are scattered along the coast of Epirus and of the Pelopennesus. Their title is probably derived from their being situated in that part of the Mediterranean which stretches between Greece and Calabria, and which from very ancient times has borne the name of the Ionian Sea. The principal articles of export are olive-oil and currants.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20TH.—We got under weigh at 5 o'clock, and on looking out a little later on I saw the sea so calm and blue and the sun so bright that I determined to get up and pace the deck, the weather having settled down to a dead calm. We had passed the barren rock of Antipaxos and the mountain in the sea called Paxo.

There is no island in all these seas but has its legend. That recorded in Plutarch's "Defect of Oracles" and so well told in the words of the old annotator of Spenser's "Pastoral in May." I am tempted to transcribe from Murray's Handbook of Greece in the quaint language in which it is written, for it expresses not only the spirit of this wild coast but also our own passage out of the domain of mythology into the sunlight of Christianity.

"Here, about the time that our Lord suffered His most bitter passion, certain persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus at night heard a voice calling aloud "Thamus! Thamus!" who, giving ear to the cry, was bidden (for he was pilot of the ship) when he came near to Pelodes" (the Bay of Butrinto) "to tell that the great god Pan was dead,—which he doubting to do yet for that when he came to Pelodes there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea unmoored, he was forced to cry out aloud that Pan was dead, wherewith there was such piteous outcries and dreadful shriekings as hath not been the like. By which Pan—of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was of that time by Christ conquered and the gates of hell broken up; for at that time all oracles surceased and enchanted spirits that were wont to delude the people henceforth held their peace."

The words in which Milton alludes to this legend in his "Ode on the Nativity" will recur to the memory of the English traveller as he sails by the Island:

“The lonely mountains o’er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament :—
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent.”

In more modern times Paxo was subject first to the kings of Naples and afterwards to the Venetian Republic.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21ST.—A beautiful day again, with the same dark indigo-blue sea—this weather is indeed a luxury after all the knocking about we have lately undergone.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22ND.—Another lovely day, the sea as calm as a mill pond. I left my berth at an early hour, and, as I paced the deck I hummed the tune of

“The sea ! the sea ! the glorious sea !”

for nothing else was visible within the circle of the horizon. The macaroni feat was repeated at breakfast, and between that and dinner I had made myself master of the length and breadth of the vessel and very nearly mastered the sum total of the ropes. Occasionally a porpoise rose to the surface of the sea, gambolled a moment, and then disappeared. The sky acquired a warmer tinge of colour as we approached nearer to the coast of Africa, and now wore a soft purple hue rather than the deep blue of Italy as though reflecting the hot haze of the Libyan desert.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23RD. Eagerness to see Africa brought us early on deck. Yet, though Alexandria is rich in historical reminiscences, being founded by a Conqueror who built even more than he destroyed, the first view of the city is far less imposing than that of perhaps any other on the Mediterranean. The first objects perceived are the Ramleh Palace on rising ground to the east, the lighthouse at the extremity of the Ras-el-Teen (“the Cape of Figs”) and the Palace beyond, Pompey’s Pillar, the several forts

which serve as defences to the harbour, the range of low hills to the west crowned with windmills, the masts of the shipping at anchor, and the breakwater behind which we dropped anchor at 10 o'clock. The scene was exciting beyond description. We were immediately surrounded by a mob of swarthy and tumultuous Arabs most anxious to seize the passengers and their baggage, and their hoarse shouting and wild gesticulations made the place a very Babel of confusion. "Take you for two shilling, Sar," yelled one, as he seized hold of the shoulder of a passenger with one hand and pointed with the other to the boat in which he purposed conveying him to the shore; "One-and-a-half, Sar," shrieked another, grasping his arm; "One shilling" whispered a third, proceeding to lay hands upon the luggage. In due time, however, Cook's agent came on board with our telegrams and letters, and his boatmen, distinguished by red shirts and "Cook's Flag" took charge of us and our belongings and brought us through the Custom House. As we were expected, carriages were in waiting, and we were soon conveyed by this means to the Hotel d' Abbat.

To one who lands from western cities the first introduction to the streets of Alexandria is very striking—the Babel of tongues and nationalities and the cry for "Backsheesh" greeting him on every hand. Little shops no bigger than cupboards, the owner sitting cross-legged in the open front apparently indifferent to all around; Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Greeks, Levantines, and Maltese in every variety of costume and colour; swarms of children, black, brown, and olive of all shades; beggars in infinite variety; women with singular looking things somewhat like a piece of reed pipe with rings round, fastened in front of the bridge of the nose, the upper and lower parts of the face being closely veiled but just disclosing the dark glancing eyes, the body swathed in such a mass of drapery that all resemblance to the human form is lost (only fancy one of these old ugly sun-

scorched beings with her feet, hands, and forehead tattooed, and you have a spectacle the most revolting and hideous conceivable, a combination totally unlike anything to be seen in Europe. The buildings of the modern city are generally tall, square, and white-washed ; with green or blue "jalousies" to exclude the sun whilst admitting air. You enter them through a court-yard, then pass into an open square with a fountain in the centre, and sometimes see a garden beyond. We were shown the place whence Cleopatra's Needle, which now graces the Thames Embankment, was taken. Presently we came to Pompey's Pillar as it is commonly called, which stands on the lonely mounds overlooking the Lake Mareotis and the modern city. It is a noble column, the shaft being a single block of red granite about seventy feet in height, the total height being ninety five feet ; its substructure was once below the level of the ground. Close by is the cemetery : the graves are of rude and singular appearance, each being a heap of white plaster rounded at the top with a little square projection at each end, and bears a ludicrous resemblance to the boiler of a locomotive steam engine. The cemeteries in the east are always outside the walls of a city ; hence "a dweller among the tombs" is emphatically an outcast cut off and separated from all intercourse with his fellows ; and those who saw with me the unutterable filth which everywhere defiles the graves understood for the first time what an epitome of misery was summed up in the words "dwelling among the tombs."

Alexandria is already beginning, like a Phoenix, to rise from her ashes, but our late bombardment made sad havoc there and destroyed most of the fine buildings. We returned to the Hotel and after a hasty luncheon drove to the Station, where we got our tickets endorsed in order to leave by the 2-45 train for Cairo. The railway between Alexandria and Cairo was the first ever made in the East, and was constructed in 1855. The line skirts the Lake Mareotis, which

stretches far away out of sight. In winter, after the rising of the Nile, the water reaches in many places to the embankment; but in the late spring and summer a wide expanse of swampy marsh intervenes which is alike disagreeable to the eye and unpleasant to the nose. Damanhoor, our first stopping place, is a large town with a few cotton manufactories and a few respectable looking houses; but otherwise presents the usual appearance of an Arab village—shapeless huts and houses of crude mud bricks, relieved by the graceful outline of a few minarets. We arrived at Cairo at 8-45.

Here another busy scene awaits us, containing much that is novel and picturesque crowded into a few minutes—many colours and flying robes, with quite a display of bare legs and swarthy figures, and the special and vociferous recommendation of each particular animal by his attendant owner or driver is enough to drive an impressionable person wild. We engaged a carriage, and after seeing our luggage safely deposited, drove on to "Shepherd's" Hotel, where, our rooms being assigned us, a refreshing wash was immediately followed by dinner.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24TH.—Morning very bright and warm—up early—breakfast concluded, telegram and letters received and answered, our carriage, which had been ordered for half-past seven, was announced as waiting at the door of the hotel. We took our seats and were driven by the great irregular square of the Esbequeeh which is surrounded by houses and gardens, to Boulac Station in order to leave by the eight o'clock train for Assiout, a distance of two hundred and twenty nine miles. We found Mr. Cook's agent waiting to see us off, and through his care had a comfortable carriage to ourselves. As the sun got higher the heat increased, and the dust became so intolerable that we were obliged to close every window, yet, after all, the fine particles found their way in, filling our eyes and mouths and covering us from head to foot. Fortunately we stopped long enough at most

of the stations to enable us to stretch our legs and obtain a little fresh air while the attentive railway porters turned everything out, beat the cushions, and dusted the carriage generally--a performance which had to be repeated several times during our journey. The railway runs through a strip of fertile country, often quite close to the river, and passes several large and thriving-looking towns, including Benisooef and Minieh. At Bedreshayn, fifteen miles from Cairo, we had a fine view of the pyramids of Sakkárah, it being from this place that the excursion to the Pyramids is generally made on donkeys. At Wasta there is a branch line to El Fayoom, that Oasis in the Desert, watered by a canal cut from the Nile, which is said to have been at one time not only the most fertile but the most populous district of Egypt. Although only twenty-three miles in length from north to south, and twenty-eight in breadth, it is reputed to have contained three hundred and sixty-six towns and villages, and, at the present time, the population is stated to be one hundred and fifty thousand. Presently we came to Rhoda, which possesses one of the largest sugar factories on the Nile. Close by is a Palace of the Khedive. We had the satisfaction of seeing a splendid sunset from our carriage window.

It was 6-40 when we arrived at Assiout, and were met at the Station by Mr. Cook's agent, who took charge of our luggage. After the usual shouting and squabbling of strange loud voices from personages clad in the strangest costumes that imagination can conceive, we started off across the line. A walk of about a mile and a half brought us to the river's bank, and we stepped on board the steamer and inspected the berths which had been secured for us. After a refreshing wash, of which we had great need, the agent handed me a telegram from home in reply to the one sent before leaving Cairo in the morning. Presently the bell rang for dinner, when seventeen persons sat down and dined comfortably,

making acquaintance with many viands and vegetables which were new to our palates, but finding nothing that was not agreeable.

Our company consisted of English, Scotch, French, and Russians, of clergymen, and merchants, of three ladies, Mr. L——r, M.P., and the second son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. On the upper deck of the steamer were some one hundred and twenty passengers—men, women, and children returning from Cairo—a few apparently well-to-do, but the greater portion of them evidently of the poorer class. These slept in their ordinary habiliments on what appeared to be Persian or Smyrna rugs with pieces of matting as coverlets. The Arabs were attired in turbans, tarbooshes, and long flowing robes of either black, brown, or blue; being further adorned with brilliant coloured waistcoats and slippers, others were in rags, with bare legs and feet, with dirty red fezzes or a coarse towel twisted about the head for a turban; whilst the women were hideous in dress and appearance, being clad in a loose kind of garment reaching from head to foot, to which was attached a veil covering the lower part of the face. Despite all the dirt and semi-nakedness there is after all a harmonious blending of colour which seems to impart a sort of picturesqueness to the scene.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25TH.—For the first time in my life I found out what it was to have two or three mosquitoes for bed-fellows. About five o'clock I was awakened by the preparations which were being made for our departure, and shortly before six I rose and saw the palm-groves that surround Assiout gradually fading away in the dim distance, a proof that we were really under way and gliding along the deep yellow turbid waters of the Nile. At first I could not account for the discolouration, but the explanation is simple. It seems that the whole valley of the Nile abounds in mud, of which the porous earthenware jars in use, not only in Egypt but throughout the East, are made. Many of the

boats we met were laden with them, and at several of the villages which we passed there were thousands waiting to be shipped.

The Nile forms part of some of our most interesting associations, both of sacred and profane history. Its banks were the scene of Pharoah's dream respecting the fat and lean kine, the full and withered ears of corn, and they witnessed the activity of Joseph, the interpreter of those dreams, in collecting the superabundant stores of the seven plenteous years, and his prudent foresight in laying them up against the time of famine.

In its bulrushes, the cradle boat of the infant lawgiver of the Jews was hidden, from whence it was taken at the command of Pharoah's daughter, who gave him the name of Moses from that circumstance.

How awful, and at the same time how disgusting, must have been the appearance of this mighty river when its waters ran blood; when the stench like that of putridity arose from them and the fish died! Surely the heart of Pharoah must have been indeed hardened, when so stupenous a miracle failed to make a lasting impression on his mind. The mud of the Nile is so fertile, owing to the rich deposit (this deposit constitutes the wealth of Egypt) which the waters bring down with them from the mountains, that for purposes of cultivation, it produces the most prolific vegetation, and the land which would otherwise be a barren waste, is rendered fruitful to an extent which is astonishing. But once get beyond the limit or boundary of the fertilizing mud and the next step brings you into the Desert, "a barren and dry land where no water is,"—"where life and vegetation alike disappear."

We had Divine Service in the cabin at 11-30, taking our places on the right and left of the saloon table, at the head of which were the Revds. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., and H. F. Maitland, B.A. The first-named said the prayers, and the latter read the lessons: altogether the short service was most refreshing.

The steamer stops at every place of interest, and as soon as we arrived at a village, men, women, and children flocked to the shore and clamoured for "Baksheesh!" At Soohag, 6 men, chained neck and foot, were marched down to the river under a guard of soldiers; they appeared perfectly indifferent, however, to their position, if one might judge by the hearty peals of laughter they indulged in as they filled their jars. The waters of the river are supposed to be peculiarly wholesome and sweet: indeed the Turks frequently stimulate themselves to artificial thirst by eating salt, in order that they may drink the more of this delicious beverage. We were greatly amused by the antics of ten or twelve half-naked Arabs on the bank, who followed the course of our steamer, clamouring for "Baksheesh!" scrambling and diving into the Nile for the coppers occasionally thrown to them from our deck. One shrewd little fellow, clad in a dirty blue robe, as he dashed into the river, held out his tattered garment before him in order more readily to catch the coin.

MONDAY, JANUARY 26TH.—I was up and dressed at an early hour, as we started at 5 o'clock. Nothing can be more delicious than these morning experiences on the broad bosom of the river, gliding along in the freshness and serenity of the dawn. One delight of this mode of travel is that you are always at home with nature—for one never misses seeing the sun rise and set in its unrivalled but not monotonous splendour. The hours of noon are those in which you feel the heat most oppressive—the roof of the cabin becomes scorched, and the atmosphere within is close and sultry.

The boats coming down with the current are mostly filled with porous earthenware jars, and the boatmen are fine stalwart fellows, inured to severe labour in rowing, poling, and towing. The dahabieh itself is worth describing. Its saloons and cabins are on deck, and some of these are luxuriously fitted up, room being found even for a piano.

They differ in size, affording accomodation for from two to six or eight passengers, but no sleeping accomodation whatever is provided for the crew. The boat is worked by means of two large triangular sails fitted to masts fore and aft, and there are benches for rowers when needed. Nor is there lack of variety in the surroundings, for the great thoroughfare all up the river is along its banks.

The predominant river-side foliage is that of the date-palm—the great ornament and blessing of Egypt. Not only is its fruit a delicious article of food which serves as the principal sustenance of the lower classes, but its trunk is used for building purposes and for fuel. Indeed the Arabs say that the tree has 360 distinct uses. The branches serve for the manufacture of a variety of light articles which are both cheap and serviceable; its long leaves are woven into mats, baskets, sacks, etc.; its fibres supply material for the ropes used in rigging and other purposes; and its sap possesses medicinal properties. Indeed, almost everything for ordinary use in Egypt is made either of Nile clay or the palm-tree.

Dr. Smith, in his "Dictionary of the Bible" commenting on Psalm xcii., 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree" remarks "the full force of this passage suggests a world of illustrations, whether respect be had to the orderly and regular aspect of the tree, its fruitfulness, the perpetual greenness of its foliage, or the height at which the foliage grows,—as far as possible from earth, and as near as possible to heaven. Perhaps no point is more worthy of mention, if we wish to pursue the comparison, than the elasticity of the fibre of the palm, and its determined upward growth even when loaded with weights. The passage in Rev.vii., 9, where the glorified of all nations are described as "clothed with white robes, with palms in their hands," might seem to us a purely classical image. But palm-branches were used by the Jews in token of victory and peace, of which we have

evidence in i. Macc., xiii., 51 ; ii. Macc., x., 7 ; and ii. Macc., xiv., 4. As to the industrial and domestic uses of the palm it is well known that they are very numerous, but there is no clear allusion to them in the Bible. That the ancient Orientals, however, made use of wine and honey obtained from the palm tree is evident from Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny. It is indeed possible that the honey mentioned in some places may be palm sugar ; as for instance in 2 Chron., xxxi., 5, where the margin has "dates." There may also in Cant. vii., 8—

"I will go up to the palm-tree,
I will take hold of the boughs thereof."

be a reference to climbing for the fruit.

"One very remarkable change," writes the Rev. Samuel Manning, "has passed upon the water-plants of the Nile. The lotus and the papyrus were formerly the most common and characteristic of its products, insomuch that they formed the symbols of Upper and Lower Egypt. The papyrus was used not only for making paper, to which it gave its name, but for the construction of boats, baskets, and innumerable other articles, as, in the Upper Jordan, where it still grows abundantly, even cottages were built with it. No religious service, no state ceremonial, no domestic festival is found without the lotus flower. It forms part of every offering to the gods. The guests at a banquet all hold one in their hands. It is perhaps the object, of all others, most constantly represented on the monuments. Yet both the lotus and the papyrus have disappeared from Egypt. No trace of either can be found. Unaccountable as is the disappearance of these plants, it was yet foretold by the prophet Isaiah as a part of the Divine judgment upon Egypt—"The brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up : the reeds and flags shall wither. The paper reeds by the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more."—Isaiah xix., 6, 7.

It was a strange sight to witness the Oriental passengers on the upper deck. First one, and then another, rose suddenly, spread out his carpet, and knelt for his afternoon prayers. The Mohammedan has a plain and majestic ritual, whatever we may think of the meaning of his prayers. The hour of worship comes, and wherever the man is, there is the place of worship; whether at home or in the mosque, in the street or on board a ship's deck—no matter where he may be—regardless of his surroundings he turns his face towards Mecca, raises his hands to heaven, then lays them reverently in his lap and with knees bent and forehead touching the ground, is alone with his God even though surrounded by a crowd. The Arab kneels under his camel's shade while the sun is scorching the desert, and the shepherd bows in adoration amid the green grass of the hills. His usual prayer is the first Sura of the Koran, which serves the same purpose as does the Lord's Prayer for the Christian. There are five stated hours of prayer,—between daybreak and sunrise, a little after noonday, in the afternoon, four minutes after sunset, and at nightfall. Friday is observed as the Sabbath—on the other hand worship is not confined to that day, the mosques being always open and frequented by worshippers who perform their devotions either in groups or alone.

To-night's sunset was more superb than ever, each moment producing a new and ever increasingly grand effect. Our steamer, which progressed only by day for fear of sandbanks, drew up to the shore and moored at the nearest point to Denderah. Dinner concluded, we crossed the river in ferry-boats, and found donkeys awaiting us on the other side. A ride of about a mile and a half brought us at last to the famous temple dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Venus, which, though completed under Nero, and bearing evidence of the influence of Greek and Roman art, is nevertheless considered the most important temple ruin on this side of Karnak, and gives a good idea of an Egyptian sanctuary.

Lighting our candles we penetrated into the interior. Briefly to describe the arrangements of the temple I quote from Wilkinson.

“To the great portico succeeds a hall of six columns with three rooms on either side: then a central chamber communicating on one side with two small rooms, and on the other with a staircase. This is followed by another similar chamber (with two rooms on the west and one on the east side), immediately before the isolated sanctuary, which has a passage leading round it, and communicating with three rooms on either side. The total length of the temple is ninety-three paces (about two hundred and twenty feet) by forty-one in breadth, or, in the portico, fifty paces broad.”

Advancing through the gloom of the succeeding hall we prepared to explore the smaller chambers and passages, and, by the help of our lighted candles, traced out the elaborate sculpture with which the walls are everywhere profusely decorated, and which all minister to the impression designed to be produced upon the spectator, after which, about ten o'clock, we returned to our steamer, highly delighted with the memory of our moonlight visit.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27TH.—Another delicious morning—in fact we soon began to realize that on the Nile every day is fine, rain in the dry and cloudless climate of Upper Egypt being almost unknown.

We passed Luxor about noon. From its beautiful situation on rising ground, the Temple of Luxor, with its massive columns, must have had a singularly fine effect in its pristine perfection, but it is now perhaps the least interesting of all the buildings of Thebes; being so disfigured by the mud hovels and paltry buildings of the modern village, clustered around the base of the columns or perched on the tops of the colonnades, that few portions possess any grandeur of aspect. Of two obelisks of red granite which

formerly stood here, one now embellishes the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris, the other (though deeply buried in sand) is considered one of the finest monuments of Thebes.

We pursue our course up the Nile and reach Esneh. Here is a temple, of which the portico only has been excavated in the present century. Esneh has the reputation of being the healthiest place in Egypt, its air and that of the immediate neighbourhood is considered particularly good for invalids, who are constantly sent by the native doctors from Cairo and Alexandria, in order that they may benefit by the change. According to Murray the temperature is more even than either at Thebes or Assouán, the nights being somewhat cold, and the warm days being nearly always modified by a breeze from the north.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28TH.—We started about six o'clock this morning, and in a few hours arrived at Edfou. The temple is a very striking object as seen from the river. It stands on rising ground not far from the Nile, and the external wall with which it is surrounded being entire it gives us a tolerably accurate idea of the vast size and massive grandeur of an Egyptian temple in its state of completeness—serving alike as a fortress and palace for those of the Sacerdotal caste as well as for the solemn rites and observances of religion.

We advanced through a wretched village of mud hovels swarming with ragged fellahs. The dress of the lower orders of the fellah or peasant class needs little description, and merits still less. It consists at the most of a pair of drawers, a long full shirt or gown of blue cotton or of brown woollen stuff, a white or brown felt cap with a tarboosh over it, and a turban of white or red or yellow cotton; red or yellow shoes (when worn) complete the attire. Some of the very poor classes, however, have nothing but the cotton shirt and felt cap, and, when at work, not seldom find the cap

alone sufficient. In Upper Egypt most of the women wear nothing but a large piece of dark brown woollen stuff wrapped round the body and fastened over the shoulder, with a piece of the same for a turban. Nearly all wear trumpery brass ornaments, blacken the edge of their eyelids with *Kohl*, stain their finger and toe nails and the palms of their hands with *hennah*, and tattoo different parts of their person.

Our way was beset by naked children, who raised a shrill demand for "Backsheesh," accompanied by the barking of a host of dogs who, roused by our arrival from their dozing in the sun, joined the discordant chorus. Reaching the magnificent propylon, covered with gigantic forms of mythological and regal personages, we passed between the solemn gateway towers, which are still perfect, and entered the first court (which is also entire) with its surrounding corridors supported by rows of light Ptolemaic pillars, the flat roof serving equally well as a promenade or vantage ground of defence. To this roof we ascended, and walked round a great part of the walls, which are strong and lofty as those of a castle, whence we could peep down upon the miserable mud-built hovels of the modern town with its foul narrow blind passages prolific of half-naked children and wolfish-looking dogs, while, beyond, the green variegated crops of the Nile valley, dotted with graceful groups of palm-trees, and the broad river rolling through its midst, were almost painfully in contrast with the wretchedness and degradation of its human denizens.

Having explored as much of Edfou as we cared to do we returned to the steamer and in a few hours reached Silsileh, where we again went on shore and rambled for half-an-hour among the ancient grottoes. "Hagar Silsileh, the 'stone' or 'mountain' of the chain," writes Murray, "is so called according to an Arab tradition, from the navigation of the river at this spot having been stopped by a chain which the jealousy of a king of the country ordered to be fastened

across it. The narrowness of the river, and the appearance of a rock resembling a pillar to which the chain was thought to have been attached, and the ancient name "Silsilis"—so similar to the Arabic "Silsileh," doubtless gave rise to the tradition, and the Greek "Silsilis" was itself a corruption of the old Egyptian name, preserved in the Coptic "Golgl."

Silsileh is remarkable for the immense quarries of sandstone from which the blocks used in the greater part of the Egyptian temples were taken. They extend on both sides of the river, those on the east bank being the most remarkable for their curious grottoes and inscriptions. The *dahabeeyeh* is usually moored on the west bank, but it is easy to row over to the other side of the *Sandal*, and no one should omit doing so.

Between Silsilis and Kom-Ombo is a succession of sand banks on which crocodiles may frequently be seen basking upon the sunny shoals: they take to the river, however, when startled by the approach of a boat. There is an old story connected with them, so curious that we might well have been justified in doubting its truth but for the attestations of numerous travellers. It is, that a small bird, called the "Sic-sac" from its cry, hovers about this ungainly monster, and warns him of the approach of danger by dashing to and fro against his head, and uttering its shrill peculiar note, upon which the crocodile seeks safety under water. This was described by the Hon. Mr. Curzon, who was himself an eye-witness of it. In some parts of Egypt the crocodile was worshipped as a god, in others it was killed as a public enemy and its flesh used as an article of food.

The Valley of the Nile now assumes an entirely different aspect; indeed the change may be said to begin after leaving Edfou. The two mountain chains which border the river draw closer together and the cultivated land is reduced in many parts to a mere strip, the desert here and there coming down to the water's edge.

We moored for the night at Kom-Ombo. The ancient town and the more modern village which succeeded it have both been buried beneath the sand. All that remains may be found in the ruins of two temples that stood partly on raised ground and partly on an artificial platform high above the river. They are not, probably, destined to remain very long, as, slowly but surely, the river is undermining the bank, and will carry them away.

The great temple (writes Murray) founded in the reign of Ptolemy Philometer, continued by his brother Physcon (who is introduced as usual, with his queens—the two Cleopatras), and finished by Auletes or Neus Dionysius, has the peculiarity of possessing two entrances and two parallel sanctuaries. It is, in fact, a double temple dedicated to the two hostile principles of LIGHT (adored under the name and form of Horus), and DARKNESS, under that of the crocodile-headed god—Sovak. The grand gateway at the eastern extremity of the little temple—for it stood at right angles with the greater one—bears the name of Auletes, by whom it was completed. It is, however, now in so ruinous a state that little can be traced of its original plan; but the pavement is seen in many places, laid upon stone substructions which extend considerably below it, and some of the walls of the chambers composing the interior of the Naos are partially preserved. From the fragments of columns, whose capitals resemble those of the portico at Denderah, we are also enabled to ascertain the site of a grand hall which formed part of the building. The sacred precincts of the temples were surrounded by a strong crude brick enclosure, much of which still remains; but from its crumbling materials, and from the quantity of sand that has accumulated about it, the buildings now appear to stand in a hollow, though, on examination, the level of the area is found not to extend below the base of the wall. Some of the fallen stones are beautified with very fine carvings.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29TH.—Many of the cabin passengers were on deck early this morning as we approached the first cataract of the Nile. The general features of the country began to resemble those of Nubia, and this peculiarity of character was increased by the appearance of the water-wheels which, supplying the place of the Shadoof, occurred at short intervals. And these, being generally protected from the sun by mats, remind the traveller that he has reached a warmer climate. On several of the heights are small towers, particularly on the west bank; and here and there are quarries of sandstone, once worked by the ancient Egyptians. The west bank of the river has but a very small strip of cultivated ground, but the east bank presents in one or two spots a wider expanse of land covered with palm-groves. The whole district is called Akaba.

At eight o'clock we arrived at Assoóan, with the exception of Philæ, the most picturesque spot on the Nile. According to Murray it is situated in lat. $24^{\circ} 5' 25''$ on the right bank of the Nile, at the north end of the First Cataract, and is distant about five hundred and eighty miles from Cairo and seven hundred and thirty from the Mediterranean, occupying the site of the ancient Syene. The town is well-built, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, of different races. Some of the houses have a picturesque aspect not often seen in Upper Egypt. There is a good deal of movement in the bazaars, owing to the constant passage of merchandise to and from the Soudan and Central Africa. The produce of the countries, consisting of ivory, gum-arabic, ostrich feathers, skins, etc., which has been brought across the Desert and down the Nile, is unshipped above the First Cataract and conveyed on the backs of camels to Assoóan, where it is reshipped for transport to Cairo. This gives the river bank at Assoóan a very lively and busy aspect, covered (as it often is) with these articles of merchandise, which are guarded by various specimens of the African race, whom the traveller now sees for the first time. The Nubians attract

most attention; they are almost naked, and as dark as negroes but more intelligent looking. The centre of the river, which is here of magnificent breadth and volume, is occupied by the green and beautiful Island of Elephantine—or, as it is called by the natives, *Gezeerit-az-Zahar*—the Island of Flowers. On the right is a high sandy eminence crowned by the ruins of a convent, on the left the precipitous rock of Syene projects into the river, crowned with the ruins of a Saracenic fortress, while more distant hills of barren sand are dotted with tombs and ruins of the same period.

We left Assoóan, travelling by means of donkeys through the desert. Immediately on leaving the town we pass the old Saracenic cemetery. Like all those of Modern Egypt it is in a state of extreme neglect and dilapidation; and the dead are covered with such a thin sprinkling of earth as scarcely to protect them from the ravages of hyenas and jackals. Wending our way through a defile of rock and sand, and crossing a strip of desert, we reach the banks of the river above the Cataract; waving palm-trees on every hand, with here and there a clump of sycamore trees, affording grateful shade after our hot and weary ride. Philæ, with its exquisite loveliness, more than fulfilled our expectations. The whole island is not above 50 acres in extent, and is covered with ruins.

The Great Temple of Isis, the principal building on the Island, is approached by two corridors of unequal length. The west corridor is composed of 32 columns, with capitals of differing patterns. On the roof are gold stars on a blue ground. Both here, and in some of the sculptures on the walls, representing Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius, the colours are well preserved. The east corridor, which is of more recent date, has only 16 columns, with unfinished capitals. Advancing over a mass of ruins, among which may be noticed the remains of two granite lions, and the pedestals of obelisks, we arrive at the first propylon, the two

massive towers of which are 120 feet wide and 60 high. On its exterior face are colossal sculptures of divinities, and Ptolemy Philometer swinging his battle-axe over a batch of bound prisoners. Through this pylon we pass into a large court, and arrive at a portico and a small temple, the portico having ten columns. We ascended the staircase leading to several rooms and to the roof of the propylon, from which there is a magnificent view. Directly beneath lies the beautiful Island, round which flows the clear bright river gleaming white in contrast with the blossoming trees, waving palms, and picturesque ruins. To the large court succeeds a second propylon of smaller dimensions than the first, and having its eastern towers situate on a rock of granite. The gate of this propylon leads into a double portico with ten gigantic columns, remarkable for the brilliancy of the colours still remaining on their capitals. The walls and ceiling are covered with astronomical and other subjects, and the figures of divinities. The presence of a cross in this and other parts of the temple, may be taken as evidence of the existence of the Church of St. Stephen, the Christian having been substituted for the heathen ritual in the temple, about the end of the sixth century.

After this portico come three chambers in succession, of which the last was the sanctuary, which contains a monolithic granite shrine. On the wall is a representation of Ptolemy Philadelphus, suckled by Isis. On either side of these chambers are other rooms, in the first to the right will be found the latitude and longitude of the island, as taken by the members of the French scientific expedition. Near this room is the entrance to crypts and hidden chambers, similar to those of Denderah; while from the corresponding lateral chambers on the opposite side, a staircase leads up to a terrace. On the top of the staircase, to the left, is a small

room covered with interesting sculpture, relating to the death and resurrection of Osiris.

The mythological interest of the temple, writes the late Dean Stanley, is its connection with Isis, who is its chief divinity; and accordingly the sculptures of her, of Osiris, and of Horus, are countless. The most remarkable, though in a very small room, is the one representing the death of Osiris, and then his embalmment, burial, gradual restoration, and enthronement as judge of the dead. But this legend belongs, like the rest of the temple, to the later, not the ancient stage of Egyptian belief.

We took lunch in Pharaoh's pylon, surrounded by the donkey-boys, all eager for a morsel; and afterwards left to see the great gate of the Cataracts.

The Cataracts are only rough water with a swift current; which is not, however, so swift as to prevent a well-manned boat from overcoming it. The boatmen, who carried us to the edge of the turmoil, like all others in Egypt, were a cheery set—chanting as they rowed “*Lâ ilaha, illa-llâh, la ilâha illa llâh!*” the vocal sounds increasing in force and sonority, until the obstacle was surmounted. Soon after, we witnessed another specimen of the aquatic skill of this well-nigh amphibious race. A poor Nubian, with a short log of wood, made his appearance above the rapids, threw off what little clothing he had, and, for a few piastres, plunged into the foaming torrent on his strange vessel, bobbing and rushing through the waters with fearful velocity, raising his hands high out of the water at every stroke, but carrying his head very low, and with his face apparently in the water, to avoid the greater resistance¹ offered by the breast. It was a wild and exciting spectacle. Ultimately he reached smooth water below, and returned to us before we started: when, having thrown his log into our boat, he leaped in after it in naked simplicity to beg more “backsleesh,” which he had no sooner obtained, than over went the log, and the naked wretch also.

We now mounted our donkeys, and bade adieu to Philæ. Our steeds cantered gaily along, and were often quite hilarious under their heavy loads—one in particular which carried our good friend Dr. Geikie, was a piteous performer. He would lift up his voice in a glorious bray, of double his natural allowance, and fling out his hoof at a neighbour, for which he received prompt punishment at the hands of a clamorous imp of a driver, whose thundering blows upon its crupper made you somewhat uneasy for the safety of your own ribs.

The road, sandy and dusty, winds through hills of granite boulders; a hot and desolate, though not deserted, highway, for we met several strings of camels laden with merchandise. The rays of the burning sun were almost overpowering, and the atmosphere was altogether so stifling, that we were only too glad to reach Assoóan and to rush into the shelter of the bazaars, that we might make a few purchases.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30TH.—We this morning visited the Granite Quarries, the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Assoóan. In one, which lies towards the south-east of the Arab cemetery, is an Obelisk, which, we were informed, has never been entirely detached from the rock, remaining *in situ* in the quarry. The fissure, which gives it the appearance of being broken, was made in it at a later period. It would have been more than ninety-five feet in height, and eleven feet one and a half inches in breadth in the largest part; but this last was to have been reduced when finished. We wonder at the mechanical powers with which such immense blocks of stone could be detached, dressed, lifted, and carried down the river; and then erected some hundreds of miles away from home.

The rocks about Syene are not, writes Murray, as might be expected, exclusively syenite; but, on the contrary, consist mostly of granite, with some syenite and a little porphyry. The difference between the two first is this—that syenite is

composed of felspar, quartz, and hornblende instead of mica, or solely of felspar and quartz; and granite of felspar, quartz, and mica. According to some, the ingredients of syenite are quartz, felspar, mica, and hornblende; but the syenite of antiquity, used for statues, was really granite. Indeed, many of the rocks of Syene contain all the four component parts; and, from their differing considerably in their proportions, afford a variety of specimens for the collection of a mineralogist.

The environs of the town are sandy and barren, producing little else than palms; grain, and almost every kind of provisions, being brought as in Aboolfeda's time, from other parts of the country. But the dates still retain the reputation they enjoyed in the days of Strabo; and the palm of Ibream is cultivated and thrives in the climate of the First Cataract.

Arriving at Assoóan we returned to our steamer, and at ten o'clock were once more gliding through the water, to the great relief of every one on board. At mid-day the sun was scorchingly hot—rendering an awning acceptable.

It is astonishing how quickly the days fly past: I am afraid they are among those things which do not repeat themselves. At any rate they afford a golden opportunity for reading, and the arrangement of memoranda from the note-book previously somewhat hurriedly pencilled. My travelling companion and I remained on deck until three o'clock, then went below for afternoon-tea, and invited our friend, Dr. Geikie, to join us. To-night's sunset was superb, and the afterglow lighted up the sky with an indescribable beauty. Dinner concluded, we spent a few hours on deck, and reached Luxor—the aim and object of our voyage—at midnight.

We immediately went to the hotel and had our rooms assigned to us. It is a large, flat-roofed, white-washed building, two stories in height, and covering a considerable area; the offices, dining-room, and drawing-room, are on the

ground floor—the bedrooms on the upper. The doors open upon a wide pavement, which affords a charming place to sit and enjoy the delicious air, and to survey the Nile and the Western Plain of Thebes.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st.—After an early breakfast, I sauntered about the lovely gardens of the hotel, which are screened by acacia, pepper, fig, lemon, and orange trees, and the thick foliage of the sycamore intermixed with feathery tamarisks, together with groups of date and other palms, bananas, &c., with their great pendant leaves of brightest green, and full of exquisite and fragrant flowers, of which I was only too glad to get a handful. It is an enchanting place. The thermometer was 100° in the sun, and 84° in the shade, on the last day of January,—a very agreeable change from the cold we had experienced in Italy.

Luxor is a large village, with the usual collection of mud hovels, and containing a population of perhaps two thousand, of whom a fifth may be Copts, the great majority of the rest being Mohammedans. It is the chief stopping place on the Nile voyage, and it is the best headquarters from which to visit the wonderful remains of old Thebes—the most important and interesting ruins in Egypt, after the Pyramids.

Our first business was to inspect the Temple of Luxor, on the east side of the river. The original sanctuary and the adjoining chambers, with the addition of the large colonnade and the pylon before it, were built by Amunoph III.; the great court, the pyramidal towers, and the obelisks and statues being afterwards added by Rameses II. The whole plan of the temple is very irregular, from its having been built on the bank of the river, and following the direction of its quay; but at the present day it is so buried beneath modern mud huts, that little of it can be satisfactorily seen. The Obelisk now standing in solitary grandeur in front of the two statues of Rameses II., has a great portion of its base buried in the sand. It originally had a companion which now graces the Place de la Concorde at Paris; but that which now remains is unquestionably the finer of the two, owing to its greater height, and the deeper cutting of its hieroglyphics.

Leaving here, we noticed a group of ragged Arabs

squatting on the river-bank, who clamorously demanded "backsheesh" as we passed: they did not look ill-fed, but were wofully ill-conditioned. Pursuing the even tenor of our way, we were beset by sharp-eyed dealers in antiquities, who pulled out strings of scarabæi from their bosoms, or produced from under their gowns coins, tear-bottles, images, and hieroglyphical tablets, of which last some were of wood, some of limestone, some being partly coloured. Whether it is the boy who drives your donkey, or the guide who conducts you among the Tombs, one and all have some "*antichi*" to offer. Good things, of course, are occasionally to be had in Thebes, being found in great quantities in all tombs. Antiquities and curiosities should be purchased with caution; and, as there is a regular manufacture of antiquities, especially of scarabæi and basalt images at Luxor, any person desirous of obtaining trustworthy specimens should consult the consular agents, who are generally good judges. Some of the imitations are very clever and difficult to detect. The Rev. F. Barham Zinke, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, in his work entitled "Egypt of the Pharoahs" mentions:—"It would have been strange, indeed, if the Egyptians, who were so sharp-sighted in detecting what, from their point of view, appeared to be the fragments of Deity scattered among the lower animals—bird, beast, fish, reptile, and insect—had failed to observe what we regard as the instincts of the common Egyptian beetle.

Few people visit Egypt without bringing back an antique scarab or two. They are to be found everywhere throughout the country; and yet it must be nearly two thousand years since one of these antiques was carved, or moulded. In what vast numbers, then, must they have been manufactured by the old Egyptians. The scarab is also as common in their hieroglyphics as it is in the rubbish-mounds of their old cities. These facts give us the measure of the impression the habits of the insect made upon them.

It is one of the commonest out-of-door insects in Egypt. At the season for depositing its eggs it alights upon the bank of the river, where the soil is still moist, about the consistency of tough dough, or clay sufficiently trodden for brick-making. Upon this it lays its eggs, arranging them closely

together. It then forms the spot on which it has laid them into a perfect sphere, by adding clay to the top of it, and cutting away the earth around and beneath it. The sphere being thus completed, it thrusts the extremities of its two inward curved hind legs into the opposite sides of it, and by pushing backwards gives to it a revolving motion ; the inserted points of its hind legs forming the axis on which it revolves. In this way it pushes and rolls it back to the edge of the desert, often a long way off.

Who could be so dull as not to see in this sphere, full of the seeds of life, a perfect symbol of this terrestrial globe, formed by creative wisdom and energy, and everywhere fraught with the quickening germs of endlessly manifold being? And so the beetle became the symbol of the Creator.

But when the symbol of the Creator, with his burden, the symbol of the life-containing globe, had arrived at the edge of the desert, it there excavated a gallery a foot or two deep—a catacomb, a grave—into which it descended. What divine forethought in thus foreseeing the effects of the damp, and of the inundation! and these primæval observers had not extinguished thought on these subjects by labelling such acts as instincts, and then putting them away on a shelf of the mind. This work, also, of the insect did not escape them. It had, as it seemed, buried itself. It thus, at all events, sanctioned their mode of burial: though, perhaps, it had previously taught them where, and how, to bury—in the dry desert, in excavated galleries. It was in this way the young world learnt. What they thought was what they had seen.

But there was another lesson, or rather series of lessons, which, through its wondrous transformations, this beetle taught the old Egyptians. To begin at the beginning: the first period of its existence it passed in a drear subterranean abode, with feeble senses, narrowly circumscribed powers, unloved and unloving, ungladdened by pleasant sights, only

terrified by the unintelligible voices that at times reached it from the sun-lit world above: its best pleasure to eat dirt; its only employment to grow into fitness for future changes.

Having dragged out the time apportioned to that first base condition, it was translated into the second. Nature's hand swathed it into a Chrysalis. Movement now ceased. Food could no longer be taken. The avenues of the senses were closed. The functions of life were put in abeyance. But life itself was not extinguished: it was only suspended while new transformations were being effected to qualify the insect for its perfected existence.

At last, when all was completed, from the swathed up chrysalis burst forth a marvellously furnished body. What had painfully crawled in the earth, now spurned the earth, and flew to and fro, at its will, in the air. It had passed into another and totally different stage of being; and, too, into a new world where life was bright and free. And, besides, it was now full of Divine sagacity, such as became its new life.

All this was nature's triptych in illustration of the three stages of man's being. The earth-born, dirt-fed grub represented the first, the earthly stage, during which man is the slave of toil and suffering, the victim of grovelling cares, the sport of ever-recurring accidents—a knot of troubles and incapacities, in which, however, are concealed the precious germs of eventual glory and blessedness.

The chrysalis was an explanation, which he that ran might read, of the conditions and purpose of the mummy period, that middle stage, without cares, or wants, or enjoyments; the long undreaming sleep, during which the incapacities of the first stage are transforming themselves into the capacities and powers of the last. It was so with the chrysalis: and they believed, and taught, that it would be so with the mummy, the first stage of whose course was now closed; and for that reason it was that they embalmed his body into a human chrysalis.

The winged insect bursting from the cerements of its suspended, into the happy freedom of its new aerial life, was a type, addressed by nature to the eye, and through the eye to the understanding, to prefigure the soul of man, at last emancipated from all earthly and fleshly hindrances, soaring to the empyrean regions of eternal day, for the full enjoyment of its predestined glory, for which—all that had gone before having been the long and troublous discipline—it is now completely equipped. In that last transformation from the chrysalis to the winged insect was an assurance in nature's handwriting of the resurrection from the mummy condition, in a higher form, and with enlarged endowments.

What volumes of profoundest doctrine, what revelations in this little beetle! For thought was not yet ossified, as in after times, into those rigid forms, with which neither history nor our own experience is unfamiliar, and which oblige men to reject obstinately, and to denounce loudly, everything that does not support the existing settled system; but was still growing vigorously, and assimilating freely what it fed on: and so the eye and heart were still open to the lessons of nature.

The reason, then, why in modern Egypt you give an Arab boy no more than a piastre, or two, for an antique scarab, is that when men began to observe and think, six thousand, perhaps twice six thousand years ago, the Egyptian beetle taught the Egyptian people much. Therein was the reason why they loved to have the stones of their rings and seals cut into the form of this beetle. For this reason it was that they used it for amulets; there was much of the divinity in it. This was why it became a favourite object for bearing an inscription that was to commemorate a royal hunt, or a royal marriage. Probably a scarab, with an inscribed record of the event, was sent to all who had been present on the occasion. There are such now in our British Museum. It was for these reasons that the scarab with expanded wings was laid on the mummy. And I can imagine

their having been used in many other ways, as New Year's gifts, as wedding presents, as mourning rings, such as were customary here a generation or two back; as tickets of admission to festivals and funeral processions, and even as tokens of membership in sacred guilds and other associations, each bearing its appropriate inscription, containing, of course, the name of some God; for that was a sanction that was sought for everything that was done in Egypt."

As a rule, the most tempting objects are papyrus rolls. When genuine they are most desirable acquisitions, but forgeries are very common, and it is seldom possible to tell what the roll contains. Should it be a valuable one, injudicious attempts to open it may seriously injure it. Many of the best papyri in European museums are deficient in the first lines, owing to want of care in opening them.

Upon our return to the hotel, I had the gratification of receiving a telegram from home, which greatly cheered me. Our breakfast hour was eight o'clock, luncheon at one, and dinner at six.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.—A superb morning. Though it was Sunday we had no choice but to travel on, or we should not have been able to leave until Wednesday. After breakfast, Dr. Geikie invited me into his room, where we spent a short time in Scriptural reading.

We crossed the river in a small boat, and, on landing, found donkeys awaiting us. A ride of about a mile over flat sand, brought us to a second and narrower branch of the stream, over which donkeys and riders were conveyed in the same rude boat by a half-naked crew. Then a ride of a few miles, on our long-eared chargers, through fields of maize, lentils, tobacco, and barley, brought us to the Temple of Medeenet Haboo, built partly by Thothmes, and partly by Rameses III., the last of the great warrior kings of Egypt, about B.C. 1200. The view from the top of the walls and from the summit of the pylon, to which we had climbed with some difficulty, is very extensive, and well repaid us for the scramble.

From Medeenet Haboo we rode across the fertile plain to colossal statues of Amunoph III., one of which was known as the Vocal Memnon. Like a veritable land-mark in history, they are first discerned, by the traveller, as he approaches Thebes. They are of course hard limestone, and rise sixty feet above the sand. Murray writes "the name of "the Vocal Memnon" arises from the sound it was supposed to emit at the daily rising of the sun. Various opinions exist among modern critics, as to whether the sound this statue was said to emit, and which is described as resembling either the breaking of a harp-string or the ring of metal, was the result of a natural phenomenon or of priestly craft. Some say that the influence of the rising sun upon the cracks in the stone, moist with dew, caused the peculiar sound produced; while others declare that it was a trick of the priests, one of whom hid himself in the statue and struck a metallic-sounding stone there concealed. The chief arguments in favour of this last view are :—that such a stone still exists in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut in the block immediately behind it, capable of holding a person completely screened from view below; and, above all, the suspicious circumstance that the sound was heard twice or thrice by important personages like the Emperor Hadrian; when re-joicing, (at the presence of the Emperor) it "uttered a sound a third time"—while ordinary people heard it once, and that sometimes not until after two or three visits. The fact, however, of there being no record of the sounds having been heard when the statue was entire, or after it was repaired, is very much in favour of their having been produced by the action of the hot sun on the fissures in the cold stone; similar phenomena being by no means uncommon."

From the colossi, we rode to the great Temple palace known as the "Rameseum" or "Memnonium." It was built by Rameses II., whose favourite title "Mi-Amon"—the beloved of Amon—was probably corrupted by the Greeks

into "Memnon," and in this form has passed into the languages of modern Europe. The Temple itself is vast and interesting. We can yet read upon its walls the achievements of the great king—can see him leading on his armies, slaughtering his enemies, receiving the spoils of captured cities, or peacefully administering his mighty empire, which was co-extensive with the then-known world.

The first thing which arrests the attention of the observer is the gigantic monolithic statue of Rameses II., to the top of which I clambered at the expense of considerable effort. It is of black syenite, and is estimated to weigh over a thousand tons, or three times as much as the grand obelisk at Karnak. It measures twenty-two feet from shoulder to shoulder—a toe is three feet long—the foot is nearly two yards across.

Passing on to the great hall, we entered one of the rooms, which, subsequent perhaps to the period of its builder, had been fitted up as a library and contained the histories and records of the priests. On the ceiling is an astronomical subject; on the walls are sculptured sacred arks borne in procession by the priests: and at the base of the door leading to the next apartment, is an inscription, purporting that the king had dedicated to Amon, and mention seems to be made of its being beautified with gold and precious ornaments. On the north wall of the next and last room that now remains, the king is represented as making offerings and burning incense, on one side to Ptah and the lion-headed goddess, on the other to Ra (the sun) whose figure is gone. Large tablets before him record the offerings he has made to different deities. It has been conjectured that Rameses II. was actually buried in this temple.

We lunched in the grateful shade of the temple, surrounded by a group of donkey boys and curiosity dealers, all expecting to have their appetites appeased. There were also three young women—water carriers—with large black eyes,

who had followed us all the day, bearing Goulahs on their heads, and who were not at all bad looking. Having satisfied our hunger, we mounted our donkeys, and hastened forward at a good gallop. Crossing the western plain, here about three miles in width, and leaving behind us the seated Colossi, the Temples of Goorna, Medeenet Haboo, and the Rameseum, we entered a savage gorge scorched and blasted by the intense heat. The walls of rock on either side of the ravine were utterly denuded of soil, and glowed in the pitiless sunshine like the mouth of a furnace.

After tracking the defile for half-an-hour, we found that it gradually contracted and then split into several obscure clefts, in which were situated the objects of our search, viz., the Tombs of the xixth and xxth Dynasties; a branch path leads westward to another valley, in which are the Tombs of the xviiiith Dynasty.

The sandy valley, reflecting the heat of the sun's rays from the arid cliffs, began to grow glaring and oppressive, as we descended a long way into the earth. Here the guides lighted their candles, and the writer produced a coil of magnesium wire, which gave off as much light as a powerful electric battery, and did not in the least dazzle or pain the eyes. We found ourselves in a series of magnificent rock-hewn chambers, profusely decorated with hieroglyphics, and with pictures painted in colours, which, owing doubtless to the dryness of the desert air, are as fresh and bright as if they had only been executed yesterday.

The number of Tombs now open in the principal or eastern valley is twenty-five, but they are not all kings' tombs, some being those of princes and high functionaries. Strabo speaks of having seen about forty; but he included in this number those of the western valley, and perhaps the Tombs of the Queens. Of course some are more magnificent than the others; but, of the chief, five we visited are all of this character, viz.—

No. 2—Tomb of Rameses IV.

No. 6—Tomb of Rameses IX.

No. 9—Tomb of Rameses VI.

No. 17—Tomb of Sethi I., commonly called Belzoni's Tomb.

No. 11—Tomb of Rameses III., commonly called Bruce's or Harper's Tomb, from its having been discovered by the traveller Bruce.

We were intensely interested in following the different scenes of domestic life depicted on the walls of the various apartments; and were tempted to stay a long time underground, notwithstanding the stifling atmosphere and the unpleasant smell of bats, who are found in immense numbers.

It would not be possible to give a detailed account of these tombs, which, indeed, differ very much in interest; or to offer any satisfactory explanation of the paintings they contain. Well did Pope sing of Thebes:—

“The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
That spread her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And poured her heroes through a hundred gates—
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issued to the wars!”

I cannot do better than extract the following graphic description from the pen of the late Dean Stanley:—“Alone of the cities of Egypt, the situation of Thebes is as beautiful by nature as by art. The monotony of the two mountain ranges, Libyan and Arabian, for the first time assumes a new and varied character. They each retire from the river, forming a circle round the wide green plain: the western rising in a bolder and more massive barrier, and enclosing the plain at its northern extremity as by a natural bulwark; the eastern, further withdrawn, but acting the same part to the view of Thebes as the Argolic mountains to the plain of Athens, or the Alban hills to Rome—a varied and bolder chain, rising and falling in almost Grecian outline, though

cast in the conical form which marks the hills of Nubia further south, and which perhaps suggested the Pyramids: Within the circle of these two ranges, thus peculiarly its own, stretches the green plain on each side of the river to an unusual extent; and on each side of the river, in this respect unlike Memphis, but like the the great city of the further east on the Euphrates,—like the cities of Northern Europe on their lesser streams—spread the city of Thebes, with the Nile for its mighty thoroughfare. “Art thou better than No—‘Amon’—that was situated ‘by the rivers of the Nile’—that had the waters round about it—whose rampart was ‘the sea-like stream,’ and whose wall was ‘the sea-like stream’?”

“Thebes” proper, (“Taba”—the capital)—“Ne-Amon” (the Hebrew name of Thebes)—the sanctuary of Ammon—stood on the eastern plain. This sanctuary, as founded by Osirtasen in the time of Joseph, and restored by the successor of Alexander the Great, still exists, a small granite edifice, with the vestiges of the earliest temple round it. This is the centre of the vast collection of palaces or temples which, from the little Arab village hard by, is called Karnak.

Imagine a long vista of courts and gateways and halls—and gateways and courts and colonnades and halls, here and there an obelisk shooting up out of the ruins, and interrupting the opening view of the forest of columns.

Imagine yourselves mounted on the top of one of these halls or gateways, and looking over the plain around.

This mass of ruins, some rolled down in avalanches of stones, others perfect and painted as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues of gateways as grand as that on which you are yourself standing. East, and West, and North, and South, these vast approaches are found—some are shattered, but in every approach some remain; and it is not difficult to trace, by parts still existent, hundreds of other avenues of ram-headed sphinxes.

Every Egyptian temple has, or ought to have, one of these great gateways, formed of two sloping towers, with the high perpendicular front between. But what makes those of Thebes remarkable is their immense number and their multiplied concentration on the one point of Karnak. This, no doubt, is the origin of Homer's expression "The City of the Hundred Gates," and, in ancient times, even from a distance, they must have been a delight to the eye; for, instead of the brown mass of sandstone which they now appear, the great sculptures of the gods and conquering kings they uniformly present, were painted within and without; and in the deep grooves which can still be seen, twofold or fourfold, on each side the portal, with enormous holes for the transverse supporting beams, were placed enormous red flagstaffs, with Isis-headed standards, and red and blue streamers floating from them. Close before almost every gateway in this vast array were colossal figures, usually in granite, of the great Rameses, sometimes in white or red marble, of Amenophis and of Thothmes; but only fragmentary evidence of these may now be seen. Adjacent to these were pairs of towering obelisks (for in Egypt these were always in pairs), which can be traced by the still existing pedestals on each side, or by the solitary twin, mourning for its companion, either lying broken beside it, or, it may be, far away in some more northern region—at Rome, or at Paris, or at St. Petersburg.

I have spoken of the view from the top of the great gateway, which overlooks the whole array of avenues, I must also speak of that, which, from the other end, commands the whole series of ruins, each succeeding the other in unbroken succession. In many respects it reminds the spectator of that seen from the Colosseum, when looking up the Forum to the Capitol. You stand in front of a stately gateway built by the Ptolemies—immediately in the foreground are two Osiride pillars, their placid faces fixed upon

you, in striking contrast to the crash of temple and tower behind.

That crash, however, great as it is, has not, like that of the fall of Rome, left mere empty spaces where only imagination can supply what was once there. No! there is not an inch of this Egyptian Forum, so to call it, which is not crowded, if not with buildings, at least with fragments of the past. No Canina is needed to depict the scene as it once was; you have only to set up again the fallen obelisks which lie at your feet—to conceive the columns, as they are still seen in parts, overspreading the whole—to reproduce all the statues, like those which still remain in their august niches—to gaze on the painted pillars and walls of the immense hall, which even now cannot be seen without a thrill of awe—and you have ancient Thebes before you.

And what an epitome of history it is! In that long defile of ruins every age has borne its part, from Osirtasen I. to the latest Ptolemy—from the time of Joseph to the Christian era; through the whole period of Jewish history, and of the ancient world, the splendour of the earth kept pouring into that space for 2,000 years.

And this is the result on the eastern bank; yet on the western, though there can be nothing more grand, there is something more wonderful, even than Karnak. The western barrier of the Theban plain is a mass of high limestone cliffs, with two deep gorges; one running up behind the plain and into the very heart of the hills, so as to be entirely shut in by them; the other running up from the plain, so as to be enclosed within the hills, but having its face open to the city. The former is the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings—the Westminster Abbey of Thebes; the latter, of the Tombs of the Priests and Princes—its Canterbury Cathedral.

Let us ascend the first of these two gorges. It is the very ideal of desolation: bare rocks, without a particle of

vegetation, overhang and enclose in a narrower and still narrower embrace a valley as rocky and bare as themselves : no human habitation is visible, but the stir of life is wholly excluded : such is—such must have always been—the awful aspect of the resting-place of the Theban kings.

Nothing that has ever been said about them, had prepared me for their extraordinary grandeur. Entering a sculptured portal in the face of these wild cliffs, you find yourself in a long and lofty gallery, opening or contracting, as the case may be, into successive halls and chambers all of which are covered with white stucco, which is brilliant and glowing with colours as fresh as they were thousands of years ago.

They are, in fact, gorgeous palaces ; hewn out of the rock, and painted with all the decorations that befitted royal residencies. No modern galleries or halls could be more lavishly ornamented. But, splendid as they would be even as palaces, their interest is enhanced ten-fold by being what they are. There lie “ all the kings in glory ; each one in his own house.” (Isaiah xiv, 18). Every Egyptian potentate, but especially every Egyptian king, seems to have begun his reign by preparing his sepulchre. It was so in the case of the Pyramids, where each successive layer marked the successive years of the reign. It was so equally in these Theban Tombs, where the longer or shorter reign may be traced by the extent of the chambers, or the completeness of their finish. In one or two instances you pass at once from the most profuse decoration to roughly hewn rock—showing that the king had died, and the grave had put a stop to his unfinished labours. At the entrance of each tomb he is depicted as he stands, making offerings to the Sun, who, with his hawk’s head, wishes him a long life successfully to complete his undertakings.

Two ideas seem to predominate throughout the various sculptures :—

First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of man ; so that the mummy of the dead king, whether in his long sleep or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects. Egypt, with all its peculiarities, was to be perpetuated in the depths of the grave ; and the success their efforts have achieved, is something marvellous. It is this which makes this valley of tombs like the galleries of a vast museum. The embodiments of Pompeian life collected at Naples do not pourtray more vividly the domestic habits and customs of the old Greeks or Romans, than do these of the Egyptian. The kitchen, the banquets, the aquatic fêtes, the dancing, the trades,—all are there—all fresh from the artist painters of the primeval world.

The other idea is that of conducting the king to the world of death : the further you advance into the tomb, the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil, the Goddess of justice with her single ostrich feather, and barges carrying mummies raised high above the surface of the sacred lake, and mummies themselves, and—more than all—everlasting convolutions of serpents in every conceivable form and attitude — human-legged, human-headed, crowned, entwining mummies, embracing or embraced by processions, extending down whole galleries, so that meeting the head of the serpent at the top of a staircase, you have to descend to its very extremity before you reach its tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the centre of which lies the immense sarcophagus of granite, which ought to contain the body of the king. Here the processions above, below, and around, reach their highest pitch ; meandering round and round,—white, and black, and red, and blue,—legs, and wings, and arms spreading in enormous forms over the ceiling ; whilst below, lies, as has been said, the coffin itself.

It seems certain that all this decoration was, immediately after the interment of the king, closed; and was meant to be closed for ever; so that what we now see was intended never to be gazed upon by any eyes, save those of the king himself when he awoke from his sleep of death. Not only was the entrance closed, but, in some cases—chiefly in that of the great sepulchre of Osirei—the passages were cut in the most devious directions, and the approaches to them so walled up, as to present the appearance of a termination long before the actual chamber was reached, lest by any chance the body of the king might be disturbed. And yet, despite all these precautions, now that these gigantic barriers have been forced, in no instance has the mummy been discovered.

Amongst the inscriptions of early travellers is one of peculiar interest. It was that of the "torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries," who records that he visited these tombs "many years after the divine Plato"—thanks "to the gods and to the most pious Emperor Constantine who afforded him this favour." It is written in the vacant space under the figure of a wicked soul returning from the presence of Osiris, in the form of a pig, which probably arrested the attention of the Athenian by reminding him of his own mysteries. Such a confluence of religions—of various religious associations—could hardly be elsewhere found; a Greek priest philosopher recording his admiration of the Egyptian worship in the time of Constantine, on the eve of the abolition of both Greek and Egyptian religion by Christianity.

It was on the evening of our last day, that we climbed the steep side of that grand and mysterious valley, and from the top of the ridge had the last view of the valley itself, as we gazed upon it, and beyond it, to the glorious plain of Thebes. No distant prospect of the ruins can do them justice; but it was a noble point from which to feast the eye more with the dim masses of stone rising here and

there out of the rich carpet of green, and to know that *this* was Karnak with its gateways, and *that* Luxor with its long colonnade, and those nearer fragments the Rameseum and Medeénet Habóo, and that the wide green depression further back was once the funereal lake.

Immediately below us lay the Valley of Assasif, where, in a deep recess under towering crags, like those of Delphi, lay the tombs of the priests and princes. The largest of these in extent is that of Petumenap, chief priest in the time of Pharaoh Necho. Its winding galleries are covered with hieroglyphics in such profusion as to make them seem hung with rich tapestry. The only figures which it contains are those which appear again and again in these priestly tombs, the touching effigies of himself and his wife (the best memorial which can be devised of Joseph and Asenath) sitting side by side, their arms affectionately and solemnly entwined round each other's necks.

To have seen the Tombs of Thebes, is to have seen the Egyptians as they lived and worked under the eyes of Moses—to have seen the utmost display of funereal grandeur which has ever possessed the human mind. To have seen the Royal Tombs is even more than this : it is to have seen the whole religion of Egypt unfolded, as it appeared to the greatest dignitaries of that ancient empire at the most solemn moments of their lives. And this can only be explored on the spot ; for only a very small portion indeed of the mythological pictures of the Tombs of the Kings has ever been represented in engravings. Strange to say, the mythology of Egypt can, even now, be studied only in the caverns of the Valley of the Kings.

The sun was getting low when we prepared to leave this valley of death, which, gathering and reflecting his fiery rays, is almost insupportable. A steep pathway, up which we toiled with difficulty, brought us nearer the summit of

the mountain. The winding Nile spread out at the foot of the acclivity, and we could distinguish without difficulty in some of the deep chasms which intervened, the dark and narrow mouths of some of the sepulchres, whilst others lie hidden in unseen recesses. A few more steps, and we stood on the verge of the precipice, and the

“ World’s great mistress on the Egyptian Plain ”

lay outstretched before us.

The ride back from the Royal Tombs is admirable for the view it gives of the grand valley of the Nile, many miles in width, defended on the West by the craggy range of mountains upon which we stood, and on the East by the far distant hills, on the Arabian side—a mighty area spread out for miles with the ruins of old temples and palaces which, as seen from here, appear to be but specks on the desolate expanse, but are in reality of colossal dimensions. The sunset views were indescribably lovely ; the afterglow, as some have well called it, lighting up sky and mountain and river with glowing tints and colours of marvellous beauty.

Dinner being concluded, we had Divine Service in the drawing-room of the hotel, the Rev. H. F. Maitland saying prayers, and the Rev. Dr. Geikie preaching a very short and helpful sermon.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—After an early breakfast, we set out for Karnak. As we issued from the hotel garden, some two or three dozen donkey drivers with their animals bore down upon us, shouting the names and presumed qualities of their chargers:—“ Mine is good donkey,” “ Mine is donkey Number One, Sar,” “ Mine is Bishop of London,” “ Mine is Yankee Doodle,” &c. These drivers, of all ages, are mostly barefoot, and have no dress but a small red cap, and a loose blue calico shirt which just reaches the knees and is girt by a band round their bodies. They turn bosoms into pockets, and can deposit in them a surprising quantity and variety of etceteras.

The road to Karnak lies over a grassy plain, with indications of sites of ancient buildings. On a hillock to the right, just outside the town, is the Coptic Cemetery, in which are some English graves. An avenue of Sphinxes, about a mile in length, once bordered the way ; but only a few of them now remain, representing a woman's head on a lion's body, emblematic of the union of wisdom and power. Some hold between their fore feet a little statue of Amunoph III., others are simply ordinary sphinxes, others, again, are crissphinxes, or sphinxes with ram's heads ; whilst colossal statues are interspersed at intervals, but none of these are now perfect. Following this long and majestic approach, we at length reach a point where the first view of Karnak bursts upon us.

The most striking objects are two of the enormous propylons,—truncated pyramids pierced with a gateway. It was the number of these propylons which gained for Thebes the Homeric epithet of “ the hundred-gated city.” We next reach the Great Hall of the Temple, to which we obtain access through a mass of ruined columns, ranging from nine to eleven feet in diameter, of colossi, and obelisks, all lying on their sides in a more or less shattered condition, some being in quite small pieces. The colours still remaining on the roof-stones are of a beautiful cerulean blue, ornamented with sunken stars that had at one time been evidently filled with gold. The hall itself has lost its roof ; but the one hundred and thirty four columns, some of them sixty feet high, and thirty feet in circumference, which once supported it, still remain ; as do also some of the keystones. All are elaborately ornamented with deep and clearly cut hieroglyphics, looking as if the mason's chisel had left them but yesterday. They represent the kings, offering to their gods, and their victories in battle.

Beyond this wonderful hall you pass through courts surrounded by corridors, small temples, huge propylææ, and

the remains of granite statues of Rameses III.; coming at last to two obelisks, only one of which is now erect. Another gateway introduces you to a court surrounded by Osiris pillars, in which is the largest obelisk known—consisting of a single block of granite from Assoóan, ninety-two feet high, and eight feet square, which (as we learn from an inscription) was once gilded from summit to base, and surmounted by a small pyramid of pure gold. Passing between two dilapidated propylæa, you enter a smaller area ornamented in a similar manner, and succeeded by a vestibule, in front of the granite gateways that form the façade of the Court before the Sanctuary. This last is also of red granite, divided into two apartments, and surrounded by numerous chambers of smaller dimensions, varying from twenty-nine feet by sixteen, to sixteen feet by eight. The walls of this small sanctuary, standing on the site of a more ancient one, are highly polished, sculptured, and painted, the ceiling being of stars on a blue ground; the whole exquisitely finished. The entire height of the hall is given as eighty feet; that of the propylæa being in excess of this.

The grand Temple of Karnak is said to be the finest of all Egyptian monuments, and is about a mile and three quarters in circumference; the walls eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick. The sculptures on one of the outside walls is a war scene of Rameses II, and Shishak's victory over the kings of more than thirty nations, including Rehoboam the son of Solomon (971 B.C.) which confirms the account in I Kings XIV. 25, 26; and II Chron. XII. 2,-9. "So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the king's house, he took all; he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made." The figure of Rehoboam, which bears the inscription "the king of Judah" has a strong Jewish countenance.

Returning to the hotel, and during luncheon, the mail

arrived, bringing letters and newspapers. I utilised the time, before and after dinner, in answering my letters.

After an elaborate dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Cust and the writer decided to pay a moonlight visit to the Temple of Karnak. Then is the time to wander through its huge propylæa in solemn shadow, its long lines of wall carved with the achievements of ancient kings; its lofty obelisks piercing the nocturnal sky; its vast avenues of columns with their hieroglyphics and paintings almost as vivid as by day, was indeed a sight to be seen, and a thing to be dreamed of in years to come.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 3RD.—After an early breakfast, we visited the studio of Mr. A. Biato, for the purpose of purchasing photographs, which were extremely good but proportionally dear. Afterwards we visited the American Missionary Schools at Luxor, and found them attended by sixty boys and ten girls. Both sexes read well from their Arabic lesson books, and were examined by the Rev. Dr. Geikie on the map of Egypt, with which they had an intimate acquaintance, after which they sang for us, very beautifully, Psalm li. Mr. Murch, the missionary, is not yet able to preach in Arabic, having been appointed recently, but he and his excellent wife are studying hard and will soon be at ease with the language, and ready to devote their lives to the work of preaching Christ to strangers and barbarians.

It was a spectacle full of moral sublimity, and irresistibly affecting. May God accompany and sustain these humble, heroic messengers of the Gospel of His dear Son.

We were afterwards conducted by Mr. Murch, the American Missionary, to a native house on the west side of the river, which, though but a rude structure of palm-timbers and sun-dried clay, was considered one of the better sort. Sixteen steps led up from the yard to the upper story, in which were some three or four bed-rooms, and a better room

of small dimensions to accomodate the entire family. The furniture consisted of an upholstered divan, with a few cushions, mats, and some earthen vessels; and, in one corner of the room, a copper salver. Thirty-five persons, Mr. Murch told us, resided in this dwelling, and were the most respectable members of his congregation. The only fastening to the door was a wooden bolt. The children, buffaloes, donkeys, and fowls had certainly the most room below, in which they might roll in the dirt and enjoy themselves to their utmost capacity.

An Arab hut is at the best only a temporary-looking erection. The walls are not straight, or at right angles to each other; every part looks ready to fall, and there is no beauty or solidity. Bread made of millet or maize forms the staple food, together with the common vegetables of the country, milk, cheese, eggs, and dates: meat is seldom tasted. The ordinary meal consists of bread dipped into a mixture composed of lentils seasoned with salt, pepper, onions, and a variety of herbs. The two luxuries in which the people chiefly delight are tobacco and coffee.

Leaving here, we proceeded to the Market, which is held each Tuesday in the open air, this being the great day when the natives come in from the surrounding villages, to sell their produce and buy necessities for the ensuing week. The wares for sale are spread upon the ground, the vendors squatting behind them, every thing being exposed to the dust and sun. The market offers all sorts of green produce, as well as bread, eggs, cotton, corn, lentils, split beans, onions, sugar-cane, tobacco, palm mats, ropes, baskets, pipestems, and cheap glass ornaments. The sellers rave, the buyers bargain at the top of their voices; the dust flies in clouds; the sun pours down floods of light and heat; and you can scarcely hear yourself speak. Altogether it was the most motley assembly we had yet seen. Returning to the hotel

we collected our luggage, had some luncheon, and at 3-30 proceeded to our steamer "Mimiosa" and left for Assiout.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.—In ascending the Nile, owing to the shallowness of the stream in many parts, and the great banks of mud, which are ever shifting with each inundation, and which are scarcely covered with water, the navigation is very difficult. It is impossible to proceed at night except when the moon is up, and even during the day, a man stands in the bows of the steamer for hours together, prodding with a pole, and reporting the depth to the pilot at the wheel by word or gesture. We always stopped at will, wherever we were, no quay or landing stage being necessary, the boat being made fast to a strong stake which our men drove into the mud of the shore. Usually we were aroused before it was light in the morning, by a hubbub of voices on shore. In descending, we did not find these impediments to progress nearly so much of a hindrance.

About 9 a.m. our steamer stopped at Keneh for two hours, so we decided to utilise the time in paying a second visit to Denderah, returning at 11-30 and resuming our downward voyage, the steamer proceeding slowly but steadily at the rate of some four or five miles an hour. Instead of the *shadoof* the number of sakiyehs increased along the banks, and it seemed impossible to get out of hearing of the doleful songs of the labourers. The annual inundations, writes Murray, which not only water the country but supply it with the fertilising deposit on which its very existence depends, are the result of the rains falling in the mountains, amongst which the Blue Nile has its source, and in Central Africa along the course of the White Nile. Although the rise of the river in the south begins in April, its effects are not felt in Egypt until June. The inundation continues about three months, and reaches its highest point at the end of September, though very often there is a sudden final rise in October.

It then gradually subsides, and by the end of January the country it had previously covered begins to dry. From that time the river flows within its natural limits, steadily subsiding till the period of the next rise. The prosperity of the country depends greatly upon the height of the inundation; too great a rise involves destruction of dykes, as well as probable loss of life and property; a deficiency leaves large tracts unmoistened and unfertilised, and the canals not filled sufficiently to supply water for irrigation during the dry season. For this reason the importance of watching the rise of the river, and regulating it as far as possible by means of dykes, sluices, and canals, has always been recognised. The height of the inundation varies in different parts of Egypt—at Cairo a good average is twenty-six feet.

The system of Canals, which has been very much extended and improved of late, is of essential service in husbanding the surplus waters of the inundation for use during the low Nile. Instead of merely covering the country and then flowing off, leaving the fields without moisture till the next annual rise, the overflowing river is now absorbed in a network of canals, whence it can be distributed as required.

Irrigation has always been an important factor in the system of Egyptian agriculture. The direct process of irrigating the land from the river and the canals is carried on in the same way as of old, with the one addition of steam pumps, which have been introduced in some parts of Upper Egypt, where the banks of the river are very high, and a large quantity of moisture is required; as, for instance, in the sugar plantations.

The machine in most common use (writes the Editor of "Social Life in Egypt") is the shadoóf; which consists of a pole with a huge lump of Nile mud at one end, swinging between two posts after the fashion of steel-yard balance,

and having a rude bucket attached to the end of a longer arm by a light pole. The labourer pulls down the long arm by means of the perpendicular pole, till the bucket fills in the Nile, then allows the weight of the mud balance to bring the bucket up again to the higher level to which it is proposed to raise the water, and empties its contents into the higher channel. That the process is extremely laborious any one may prove by actual trial to his own complete satisfaction in a few minutes. It is also slow and ineffectual, and takes away the best part of the labouring population from other work. Sometimes it needs as many as four shadoófs, one above the other, to raise the water by stages from the Nile at low level to the fields above; and the bank is crowded with figures toiling at these antediluvian machines in a burning sun from dawn to sunset. It is lamentable to see such waste of power, and needless aggravation of suffering going on daily and yearly, for lack of a little common sense and enterprise.

The sakiyehs are a decided improvement upon the shadoófs. They are wheels; cogged, as it were, with water jars, which fill below and empty above as the wheel revolves, worked by a yoke of buffaloes. They can be managed by a boy or woman, and are thus a most valuable means of the profitable utilisation of labour. But it costs about £30 to set one up, without reckoning the buffaloes and driver; and this initial cost is a serious matter in a country where co-operation is not understood, and where Local Government loans are not yet introduced. Consequently, in the Upper Country, where people are poorer than in the Delta, and the land is on a higher level, the shadoóf still holds its own and the strength of the men is squandered in unnecessary and unprofitable labour. They form a sort of slow moving panorama which, seen under a brilliant sky, serves to wile the tedium of our noonday progress. Being seldom or never greased, the noise made by them varies from a dull groan to

a shrill shriek, according as the wood is new or old. Toiling from dawn to sunset, almost without intermission, it takes six men at a shadoóf to water two acres of barley, or one of cotton or sugar-cane.

As there is only one able-bodied man to every three acres of cultivated land in Egypt, it is evident that shadoófs cannot irrigate the whole country. A sákiyeh, worked by two or three yokes of buffaloes, will water thirteen acres of cereals, or five of cotton, or four of cane, working day and night and managed by a couple of boys. A ten-horse-power steam pump will water a hundred acres for the season.

Here and there in the Delta, the farmers are joining together, to purchase steam pumps, and sákiyehs are preferred to shadoófs. Until the whole system of canalisation is reformed, and buffalo labour (sákiyehs) or steam pumps substituted for hand labour, the Egyptian peasant will never be able to make the best of the wonderful soil he has the good fortune to possess.

Egypt is before all things an agricultural country. Its wealth is in its crops; manufactures merely divert the people from their proper and most profitable employment on the land. Those who have seen the rich plain of Abydos—well named “the granary of Egypt”—or the fertile fields of Thebes, or have traversed the luxuriant vegetation of Lower Egypt, whose triangular form has procured for it the name of the Delta (Δ), can alone realise the extraordinary productiveness of the soil. With reasonably good management, three crops a year can be raised out of the rich dark earth, and if the land were equally distributed, there would be food to spare for every one at the cost of comparatively light labour, and the outlay of scarcely any capital. Recent investigations have shown that the yield of each acre is sufficient, not only to pay the taxes and the interest on borrowed capital, and to support the peasant proprietor, but

ought to leave a considerable margin of profit. According to Mr. Villiers Stuart, M.P., who has been at great pains to discover the true condition and the burdens of the Egyptian peasantry, the yield of an acre in Egypt is worth at least a third more than can be obtained by an English farmer out of even the best land in Great Britain ; while the rent, expense of tillage, taxes, and cost of living are all greatly in favour of the Egyptian. With the exception of the comparatively trifling, though harassing, salt, sheep, and date taxes, the only charge on the cultivation is the land tax, which constitutes the rent, and certainly does not average more than thirty or thirty-five shillings an acre, while the produce of that acre is worth from £16 to £25 a year. There is no such thing as income-tax, poor-rate, inhabited house duty, tithes, or any other of the vexatious burdens of the English farmer.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH.—As fine as ever ! This is certainly luxurious if not swift sailing. Perfect weather, plenty of books to read and writing to do, one can map out the day and dispose of time exactly as he pleases, until recalled by the luncheon bell to the duties and necessities of life. We arrived at Assiout at 4-30 and immediately disembarked. There is a distance of more than half a mile intervening between the town and the river. Heaps of sugar-canes lay by the road side, having a veiled woman usually sitting near, whose business it was to sell the canes, and we learned that for a piastre ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pence) we might purchase four or five stalks, eight feet long and as thick as one's arm, green and juicy and refreshing, and much appreciated by both donkeys and drivers.

We found the heat oppressive when we turned away from the Nile, where there was always a cool refreshing air, and were very glad to leave the dusty road and enter the gateway of Assiout. It opens into a large tree-shaded court which forms part of the Governor's palace, and leads into

the narrow shady streets and bazaars. These bazaars are second only to those at Cairo, and the ivory and ebony turning carried on in the open shops, is wonderful for its dexterity and nicety of finish. The trade of this district, however, consists largely in pottery, much of which is quite artistic both in shape and colour. We sauntered leisurely through the bazaars, and made a few purchases. The ornamental vases are made of sun-dried clay, highly polished by hand, and being of a deep red or black hue, might easily be mistaken for bronze. Cups and saucers are, of course, kiln-baked, but are both cheap and pretty. Fruit was very plentiful; oranges, lemons, and tomatoes were grouped together in profusion, and lent their rich colours to the glowing picture.

One of the great caravan routes strikes the Nile here, bringing up the commodities of the interior, and exchanging them for the products of the looms and dye-works of Europe. It is here that you may see costumes more varied and picturesque than even those of Cairo.

As we returned to our steamer for dinner, in passing the Mosque, a turbaned Muezzin took his stand upon the rickety wooden gallery of the little minaret below, and in a loud and sonorous voice, called the faithful to prayer.

Assiout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and musters a population of 25,000, according to European reckoning; and its superior rank and prosperity are testified by the comparative solidity and regularity of its mud huts, and the several well-built houses and mosques which it contains. But the finest thing about Assiout is its situation, than which there is none more picturesque in all Egypt.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.—I was on deck very early, and never shall I forget the impression of this my last morning on the Nile; a soft roseate tint crept all around, but soon the whole landscape was flooded with life and light, and another bright and cloudless Egyptian day had begun. Our

passage down the river was made in a couple of days, with very few stoppages. We have drunk from the marvellous river, feasted on ruins of temples, obelisks, palaces, and tombs, and return with minds enriched and memories stored with the wonders and antiquities of old Egypt.

We left our steamer a little after 7 o'clock, and proceeded to the railway station, departing by the 8-30 train for Cairo. The sun was setting as we approached the end of our journey, and our eyes were greeted with the countless minarets of Cairo, and the Eternal Pyramids lifting, from amid billows of sand, their sharp clear outlines to the sky. At 7 o'clock we arrived safely at Boulac Station, whence we drove to Shephard's Hotel, and had the additional pleasure of receiving telegrams, letters, and newspapers, which had been sent by dear friends.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH.—Breakfast despatched, and the route for the day settled in consultation with our dragoman, we engaged a carriage, and were on our way by eight o'clock. The hot sun had commenced his daily round, and was pouring his solar beams on all alike; the sky was cloudless, and our ears were assailed on every side, with sounds very different from those of home. Pursuing our way we came to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, which stands immediately below the Citadel, and is regarded as the finest in Cairo, and one of the most superb monuments of Mohammedan architecture. Its lofty and beautifully ornamented porch, the rich cornice of the towering walls, its graceful minaret, and the arches of its spacious court, must delight every beholder. The principal features of the interior consist of an extensive open court, and a vast sanctuary; "not the least remarkable of its fittings being the rows of coloured glass lamps hanging from its walls, of Syrian manufacture, bearing the Sultan's name amid glowing coloured decorations, they are some of the finest early glass work of their kind, but many are broken, and

others hang unsafely from half-corroded chains." There are more than three hundred mosques in the city, says Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, to say nothing of chapels.

The general form and appearance of these characteristic buildings have often been described, and it will only be necessary to recall the universal arrangement of the open court, surrounded by porticoes of columns, or four large arched transepts, of which the portico or transept on the east side is the deepest and the most elaborately decorated, and contains the pulpit and platform necessary for the performance of the Friday service. The general type of mosques, is, however, so uniform, that, when one has seen a score or so, it is easy to generalise from these to the rest; and it is only in the minor details of decoration and places of sepulture, that a large proportion of the three hundred mosques show any salient differences. Many, indeed, are quite plain and undeserving of notice; but most of them possess some fragment of decoration—a variety of mosaic, or of tiles, or of carving it may be—which is worth examination; and a visitor to Cairo might pass a whole winter in mosque-exploring, without seeing all that is beautiful.

Passing on, we come to the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, the interior of which is marvellously pretty. The dome is about two hundred feet high: the pavement and sides are marble, the columns alabaster, and the ceiling and dome are resplendent with painting, gilding, and stained glass, displaying a richness and harmony of colour, such as I have not seen elsewhere. The Mosque, which stands inside the Citadel, is on the top of a lofty hill commanding the city which lies below. It was here, in the court-yard of the Citadel, that Mehemet Ali massacred the Mamelukes who had so long governed and oppressed Egypt. He invited them to a conference at the Citadel, to which they came, fully armed, confident in their numbers and courage. Then the gates

faces and red caps, and Nubians, black as night, and exhibiting teeth like snow. The women are imprisoned in long veils of silk or muslin, white, or black, or blue, according to rank; the veil being divided about the forehead, and fastened to a pin or cylinder of brass or silver, over the nose, so as to leave the dark, restless, and frightened-looking eyes free to satisfy their curiosity. Many of the lower class of women carry naked children cross-legged on their shoulders, or in baskets, and the eyes of the poor children are in possession of swarms of flies. Syrians, with bright yellow tarbooshes, cloth pelisses, embroidered vests fastened with pistol-laden girdles, swagger along, and jostle beggars in every attitude of woe, yet picturesque withal in their rags and wretchedness. Officers in bright uniforms, on horseback, mingle with soldiers in dirty white on foot. Carriages, with black drivers clad in white and wearing yellow head-dresses, dash madly past, each preceded by its running footmen (*sais*) who can keep ahead of the horses going at full speed for an incredible distance. These footmen wear a light and loose dress of white linen, which leaves the arms and legs bare, and each carries a wand by day which is exchanged for a flambeau at night. Their duty is to warn pedestrians out of the way of the lumbering vehicle, which they do by incessant cries of "To the right!"—"To the left!" recalling most forcibly the incident recorded in 1 Kings, xviii., 46, when Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

And then the donkeys! Who can do justice to the donkey of Cairo? So richly caparisoned is it, and so swift that one can hardly realise that it bears the same name as the ill-used patient drudge we know in England—the easter-monger's unfortunate donkey. They work their way through streets that seem impassable, and by some marvellous instinct never seem to come into collision with any one. No wonder that they are highly valued, yet it seems almost incredible to

be told that single animals of the best breed sometimes fetch as much as a hundred guineas.

Heedless of all comers, on stalks a camel with his slow rolling gait, leaving it to the foot passengers to accomodate themselves to his gyrations, as they are best able—or doubtless, an occasional tumble will follow, for the camels are laden with enormous burdens, such as water skins, wet and dripping upon the ground, or with long dangling beams of timber, which scrape the passengers unless they are most careful.

Through a labyrinth of these narrow streets, we advance into the bazaars, which are occupied by an incessant but moving crowd. There are special bazaars for Turkish cloths, exhibiting a gorgeous array of gay gilded jackets, splendid sashes, and embroidered handkerchiefs; for gold and silver ornaments; for brass and copper vessels; for slippers red and yellow; for pipes and tobacco; for fez caps, and other head gear; for English and French muslins, for Manchester cotton goods, as well as sweet-meats and all sorts of Oriental ware. The carpet bazaar is perhaps the most attractive; the curious overhanging balconies and quaint stone niches, each occupied by a Persian or an Arabian carpet merchant in long flowing robes, of hues as many and as bright as Joseph's famous coat, form a fitting background to the rich dark colours of the rugs and carpets, woven in the looms of Smyrna or Teheran. The proprietor sits cross-legged in true Oriental dignity, in one of the cupboards that do duty for shops, waiting for, but seeking not, custom, but lazily smoking his long pipe, until at the call of the muezzin he spreads out his prayer carpet, and pursues his devotions in the sight of all the surroundings. Each jeweller, we noticed, had in his shop an iron safe made in London or Birmingham, in which his treasures were deposited.

From the Bazaars, we passed to the Moslem University,

founded in 970 in the Mosque El Azhar, the number of students generally ranging from ten to twelve thousand, though many of these, we were informed, attend it in order to escape conscription to the army. But the University is popular for itself—in allusion to which Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole writes, “Eager young men travel hither from the farthest corner of the Mohammedan world—from West Africa, from India, and from the Malay Peninsula, to be instructed in the refinements of theology, grammar, prosody, rhetoric, the Koran, exegesis, the sacred Traditions, jurisprudence, and whatever appertains to the Mohammedan scholastic system. Learned professors expounded the sciences, according to the methods of the four orthodox sects of Islam, to enthusiastic knots of students, who sit on the ground before them in a semi-circle, just like the little scholars in the elementary school, and sway to and fro as they commit to memory some important statement, or some cardinal example of prosody, exactly as before time they swayed when they chanted the Koran to their irascible old schoolmaster. But if the tuition fees paid to the schoolmaster were insignificant, the training at the Azhar is purely gratuitous. The most learned men in Egypt, and, indeed, in the countries round about, come hither to impart to others, without reward, the results of their own study. The students receive daily allowances of food, provided by the endowments of the *riwâk* to which they are attached, bequests of pious folk, who wished thus to pave their own road to paradise; and being very poor, these earnest followers on the path of wisdom eke out a scanty living by taking private pupils and copying manuscripts. By the same methods, and by reciting the Koran at festivals, the professors who devote their lives to teaching at the Azhar manage to keep themselves alive.”

From here we proceeded to our hotel, then we sat down to dinner, with about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentle-

men, from various parts of the world, afterwards making up our diaries, and writing letters.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH.—A delightful morning. As the hour for Divine Service drew near, we wended our way to the English Church, in which there are five very beautiful tablets in memory of those brave soldiers who fell in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in 1882. The sounds of martial music were heard as the European troops marched to church, many officers in uniform being present. The congregation numbered from four to five hundred, and was mainly composed of officers and military men, including General Stephenson. Dean Butcher preached a stirring sermon from 1 Samuel, iv., 16. He dwelt upon the British losses at Khartoum, and strongly denounced the policy of the Government as one of procrastination and demoralization. The service was beautifully impressive, and characterised throughout by seriousness, attention, and devotion. Evidence met you all around, that these worshippers loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth.

After luncheon, Mr. and Mrs. Cust invited me to accompany them for a drive to Shoobra. The Shoobra Avenue is the "Rotten Row" of Cairo, and is thronged every day from four to six. The road is a wide one, and thickly planted on both sides with acacias, sycamore, and pepper trees. On our way to Evening Service at the English Church, the Khedive drove past in a splendid equipage, escorted by a number of his life-guards.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.—We left Cairo early in an open carriage for an excursion to the Pyramids of Gheezeh, a distance of nine miles. We met crowds of people coming in from the country, hastening to the city to sell their market produce; donkeys, camels, and carts, laden with green stuff, and veiled women with baskets of vegetables on their heads, made the journey doubly interesting. The road is bordered

by an avenue of trees, principally sycamores and acacias ; and beyond all, we see the Pyramids rising from the sandy plain, and evidently close at hand. The first view is certainly disappointing—they seem much smaller and also much nearer than we had supposed. But the perfect clearness of the air, the want of any intervening objects to break the monotony of the plain, or to mark the distance and immense size of the Pyramids themselves, had led us to suppose that we had reached our destination, when less than half the distance had been traversed. As we sped on our way they loomed larger and larger before us, till at length when we found ourselves at the foot of the plateau they fully realised our highest expectations.

Among these three Pyramids of Gheezeh, the Pyramid of Cheops or the “Great Pyramid” is by far the most important. It was one of the Seven Wonders of the Old World, and is a wonder and a puzzle to this day. The first visitor to Egypt who left any record of his travels was Herodotus, 2,300 years ago ; and he thus relates the history of the building of this pyramid—“Cheops succeeded to the throne, and at once plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed all the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to perform sacrifices ; after which he made them all work for him. Some were employed in the quarries of the Arabian hills, to cut stones, to drag them to the river, and to put them into boats, others being stationed on the opposite shore to receive them, and drag them to the Libyan Hills ; and the one hundred thousand men thus occupied were relieved by an equal number every three months. Of the time,” he adds, “passed in this arduous undertaking, ten years were taken up with the construction of the causeway for the transport of the stones—a work scarcely less wonderful in my opinion than the Pyramid itself ; for it is five stades in length, ten orgyes in breadth, and eight in height, in the highest part, and is constructed of polished stones, sculptured with the figures of animals.

These ten years were occupied exclusively in the causeway, independently of the time spent in levelling the hill on which the pyramids stand, and in making the subterranean chambers intended for his tomb, in an island formed by the waters of the Nile, which he conducted thither by a canal. The building of the pyramid itself occupied twenty years. It is square, each face measuring eight plethra in length, and the same in height. The greater part is of polished stones, most carefully put together, not one of which is less than thirty feet long."

This pyramid was built in steps ; and, as the work proceeded, the stones were raised from the ground by means of machines, made of short pieces of wood. When a block had been brought to the first tier, it was placed in a machine there, and so on from tier to tier by a succession of similar machines, of which there were as many as tiers of stones ; or perhaps one served for the purpose, being moved from tier to tier as each stone was taken up. When completed in this manner, they proceeded to make out (the form of) the pyramid, beginning from the top, and thence downwards to the lowest tier.

Pliny says " The largest pyramid is built of stones from the Arabian quarries ; 366,000 men are said to have been employed for twenty years in its construction ; and the three were all made in sixty-eight years and four months."

The ancient authors who have written about them, are Herodotus, Euhemerus, Duris of Samos, Aristagours, Dionysius, Artimiderous, Alexander Polyhistor, Butori Antisthenes, Demetrius, Demoteles, Apion ; and yet no one of them shows satisfactorily by whom they were built : a fitting reward to the authors of such vanity, that their names should be buried in oblivion.

The dimensions of the Great Pyramid have been variously stated at different times by ancient and modern writers.

Herodotus makes it 8 plethra (800 feet) in length on each side at the base, and the same in height; this last measured, no doubt, not vertically, but along the sloping side. Diodorus makes it 7 plethra (700 feet) in length, and 6 (600 feet) in height. Pliny gives the length at 883 feet. Nine modern writers have similarly varied in their calculations. The following is the result of the two most careful modern measurements :—

	Sir G. Wilkinson.	Col. H. Vyse.
Former length of each side		
when entire.....	756 ft.	764 ft.
Present length.....	732 ft.	746 ft.
Former perpendicular height	480 $\frac{3}{4}$ ft.	480 $\frac{3}{4}$ ft.
Present perpendicular height	460 ft.	450 $\frac{3}{4}$ ft.
Former area of base	571536 sq. ft.	13 ac. 1 rd. 22 p.
Present area of base	535824 sq. ft.	12 ac. 3 rd. 3 p.

The space covered by the Pyramid is said to equal the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields; and its solid content has been calculated at eight-five millions cubic feet. It may be interesting to compare its height with that of other well-known edifices :—the spire of Strasburg Cathedral (the highest in Europe) is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, is four hundred and twenty-nine feet high, the dome of St. Paul's, London, four hundred and four feet high.

Many speculations have been indulged in as to the object for which the Pyramids were constructed. The most sound and sober view seems to be that they were intended simply to be Tombs. The Egyptians embalmed the bodies of the dead in a most scientific way, securing them against the results of natural decay, and against the malice of enemies. With this view they placed them in rock-hewn chambers, over which they then piled a mass which, they thought, would make it almost impossible that they should be violated.

Arrived at the Pyramid, we were immediately beset by a band of villainous looking Arabs, all shouting at once at the top of their voices and gesticulating frantically. These were our intended guides to the top, two being required for each person to help him up and down over the blocks of stone which form the face of the pyramid. We set out from the north-east corner. By far the most formidable part of the ascent was the first six or eight blocks : so that I felt the ascent to the summit would be impossible if it went on thus broken and precipitous. Already it was disagreeable to look down, and I was much out of breath. I found it better to trust to the strong and steady lifting of the Arabs in such places, and if possible, not to stop at all ; or, if one *must* stop for breath, to stand with one's face to the pyramid. I am sure the guides are right in endeavouring to get the people up quickly. The height is not so great in itself,—it is the method of surmounting it that is trying—and it is no easy matter for some to sit on a narrow ledge and see a succession of such for two hundred or three hundred feet below ; and, at the bottom, a crowd of diminutive people looking up to see whether one is coming bobbing down all that vast staircase. Two or three times I stopped for a few seconds at good broad corners or ledges. When I left the angle and found myself ascending the side, the chief difficulty was over, and I cannot say that the fatigue was at all formidable. The greater part of one's weight is lifted by the Arabs at each arm. When we arrived at a sort of recess, broken in the face of one angle, my guides sported two of their English words, crying out “ Half vay ” with great glee. The last half was easier than the first. I felt, what proved to be true, that the ascent of either half must be easier than the return. The top of the pyramid is a square flat space of about fourteen feet, the stones all covered with names, mostly those of Englishmen, amongst which I noticed that of the Prince of Wales. The view from

the top was splendid. Below was the valley of the Nile, the river stretching like a sea into the far distance, bounded on either side by the long low glistening white hills of the desert; at our feet was the Sphinx; and away to the north, clearly discernible in the pure bright air, were the domes and minarets of Cairo, with its Citadel towering high over all.

The descent being safely accomplished, we commenced the more arduous task of examining the interior, with the aid of guides, and torches. I crawled through the dark narrow slippery passages, to a point where, finding the heat and dust intolerable, I was glad to come out whole. Standing in the very heart of the Pyramid, remembering that these stones were piled by human hands more than four thousand years ago, it was impossible not to feel a sentiment of awe, and to think that "there were giants in the earth in those days."

We next visited the Sphinx, with its partly human and partly bestial form:—the body carved out of the solid rock, the head built up of huge blocks of masonry. As Dean Stanley says, "there is something stupendous in the sight of that enormous head;" and we may well wonder with him "what it must have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement, by which men approached the Pyramids, ran up between its paws; when immediately under its heart an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again."

We got back to Cairo about two o'clock, and afterwards spent some time in the mosques, and bazaars.

I called upon Messrs. J. Liepmann, & Co., the Mooskee Merchants, Manchester and Cairo, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Alderman Glaister, J.P., of this town. They received me with every kindness, and were most wishful to entertain me; but unfortunately my time was so limited I was obliged to decline.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.—Another glorious morning! Soon after eight we sallied forth to the Boulac Museum. This museum contains, with the exception of historical papyri—of which it does not possess any at all equal to those in the British Museum—the most instructive and valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world; the result, with very few exceptions, of the indefatigable labours and researches of M. Mariette, who has spent many years in studying and excavating the old ruins and monuments of Egypt. At the accession of the Khedive Ismail, in 1863, every thing connected with old Egyptian history was placed under the charge of M. Mariette, all digging and excavating by others being forbidden; and, as a result, the objects of interest which would otherwise have enriched foreign museums or private collections are exhibited together in the most appropriate place for their examination and study—in the capital of the country, whose ancient history they illustrate, and close to the ruins whose former magnificence they attest, and which, in their turn, lend them an interest they would not otherwise possess. Apart from the richness and the number of the articles it contains, one great superiority enjoyed by this museum over all others is that the place whence every object comes—from the most important down to the most insignificant—is accurately known; and, moreover, any fragment,—no matter how small and valueless it might appear—which seemed to possess any historic or scientific interest, has been preserved. You see Egyptian relics and mummies in the museums of London and Paris; but here they take you back to the time of Thothmes III; you are shewn Pharaoh's daughter, the protectress of the infant Moses, in her stone coffin; and you also see the embalmed body (scourge in hand) of that wicked Pharaoh, Rameses II., who so cruelly oppressed the Israelites. The Egyptians of ancient days, who were so careful and anxious about the embalming of their bodies, could hardly have imag-

ined to what base uses their remains might be put. Hours of intense labour were spent in preparing the dead to resist the ravages of time, and to continue for evermore. But since those practices prevailed, empires have come and gone, and a new race has sprung up who think little of the body which it is evident must sooner or later return to the clay from which it is moulded. No one remains to say the orison for the Egyptian dead, or to offer bread and beer to the departed. The Egyptians of twenty centuries ago tried to make the bodies of their deceased relatives fragrant and imperishable; but the Egyptians of to-day exert themselves to the uttermost to disinter, and to pillage and rob the dead of former ages. Indeed, many mummies are destroyed simply for the resin, or asphaltum they contain, which is sold to advantage at Cairo. The contrast between the men of the two eras is therefore hardly favourable to the present generation. A mummy is a gruesome thing, and on viewing it one cannot avoid wandering on the stream of time, and casting a glance over the recorded events that have stirred the numerous generations of men, since that now calm and silent figure just exposed entered on "the night wandering way." The very gods of the Egyptians have perished and decayed in the interval, and the empires of Persia, Assyria, Greece, Carthage, Rome, the Incas, and even that of France, have risen, died, and disappeared. But the mummied dead has survived, and if the breath of life could be infused, the mummy of three thousand years might look upon the well-preserved face of the woman he loved, or the man he feared or hated. Two mummies which have just been unrolled have created extraordinary interest. They were discovered five years ago in that great deposit of the Egyptian dead at Thebes. The first exposed was that of King Ta-Aken, who, it is supposed, died about B.C. 1703, or 3,500 years ago. He is known to have headed the great national rising celebrated in Egyptian history as the War of Independence. The war it is believed,

must have lasted more or less for one hundred and fifty years, and it culminated in the defeat and expulsion of the Shepherd or Hyksos line of kings. King Ta-Aken, indeed, is one of the heroes of a very ancient legendary romance, written on papyrus in the hieratic character, of which a large fragment is in the British Museum. Previously we knew that he had fought and conquered the last of the Shepherd Kings, but hitherto we were not aware that he had died a violent death. The uncovering of the body was witnessed among others by General Stephenson, the English commander in Egypt. There appeared to be no doubt about identification. The King was encased in many folds of linen, the last thickness being fastened to the skin by a kind of glue. When fully exposed, it was observed that the head was thrown back and lying to the left. The lips were wide open and contracted into a circle, from which the front teeth, gums, and tongue protruded, the latter being held between the teeth, and partly bitten through. The features, forcibly distorted, wore an evident expression of acute suffering. A minute examination made it possible to realise the closing scenes of the King's life. Struck first a violent blow upon the jaw, Ta-Aken fell to the ground, and he must have been despatched where he lay, for there are indications of a hatchet blow on the top of the head and a spear wound just over the left eye. It is not difficult to imagine that he died on the field of battle, when his army routed the forces of the Shepherd King. That his side was victorious is all the more probable from the fact that his body was not taken away by the enemy, but was retained by his followers. As we know from many writers, if the Hyksos had conquered, they would, like Achilles in the case of the dead Hector, have carried the bodies of their victims to their tents. The irregular fashion of the embalmment of the body induces the belief that the Egyptians, successful in the struggle, retained and hastily embalmed the corpse of their leader, and deposited it in the

royal sarcophagus at Thebes. Ta-Aken, it is believed, must have been a singularly powerful man of about forty years of age at the time of his death, and is thought to resemble the Nubians of the present day. The second unwinding revealed the mummy of Seti I., the father of Rameses II., and an inscription found among others revealed the fact that the linen used for the wrappings was supplied by the First Prophet of Amen Menkhopirri. The mummy head is the finest that has ever been seen in the Boulac Museum. Seti I. is, it is recorded, the identical type of Rameses II., as there is an astonishing resemblance between father and son. Singularly to relate, we possess the white alabaster sarcophagus of Seti I., in the Soane Museum. It is covered with hieroglyphics and processions of figures of gods, and beasts, and men. The most notable feature however, is the fidelity of the delicate, sweet, and smiling face to the pictures which the artists of the day have left to us. In every way, there was the same expression in the face as when the body was placed in the great temple of silence.

It is strange to think that in the case of King Ta-Aken one views the face of a man who lived about the time Joseph was sold into Egypt, and in the case of Seti I., a monarch who ruled over the country when the Jews were in bondage. The first "seat of civilisation," however, has supplied us with many wonderful things, and the mummy Kings serve as another reminder of the greatness of the men of former ages. This custom of embalming bodies was used, we know from Scripture, in the case of Jacob and Joseph. It seems also to have been employed in the time of our Saviour: for the women who came to His tomb on the first bright Lord's day morning, brought spices, but they were told "He is not here; He is risen."

Taking leave of the Museum we retraced our steps to Shepherd's Hotel for luncheon, and afterwards engaged a

carriage to drive to Heliopolis, the "On" of the Scriptures, and the earliest and most famous seat of learning in the world. Here stood the great Temple of the Sun, the high-priest of which was father-in-law to Joseph. Here Moses became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians"; here Plato studied; here, if tradition speaks truly, is an ancient sycamore, riven with age, and hacked with numberless names, beneath which the Holy Family rested in their flight into Egypt, and which is hence known as the "Virgin's Tree." But city and temple have utterly disappeared; one vestige only remains—a solitary obelisk. A single block of red granite sixty to seventy feet high, carved with hieroglyphics from top to bottom; it stands out almost as sharp and perfect in outline as when it was reared four thousand years ago.

Hear the late Dean Stanley's description of it:—"Rising wild amidst garden shrubs, the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the Temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place; and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and, therefore in the world,—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprung up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one it has seen its brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere."

Our next stage brought us to an ostrich farm at the edge of the Desert, owned by a French firm, and estimated to be of the value of £30,000. The manager informed us there were upwards of three hundred ostriches on the farm, some being brought from the east coast of Africa, but the majority from the Soudan. The average value of a full-

grown ostrich is estimated at £120, and the yield of feathers from a bird three years old is said to be worth £30 per annum. To secure these in their fullest perfection the parents are relieved from all care respecting their offspring, as having to sit for forty days would most undoubtedly seriously damage their feathers. Artificial heat is therefore employed to hatch the eggs. Houses are built which are specially heated by means of hot water to a temperature of 98 degrees, and in these are placed hatching boxes filled with eggs, on each of which is written the date when it was placed there, and they are constantly turned every hour, night and day, until hatched. Air is admitted to the boxes by holes bored in the side, and underneath are placed pans of hot water to keep up the required heat. Every stage of development was to be seen.

We were back again at six o'clock and found cards of Messrs. J. Liepmann and Co., who had called during our absence. Quietly sitting on the verandah of Shepherd's Hotel, our attention was drawn to a long string of camels fastened one behind the other; next, by a smart carriage preceded by two running footmen; and next, to a serpent charmer, having before him half-a-dozen adders erect upon their tails, and waving to and fro in all directions, thrusting out their tongues and hissing and showing all signs of vigorous rage. But at a note of soft melancholy music which he blows from his pipe, as by magic they are subdued to the docility of a fondled dog; the whole forming a scene surprisingly new to an European.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.—We left Cairo at 11-30 by rail for Suez, a distance of 150 miles; being but imperfectly assisted by Najun, our dragoman, who had the care of all the tents, baggage, etc., on his mind. We were loth to leave this charming city, but stern necessity compelled. After a ride of a couple of hours Zag-a-zig was reached, where we utilised our half-hour's stay by having luncheon. Proceeding

through a rich and fertile country we arrived at Aboo Hamed, a pretty village, and one of the stations on the caravan route between Egypt and Syria. A further ride of a few miles brought us to Tel-el-Kebir. Most of my readers are doubtless familiar with the details of the celebrated battle which was fought on the 13th of September, 1882, on the bare sandy plain of Tel-el-Kebir. The soldiers commenced the advance towards the entrenchments at 1-30 in the morning, and it was not until they were close up that their presence was discovered by the enemy. Though completely surprised they offered a most determined resistance, opening a deafening fire of musketry, and quickly bringing their heavy ordnance into action. The British, however, continued to advance, not firing a shot until well within the enemy's line, and carried the first battery at the point of the bayonet. After two hours hard fighting the Arabs were thoroughly beaten and dispersed, taking to flight in all directions, and leaving about 2,000 killed and wounded besides a large number of prisoners, the British loss being about 500 killed and wounded.

Pursuing our journey Suez was reached at 6-30. After seeing to my luggage I fell into the hands of the donkey boys. I wished to walk to the hotel, but it was neither their pleasure nor interest to permit this, and with cries of "Very good donkey, Sir!" "Take my donkey, Sir!" I was assailed, followed, deafened, until, having nearly arrived at my destination, I was at last forced to give in. There are one or two other hotels of an inferior kind, but the best is "the Suez Hotel;" and the donkey boy taking it for granted that this was my destination, mercilessly whipped and goaded his beast so that it might justify the character he had been pleased to give it of being "a very good donkey," and I arrived at a gallop.

We had our rooms assigned us, and after a refreshing wash sat down to dinner in company of sixty or seventy

military and naval officers, regimental surgeons, and five nursing "sisters" bound for Sowákin. A nursing sister!—what a life of discipline and self-abnegation such a vocation involves! To my mind the bedside of the sick and wounded is one of the grandest fields of missionary labour open to the Christian worker, and for this sort of toil there is no agent more suitable and effective than a Christian woman when her natural tenderness and sympathy are softened and heightened by the highest of all possible motives. Surely woman is the nurse given of God to the suffering.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH.—A broiling hot day. My friend and I walked about a couple of miles on the sands of the Red Sea to the Quay, which is said to be capable of accommodating five hundred vessels of all sizes, and is divided by a long jetty into two parts, one being reserved for ships of war and the other for merchant vessels. Leaving this we sallied forth to inspect the town and bazaars, but finding they had little of worth to detain us we retraced our steps to the hotel.

And here, perhaps, it will not be out of place to give a short history of the present Suez Canal. This great canal, which may be said to have converted Africa into an island, extends for nearly one hundred miles, from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez on the Red Sea, and forms a channel navigable for large vessels between the two. The work of constructing it was begun April 25th, 1859, and it was finished and opened November 17th, 1869, at a total cost of sixteen millions sterling. Large numbers of men were of course required for the works, and crowds of Fellahs, Arabs, Nubians, Negroes, Sicilians, Greeks, and other nationalities were engaged upon them, while dredges and other machines of great power were also employed. A canal was also constructed for bringing fresh water from the Nile at Boulac near Cairo; since, without an extensive supply of this necessary of life, it would have been impossible to carry on

the work in the waterless region of the isthmus. This approaches the salt water canal at Ismailia about midway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and then runs almost parallel to the course of the Ship Canal till it reaches Suez. It has proved a boon to the country all along its banks. It is about forty feet wide and nine deep, and is used for navigation as well as for domestic purposes and irrigation. From Ismailia to Port Said fresh water from this canal is conveyed through large pipes, plugs being inserted where necessary to allow the withdrawal of water for domestic or other purposes.

The great canal itself differs in dimensions in different places, being narrowest where the amount of cutting was greatest. For about four-fifths of its total length (seventy-seven miles) it is three hundred and twenty seven feet wide at the surface of the water, seventy two at the bottom, and twenty six deep; for the remainder (twenty two miles) it is only one hundred and ninety six feet wide at the surface whilst the other dimensions remain unaltered. Many portions of the canal were easily enough made; but at other points the excavation entailed an immense amount of labour, as, for instance, in one place the workmen had to cut a passage two hundred feet wide and ninety deep through sandstone rock.

Port Said has grown up since the commencement of the works, and possesses basins, quays, a lofty lighthouse illuminated by electricity, and a harbour protected by two piers or breakwaters—the one, two thousand and seventy yards long, the other two thousand seven hundred and thirty.

The shipping passing through the canal has steadily increased since its opening. In 1870, four hundred and eighty six vessels, of a total burden of 654,915 tons sailed through it, yielding the company an amount of £206,400: in 1883, 3,307 vessels of 8,051,307 tons gross measurement

passed through, the gross revenue being £2,700,000 and the net revenue £1,434,520. About four-fifths of the tonnage passing through belongs to Great Britain; and then, in decreasing order, come the vessels of France, Holland, Germany, Italy, and Austria. The tolls charged are ten francs per ton register, and ten francs for each passenger. Plans for widening the existing canal, and for the construction of large basins to permit north and south going vessels to pass each other, are now in progress. Steamships are allowed to pass through at a speed of five to six knots an hour. The distance between London and Bombay by the old route round the Cape is about 11,220 miles, which is shortened by the canal passage to 6,332 miles.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH.—Breakfast concluded, the Hindoo servants of the hotel carried our luggage downstairs to be in readiness for the camels, as it had been determined to send it round to the head of the Gulf, whilst we—the Rev. J. H. Scowcroft, Mr. T. A. Cook (Thos. Cook & Son), the writer, and Najun our dragoman—left by boat at three o'clock. We had not proceeded far when one of our boatmen, turning his face towards Mecca, began to wash his face, adjust his garments, kneel, bow, stand; and finally to prostrate himself and rapidly repeat his words of Moslem worship. Being somewhat impeded by the current, the sun had set long before we had landed on the Asiatic coast, on the most sacred spot connected with the flight of the Israelites from their period of bondage, when, emerging from the dry bed of the sea, they saw the divided waters rush together again at the command of Moses, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots and all the host of Egypt.—Exodus xiv.

We mounted our camels, and after about an hour's ride halted at the Wells of Moses, about seven miles from Suez, where Moses refreshed and rested his people after crossing the Red Sea. Here our tents had been pitched.

The canvas coverings seemed to boast of close affinity with the rainbow if one might judge from their many colours, but candles were suspended from the centre pole, and the interiors smiled a bright welcome from the gathering gloom of the evening. Our furniture was simple—three camp stools, a toilet table on which was placed a couple of tin basins, and as many tin pitchers of water, three Persian rugs covering the greater portion of the ground, bedding and quilts, and a couple of light iron bedsteads, comprised the whole. After arranging our luggage we sat down to dinner in Mr. T. A. Cook's tent, which was utilised as a saloon, and afterwards retired for the night.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.—We were called by our waiter at six o'clock, and very soon the dragoman, cook, waiter, and sixteen Bedaween attendants were busily engaged in taking down the tents. Then came breakfast, consisting of an enormous omelette and such coffee as is never tasted north of the Mediterranean. Whilst breakfast was in progress the camp beds vanished, the tent walls shivered and fled like ghosts, and the tents fell as we ourselves rose from the morning meal. During this packing-up business some dispute had arisen among the Bedaweens on the subject of adjusting the loads on the camels, or on the question of agreeing to terms or apportioning the money, and the clamour and Babel-like confusion was something frightful, the disputants shouting, screaming, gesticulating, and shaking their fists in a most alarming manner; but ultimately our dragoman (who had performed this journey over a dozen times) interfered, and, with admirable tact, subdued the turbulent spirits.

At 8-30 the camels had been apportioned their respective burdens of tents, camp-stools, bedding, water-barrels, tables, cooking utensils, and charcoal, chicken and turkey coops, oranges, apples, and all sorts of provisions for three

travellers, and we had nothing to do but mount. Fancy coming to the Red Sea in a first-class railway carriage, and then getting on a camel for three weeks. My camel-man held his animal and made a hoarse kind of gurgling sound in his throat, which all camels understand as the command to kneel. It is supposed to be associated in their minds with the sound of moving water. "See all right before you get on, and lean well back as he rises" said our dragoman, "swinging well over the seat and hinder peak of the saddle." No sooner, however, did I approach the animal, than he set up a hideous snarling growl, but the driver pulled his head forcibly down to the ground, and I seized the opportunity of jumping upon his back. I had not time to secure my seat when I was suddenly pitched violently forward, and then as suddenly backwards; for the creature gets up by jerks, and only half of him at a time.

The animal has also a peculiar gait, lifting both feet on the same side at the same time, instead of the near fore leg, and the off hind leg like the horse, and this gives a peculiar corkscrew motion to the spine of the back which becomes absolutely painful after a short time, so that we found it expedient in order to break the monotony and sense of fatigue, frequently to change our position—now riding as on horseback, now crossing the legs like the Arabs, now sitting on one side, now on the other.

Hear Harriet Martineau's experience with the camel:—"Nothing can be uglier," she says, "unless it be the ostrich, which is ludicrously like the camel in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know,—growling, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear anything, looking as if it longed to bite if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures, but it may be seen whenever one

looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and helplessness in the face of the camel, always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a damned animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son; but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly for its services an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water; but, out of the Desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel, which objects to everything, and will do no service, but under the compulsion of its own fears." (*Eastern Life*, new edit., London. p. 5.)

Palgrave, in his "*Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (London, 1873, page 25) is equally severe on the camel, and makes stupidity, indifference, and passion for revenge its prominent characteristics. He relates that a camel having been beaten by a boy, a few days afterwards, when nobody was in sight, seized his head, lifted him up in the air, and flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull torn completely off, and his brains scattered on the ground. Having thus satisfied his revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace as though nothing was the matter. "The camel," he adds, "is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part, or any co-operation on his own save that of an extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impresses him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild."

We proceeded on our way until the great plain was reached at 12 o'clock, and then our tent was pitched and luncheon served, consisting of bread, cold fowl, cold mutton, hard boiled eggs, and oranges, dates, and raisins, our journey being resumed after a stay of an hour and a half. In the distance we could see the white tents which had been erected for us at Wady Sudr by the Bedaweens in charge of the baggage camels—two for the three passengers of our party, and another for the dragoman, cook, and waiter. On arriving at the encampment my driver pulled the camel's head down, at the same time uttering a peculiar gurgling sound which was responded to by the animal slowly subsiding under me till he brought his body to a level with the ground, whereupon I very gladly alighted. After a refreshing wash we were regaled with a cup of tea, and in about an hour the bell rang for dinner—very good and very hot—followed by coffee and an ever-welcome dessert. Feeling stiff and fatigued by our first day's experience of camel riding, we retired early for the night.

FEBRUARY 15TH. QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.—O how welcome was the sweet day of rest in the wilderness! Never can we be sufficiently grateful to God, that among all His many other blessings He has bestowed upon us the Sabbath, when man rests from his six days' labour and draws near with prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth—the Author and Giver of all good things. Wherever the Gospel is preached, there is rest promised—not merely for the tired body but also for the wearied spirit. And wherever the children of God are, whether in the city or in the wilderness, on that day above all others, will the voice of prayer and praise be lifted up to the Lord God of their salvation. Breakfast concluded, we had the Morning Service with sermon, and prayers at three p.m. I shall never forget the peculiar charm of that Sunday in the desert.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—At 7-15 we are off: the shipless sea appears on our right, the dark mountains of Attaka beyond, and we pass through Wadys Wardan, Amara, and Hawarrah. The first three hours' march afforded a new experience in the shape of a slight sandstorm, what little sand there was being all in motion. We rode with our veils and handkerchiefs thrown over our faces, the goggles which we wore being of course a great protection to the eyes; while the camels, impeded by their saddle bags which acted like sails, moved painfully onwards, from time to time stretching their long necks side-ways to avoid the blast. This, with the cold biting wind, made it dreadfully unpleasant, and made me think that this must be the real meaning of a "howling wilderness"—Deut. xxxii., 10. Luncheon came at one, with the luxury of an orange, which I bestowed upon my camel-man. Let this suffice for one of the very few uninteresting desert days:—

"Be the day weary, or never so long,
At length it ringeth to even-song."

And so the eleven hours' march to Ghurundel at length came to an end. Its only noticeable feature had been the bitter spring at Hawarrah, which is usually identified with "Marah" (bitterness) mentioned Exodus xv., 22, 23. "So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur, and they went three days in the wilderness and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter. Therefore the name of it was called Marah." Moses then cast a tree or aromatic shrub into the water and made it sweet. It has been suggested, but without any probable evidence, that the fruit of the Ghürkud was employed for this purpose.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH.—Heavy rain, accompanied by a high wind, had rendered the ground slippery, so that our dragoman would not allow us to proceed; the camel's

foot not being formed for such a road, as we afterwards discovered. We therefore rested at Wady Ghurundel for the whole day.

“*Wady*” is the Arabic name for *valley*; and the term is indiscriminately applied to every depression in the desert plain which, in the rainy season, gives passage to the water which runs into it from the hills and higher grounds in the neighbourhood. These are the landmarks of the Bedaweens, where they always encamp and feed their camels. For the most part, they have no names for the plains, which usually afford neither food nor water for their animals; but the smallest valley is distinguished by its appropriate appellation which is also frequently applied to the adjacent tracts of desert, and to the high lands where the wady has its origin. Already, since leaving Suez, we have passed a number of wadies, which, in the rainy season, conduct the water from the range of mountains always visible on our left to the sea. They are at present perfectly dry, but several of them still afford sustenance to our camels in the form of a scanty vegetation.

We are now fairly launched into the desert, and begin to feel both the sweets and the privations inseparable from a desert life. It is instructive to the Biblical student to pass over the route of the Israelites on their way to the Land of Promise, and to ascend the mount from which God made His greatest revelation to mankind before the coming of Christ. It seems to bring the early Bible history nearer to us, and imparts a life and reality, which it would not otherwise possess. But the journey is irksome from the beginning to end, and ought never to be undertaken excepting by persons of robust constitution.

Everything connected with this country is so new and unlike all I have before seen that each hour offers some interesting subject for observation. The manners and customs

of our Bedaween guides and attendants are truly primitive. Having occasion to wash their clothes this afternoon, they scooped out a basin in the sand for the purpose and filled it with water. The supply of fresh water seemed to have tempted them to indulge in other luxuries, and, for the first time, I saw them eating hot bread. Their dress is equally illustrative of the sacred volume: their sandals, which are merely bits of leather or untanned skin (commonly fish skins) adapted to the sole of the foot by means of a thong passing between the first and second toes, over the instep, and round the heel;—the girdle which all wear about the loins, and which serves as a belt for pistols or a long knife, as well as a depository for money and small valuables; and their loose flowing robes, which reach only to the knee, leaving the legs exposed.

It was gratifying to me, as it would be to any thorough temperance man, to observe with what pleasure and pride the Bedaweens, after the fatigues of the day's journey performed on foot, hastened away to procure a supply of water. These people are all fond of coffee, but refuse wine and spirits, and even beer. They expect, however, frequent gratuities of food upon the journey, for which travellers should provide before leaving Egypt.

I have found out another way of winning their good will, a way which is both cheap and effectual. Thinking it possible that it might be useful for such a purpose, I purchased a supply of tobacco before leaving Egypt, and this I have now been distributing. I hope they like it. They are also making great demands upon my medicine chest, notably sulphate of zinc for their eyes, and now there approaches an old Arab to have his leg and foot attended to. Cutting some strips of soap plaister, I place them upon his wounds, and the old fellow touches his breast, mouth, and forehead, in polite gratitude.

These poor Bedaweens love their arid plains and hideous mountains with a depth of feeling little known amongst people more civilised. They are very ignorant and credulous, not one of them being able to read a word. We often found their accounts contradictory; and their statements, even on subjects with which they might be presumed to be most familiar, are entitled to less weight than travellers are compelled to give them in the absence of all other sources of information.

They shave the whole of the head with the exception of one lock, which is allowed to remain for the Day of Judgment, when the Prophet will, it is believed, seize hold of this pig-tail and, by its means, pull his faithful follower into Paradise. But it would be intolerable, in these warm countries, to carry both a thick crop of hair and the yards upon yards of textile fabrics they wind round their heads.

From Marah the Israelites "came to Elim where were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters."—Exodus xv., 27. This, then, may be identified with Elim, and a better place for an encampment could not be found. The desert is bare and barren, but Wady Ghurundel is a beautiful oasis, fringed with trees and shrubs—here are palms and tamarisks, and here is the acacia with its gay foliage and bright blossoms. When the eye is wearied with the glare of the hot sand, it is pleasant to let it rest upon the light feathery foliage of this handsome tree, which has a still greater attraction as the tree of the "Burning Bush" and supplying the shittim wood of the Tabernacle. The groves of Ghurundel extend far down towards the sea; and meandering through them runs one of the very few streamlets in the Sinaitic peninsula. Fifty-three Russian pilgrims were here encamped on their return from Sinai.

At six o'clock the bell rang for dinner, which really deserves a detailed description. We had soup, followed by

roast mutton with asparagus, etc., then roast turkey with sauces, succeeded by a plum pudding swimming in flames of brandy, and an ever-welcome dessert of oranges, nuts, dates, and figs, with a cup of hot coffee. Fancy such a dinner in the desert! I went out of our tent later on to look at the night, and found the sky crowded with stars of enormous magnitude. Our gang of Bedaweens was sitting round their bivouac fire, making a group which it would have delighted Rembrandt to depict.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH.—Ash Wednesday. We were called at five o'clock this morning by Josef our waiter, and found that our tent basins had been filled overnight, and a couple of pitchers of water and tin cups placed on the table. After breakfast, we were off by seven o'clock, and in an hour reached the sepulchral monument of Abou Zenneh's horse. The story goes that an Arab called Abou Zenneh, cruelly over-rode his mare, and when she broke down he spurred her so violently that she gave a final long bound and then dropped dead. The hard-hearted rider marked the marvellous length of this last leap with stones, and every Arab passing by now throws a stone or handful of sand as a mark of contempt, exclaiming "here is food for the horse of Abou Zenneh!" We next crossed Wady Useif and Wady Thal, shortly arriving at Wady Sekekah. Our tent was pitched for luncheon, and after a rest of an hour and a half we proceeded along Wady Humr, a ride of three hours bringing us to our camping place on the south end of the valley.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH.—Another glorious day. Off at 6-50 a.m. Usually we walk an hour or two in the morning, and again before stopping for the night, finding it a great relief from the fatigue of incessant riding, as well as affording interesting opportunities for minute and leisurely observations. In little more than an hour, after ascending

some rising ground and passing two or three narrow gorges, we entered Wady Useif, which is enlivened by a few palm trees and a scanty verdure of shrubs, some of which were scented, and filled the air with an agreeable odour. We travelled for most of the day between mountains, no longer in regular ranges, but rising into irregular peaks and unshapely masses in a great variety of forms, and separated from each other by narrow and precipitous gorges. Walls of porphyry, rising five or six feet above the adjacent rock, and of a thickness varying from five to a dozen feet, run along the sides from the summits to the very bottoms of the deep valleys, and impart a most peculiar aspect to the whole region. About six o'clock we entered Wady Barak and encamped for the night, being greatly fatigued with our day's journey but delighted with the awfully wild, yet barren scenery we had passed through.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH—Another charming day. We started on our route at seven o'clock, threading our way through a narrow and winding defile. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun poured down his beams to such a degree, that the raising of one's goggles was like lifting the door of a furnace. At length the narrow sides diverged, and we traversed an open space, whence we caught our first glimpse of the Sinaitic range; but it was not till after a weary nine hours' ride over a distance of twenty-five miles of sand and rock that we discerned the white tents which had been erected by the Bedaweens in charge of the baggage camels, and at six o'clock encamped in the Wady es Sheikh, a broad and noble valley enclosed by mighty hills.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST.—The rarefied and somewhat sharp atmosphere tells us that we are in an elevated region, and the cold during the night was in great contrast with the heat of the day, yet few of the Bedaweens huddled around our tent had any covering. It was not easy to enjoy

the comfort of my bed knowing that many of our attendants were lying throughout the night on the bare ground, and with no sort of protection from the keen air. 'Tis true they "were used to it," and none of them ever complained to us—still, it was not quite a lullaby to hear men groaning with cold outside, and only separated from ourselves by a bit of thin canvas. Some of the men, too, had terrible coughs, barking away as if they would tear their throats before morning. For some nights past I had become accustomed to the cry of the numerous jackals, which hovered around our encampment, but their cries had been altogether absent during this night just passed, which we held to be a proof that larger beasts of prey had been in somewhat close proximity to us.

We left Wady es Sheikh at 6-35, crossing the Wady Salaf into the Wady Tläh, and proceeded towards the defile called Nukb Hâwy, "the pass of the winds," which leads over this outer mountain wall to Sinai; an hour's comparatively gentle ascent among loose mounds of white alluvial formation—the sediment of winter torrents—leads to the foot of the real pass.

The mountains on the right and left, though not perpendicular, are very steep and lofty, and their rapidly sloping sides meet at the bottom of the gorge and form the bed of the torrent. We ascended by a winding way so narrow that the camels only advanced with difficulty. In the lower portion, a sort of pavement has been formed, for a short distance, by arranging some large flat stones in line, in other places a path is worn into the face of the rock by the tread of the camel, but for the greater part of the way no attempt has been made to lessen or remove the natural difficulties that seemed to forbid our advance, and we had to clamber up the successive steepes, over immense piles of loose or rolling stones, the camels often stopping and being only compelled with great difficulty to proceed. Indeed this

route is impassable for the baggage camels, so they had been sent on a detour of five or six miles through the Wady es Sheikh. During a tedious and toilsome journey of over three hours' duration, we only advanced a distance of four miles from the foot of the pass to its head, where the noble cliffs of Ras Sassâfah (Sinai) are seen four miles away. As we advanced, the valley opened wider and wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs. Here and there a small palm or gnarled fig-tree clung to the deep fissures between the rocks, stretching its far-seeking roots in the direction of the little faint stream which trickled among the huge fragments, inaudible even in that great silence. On the other hand the Nukb had its bright unchangeable tints of salmon colour and pale green, and presented a peculiar beauty and sharpness in its fractures. Not only were the main outlines grand and solid in an unusual degree, and tremendous in height and abruptness, but the detail of every shattered cliff was beautiful in itself. Never have I seen so wild and awful a defile. It seemed indeed a fitting approach to "the Mount of God," and is well calculated to fill the mind with overwhelming thoughts of His Divine majesty. We had completed the ascent by one o'clock, and then sat down for a long look whilst Najun prepared luncheon. Afterwards we advanced through a narrow and uneven pass for a few minutes more, when our guides, pointing eagerly to the dark rugged mountain which began to rise before us, and evidently sharing with us the interest of the occasion, exclaimed in loud tones of exultation—"Jebel Mousa, Jebel Mousa!"

The valley, which was here of inconsiderable width, gradually expanded into an extensive plain, bounded on the right and left by very high dark ridges of granite, divided into many ragged perpendicular peaks by gorges which cut them almost to the base. Immediately in front of us, and at a distance of less than two miles, Mount Sinai rose abruptly

to our view to the height of fifteen hundred feet or more, in frowning perpendicular cliffs. Reaching the top of the ascent, the fine broad plain of Râhah—whose very name “Rest”—would seem to indicate the place where the Israelites encamped after their weary journey, before “the Mount of God,” I was on holy ground. Never have I looked upon a scene of such awful grandeur, and the associations which at the moment rushed into my mind were almost overwhelming, and made me feel amply rewarded for all the trouble and fatigue of the journey through the wilderness.

We came to a halt near the convent of St. Catherine, where our baggage camels were being unloaded, and the Bedaweens rearing the tents. Josef opened the box of oranges, and rolled the fruit in the hot sand, saying it was the only way to keep them fresh. Down came the hen-coop from the very top of a camel, where it had been put, I suppose, to produce an illusion in the minds of the chickens, and make them think they were on perch. It was opened, and out they ran. I cannot imagine why, but they took regular gallops out and home, about twenty yards into the desert and back again, always returning with nervous speed as though their run had frightened them. Two or three were eaten in the course of the evening, but that did not seem to affect the survivors. The camels drew sociably together and strode away at a great pace, evidently well aware of the sweet waters of the granite wells of Sinai.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND.—A glorious day. We sallied forth at seven o'clock, and, guided by a monk of the Convent of St. Catherine, ascended Jebel Mousa, winding in a zigzag path up the side of the mountain—an undertaking which, thanks to the industry of the monks, has been shorn of many of its difficulties, though even yet steep and rugged, and extremely laborious. Frequent detours were necessary, but, at the end of a little more than two hours' climbing, we

arrived at the summit, which is 7,363 feet above the sea-level, and 2,339 above the Convent.

Here, on the summit, are two buildings within a few yards of each other, and which are almost always visible whenever the peak itself is to be seen. One is the Christian Chapel, near the grotto in which Moses was placed when "the Glory of the Lord" passed, and he was favoured with the only view of the Divine Presence which has been permitted to a mortal. Our guide crept under and behind the shelving rock and put himself in the attitude of Moses, whom he represented as peeping through a small hole; and we of course imitated his example. The other building is the Mosque erected over the cave in which he is said to have lived during the forty days and nights of preliminary waiting. The view is grand and impressive; and can never, in its solemn desolation, be forgotten, even should the spectator be callous and steeled against its many sacred associations.

We rested here an hour and read the Decalogue, with an account of the prodigies which attended its bestowal "on the top of the mountain," where tradition locates the scene of its promulgation by the Almighty Law-giver.

"As we gaze entranced" writes the Editor of *Picturesque Palestine*, "the question is sure to arise—Is this the spot whence the Law was given to Israel?" One turns then to Er Râhah, and though the actual summit of Jebel Mousa be not visible from the plain, one reasonably concludes that here the people stood, and that from Ras Sassâfah Moses proclaimed the Law to them. This conclusion is in no wise contrary to the Bible narrative;—Sinai is to be regarded not only as the mountain on which Jehovah spake with Moses and with Elijah, but also as the mountain from which the Law was published to Israel. For both of these transactions the mountain is well adapted by its physical characteristics and conformation. Descending by the older and steeper

road, we pass, not far from the summit, a magnificent cypress tree, which towers up amongst the rocks, and is alleged to mark the spot where the great I AM appeared in fire and storm and earthquake to Elijah after his flight from the persecuting rage of Jezebel, and spake to him in a still small voice (1 Kings, xix., 9). Close by it is a chapel dedicated to the prophet, and said to be built over the cave to which he had retired.

We made our way to the Fountain of Elijah, and proceeded through wild ravines and gorges till we came to a rude chapel, dedicated to the "Holy zone of the Virgin Mary," and an old willow-tree which gave its name to the peak, and from which Moses is said to have cut the miraculous rod with which he smote the rock of Horeb. Leaving the plateau on which the chapel stands, we continued our progress along a steep path and down a flight of rugged broken steps, the road twisting under tall cliffs in a bewildering manner, until we came to a small gateway. In a few minutes more we reached another archway, similar to the first, where the monks used to stand for the purpose of shriving and absolving the pilgrims on their ascent, before they were permitted to tread the holy ground. In passing down the steep descent, refreshment is afforded by a spring of deliciously clear cold water, encircled by a luxuriant growth of maidenhair ferns, and at length the convent is safely reached.

The first thing which arrested my attention was, of course, the garden. Compared with all that I had seen during this journey it was a paradise indeed; not only because it afforded some of the brightest and most luxuriant vegetation in the world, but because the great cypresses, olives, pomegranates, apricots, almond, pear, fig, apple, and other fruit trees—many of them then in full bloom—presented a scene of marvellous beauty, peculiarly grateful to the eye

after its long and painful familiarity with bare rocks and arid glowing wastes of sand. It is most effectually fenced on one side by the precipitous heights of Horeb—the Jebel Mousa of the monks, which is the most southerly of the three principal peaks of Sinai. A high and thick wall, crested with loose stones, bounds it on two other sides; and at the southern end stands the vast square fortress-like monastery known as the Convent of St. Catherine.

In the afternoon we visited the Church dedicated to the Transfiguration,—by far the best part of the establishment, and which is really a fine building of good proportions, the floor especially, being of variegated marble, is very beautiful. But the great attraction is the mosaic work on the vaulted roof of the chancel: the central part is a representation of the transfiguration, Christ being depicted in the middle, with Moses on the right, Elias on the left, and the three apostles beneath, Peter being prostrate. Behind the altar is the chapel which is said to be built over the spot where the burning bush appeared to Moses, and where luxurious decoration has been lavished in a remarkable degree, even the floor being covered with carpets of the most costly description. It is compulsory to take off the shoes in visiting this holy spot. Another chapel contains the Tomb of St. Catherine, who was martyred in Egypt.

We were next conducted into the reception hall and adjoining rooms for travellers and pilgrims, where we were entertained in the most hospitable manner—an attendant handing each of us a cup of delicious coffee. We also visited the library, which contains a beautiful copy of the four Gospels, written in double columns, in gold uncial letters, with illuminated pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the four Evangelists, besides a collection of several hundred written and printed volumes, of which the majority are in Greek characters, and the rest in Arabic. Before leaving, we were asked to write our names in the Travellers' Book, and

in glancing through this, I was much interested in finding the autograph of our esteemed townsman, Henry Lee, Esq., J.P., recording his visit, in company with some friends, March 7, 1873. We left the usual fee with the guide in consideration of being conducted over these interesting localities.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD.—A splendid morning. We sallied forth at eight o'clock down the Wady Deir, passing the hill of Aaron—an elevation on which the golden calf was erected, then the hole in the rock on the plain, down which Moses cast the mould of this recipient of idolatrous worship; thence proceeding round the edge of El Râhah and El Deir, we passed the spot where it is supposed Moses broke the two tables of the Law. Entering into Wady Leja we skirted gardens of cypress, apricot, walnut, and other trees, and a ruined chapel dedicated to the twelve Apostles. It was a wild and savage scene, heightened in effect by the change from the pure tints of the desert rocks giving place to deep purples and iron browns.

The little stream seemed to gain strength as we approached the traditional rock of Horeb, which Moses smote with his rod and made a fountain to refresh the murmuring Israelites (Exodus xvii., 6). "It is," writes Olin, "an isolated mass of granite, nearly twenty feet square and high, with its base buried to a conjectural extent. In the face of the rock are a number of horizontal fissures at unequal distances from each other, some near the top, and others but a little above the surface of the ground. The colour and whole appearance of the rock are such that, if seen elsewhere, and disconnected from all traditions, no one would hesitate to express the belief that these had been produced by water, which, at some period or other, had flowed from these fissures. In my own opinion I think it would be extremely difficult to form such fissures, or produce the other appearances by artificial means; certainly it is not more difficult to credit th

idea that a natural fountain had at one time gushed out, at the height of a dozen feet, from the face of the isolated rock. Believing, as I do, that water *was* miraculously brought out of a rock belonging to the mountain, I can see nothing incredible in the statement that this is the identical rock, and that these fissures and other appearances are collateral evidence of that fact.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH.—A magnificent morning. We left Wady Dier at seven o'clock to commence the return journey, and after a wearisome eight hours' ride along the Wady Sheikh, encamped about five o'clock at its juncture with the Wady Berah, having passed, in the course of the day, a stone on which Abraham is said to have offered sacrifice. All around us played the mirage. The illusion was perfect, and then it was gone.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH.—Passing through the Oasis of Feiran, we halted for luncheon beneath a group of tall palms. The camels, relieved of their burdens, having drunk their fill, were scattered about the bowery thickets, cropping the thick blossoms with unusual avidity and relish, whilst the Arabs, spread among the shady trees, revelled in the choicest beauty of their desert home—the proverbial “paradise of the Bedaweens.” Far away, on the top of a mountain, we noticed a church which is said to mark the spot where Moses stood to watch the battle against Amalek. (Exodus xxxi). Wady Feiran is the most beautiful and fertile valley of the Peninsula. It is several miles long, with many windings, is enclosed by rugged cliffs over a thousand feet in height, and contains a large and fertile oasis with a spring and running brook and gardens of figs and pomegranates.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH.—Left Im-el-ammirech at 6-50, continuing our progress along the Wady Sheikh into the Wady Mukatteb—the “Written Valley” or “Valley of Inscriptions,” which, so far as scenery goes, is not over

interesting. The valley is broad and open ; on one side are low sloping hills, and on the other a fine range of mountains. Beneath the low hills are several isolated plains, or rather plateaus, and from these, masses of sandstone have become detached, on which are found the well-known inscriptions, together with rough figures of men, or of animals like the camel, or of birds like the ostrich. After this, Wady Mâghârah is soon reached, and a fresh scene opens out on this ever-varying route. In the left hand bank of the steep sandstone wall of the wady, are the principal turquoise mines, and in the walls of these caverns and in the fissures and cuttings in the rock, are the marks of the (probably bronze) chisels of the ancient captives, who were condemned to search for turquoise. The tablets—some *in situ*, some overturned and half-destroyed, are of the familiar Egyptian type :—a Pharaoh of gigantic proportions slaying his enemies ; priests presenting offerings to hawk-headed deities ; troops of captives, etc.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH.—We had encamped for the night at the beginning of the Nakb-el-Budra, and, starting at 6-35 a.m., we were not long before we reached the Wady Shellal, where we noticed a rude burial-ground, far away from any human habitation, yet containing many nameless headstones. We had also an interesting view of the mirage, a mist or fog resting upon the desert, which, seen at a distance, so exactly resembles water, that I should not have doubted that I was approaching a lake, had not my previous reading made me acquainted with and in some measure prepared me for this singular phenomenon. Leaving Wady Barba on the right, we entered the Plain of El Markha, and skirted the Red Sea for a few hours in the neighbourhood where the Israelites encamped (Numbers xxxiii., 10.), arriving at our resting-place for the night in the Wady Taiyibeh at six o'clock.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.—Off again at 6-35, pass-

ing through Wady Thal and Wady Useit, arriving at Wady Ghurundel at 3-20 p.m., and glad enough to find our tents erected in readiness for our occupation.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST.—We were in motion at 5-15 this morning, and passed through Awaren and the Wady Warden, arriving at Wady Thibah at 5-35 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 2ND.—We struck our tents this morning at about 6-30, passing through Wady Sudr and thence on to the great plain—afterwards through Wady Ahata, Wady Kurdhizh, and Wady Riemeh, meeting on the way several caravans of camels laden with corn &c., from Cairo. The common eastern salutation is "Peace be with you!" the speaker laying his right hand upon his heart; and the usual reply is "With you be Peace!;" more intimate relations, and those of equal age and dignity, naturally kiss the hand, head, or shoulder. It was interesting to see these friendly tribes of Arabs meeting in the desert. Owing to their frequent and distant journeys they meet but seldom; but when they do, the pressing of the hand to the heart—the kiss on the cheek—the passionate exclamation and gestures of joy, prove the sincerity and fervour of their feelings.

We arrived at the wells of Moses about six o'clock, and encamped for the night. Dinner concluded, Najun, our dragoman, asked us for a testimonial such as would recommend him to other travellers about to undertake the journey, and, as he had fulfilled his duties most satisfactorily, we had great pleasure in complying with his request; testifying also to the efficiency of the cook and waiter, to all of whom we gave ample "backsheesh." They had scarcely issued from our tent before they were surrounded by the remainder of our Arab attendants, all craving their just proportion of the precious donation, but whether they got it may, however, be questioned.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3RD.—We started at 6-25 a.m., for the Asiatic coast, where we very gladly parted company with our camels and crossed the canal to Suez. Arriving at ten o'clock a.m., we at once proceeded to our hotel, where I had the gratification of receiving ten letters and four newspapers.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4TH.—A frightfully hot day. Breakfast concluded, I returned to my room, and spent most of the day in answering letters. Busily employed at this pleasurable task I was startled by a loud knocking at my door, and two black he-chambermaids glided in to make my bed, which they did by simply throwing the clothes back again and walking out, after making polite obeisance.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5TH.—Another tremendously hot day. The mail arrived, and we were much interested in reading the latest news. At six o'clock the bell rang for dinner, to which about sixty persons sat down, including General Stephenson, and many naval and military officers. Here we had the additional gratification of meeting Mr. F. W. Briscoe, of Bolton, who had come out for the benefit of his health, and was now on his way home, much better. The sunset was magnificent, and the subsequent coolness of the atmosphere most grateful.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6TH.—I was awakened this morning by the voice of the Muezzin, calling the faithful followers of Mohammed to prayer. Breakfast concluded, the time had now come when we had to say farewell to our friend, Dr. Geikie, whom we had met in Cairo, and who had made life so pleasant for us during our sojourn in Upper Egypt, but whom we hoped to meet in Jerusalem, all being well, in the course of a few weeks.

At eight o'clock we proceeded to the station, and at 9-15 started in a comfortable carriage for Ismailia, which was reached in about two and a half hours. For a part of the way the Bitter Lakes are visible, and we could see where the

canal channel is staked out through them. Next we encountered the fresh water canal, and came in view of **Lake Timsah**, through which also the Suez Canal is carried.

Ismailia is a creation of the canal. So recently as in 1860 there was nothing here but the sand of the desert—not a drop of water, or any vegetation. To-day it is the most attractive, because it is the prettiest, town in Egypt, and has a population of upwards of three thousand. Trees grow along the banks, and little gardens bloom by every cottage. The town is situated on the western shore of Lake Timsah, exactly in the centre of the Isthmus, and is well-built; possessing broad macadamized streets, bordered with young but rapidly growing acacias, which impart to it an air of neatness and elegance, not yet acquired by some parts of Cairo and Alexandria. The first house pointed out to us was the pretty Swiss Chalet of Mons. Lesseps, surrounded by a garden rich in exotic plants and flowers. At the end of the quay are the waterworks, which are well worth a visit. A double row of cast-iron pipes has been laid the whole length of the canal to Port Said, through which the water is continuously pumped by two powerful engines. At all the principal stations there are reservoirs for storing the water, and drinking fountains from which any one can draw; while at every two and a half miles self-filling cisterns are open for the use of man and beast.

One of the most delightful features of these waterworks is the gardens, very prettily laid out with cascades and walks, and filled with all kinds of choice fruits and flowers. Indeed the luxuriance and beauty of these gardens is one of the pleasantest attractions of the town.

We left Ismailia at five o'clock in a small steamer, and on our way through the canal passed two transport ships, the *Monarch* and *Euphrates*, conveying troops. Both vessels were fitted up with the electric light. At ten o'clock we

reached Port Said, and proceeded to the Hotel-de-France, where we met Mr. Masterinan and the Reverends Sykes and Carr, whose acquaintance we had made on board the Venus, and who, having just returned from Palestine, were leaving by the next steamer for Ismailia.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7TH. Another magnificent morning. Breakfast concluded, we sallied forth sight seeing. The chief interest of the place lies in its position and the story of its foundation and growth. "In the beginning of the month of April, 1859," (writes Murray) "a small body of men, who might well be called the pioneers of the Suez Canal, headed, by M. Laroche, landed at that spot of this narrow sandy slip, which had been chosen as the starting point of the canal from the Mediterranean, and the site of the city and port intended, ultimately, to rival Alexandria. Twenty-six years ago its site was a barren waste of sand: and now, with a population of about nine thousand, it is a very important town, with docks, quays, and regularly laid out streets, fine shops, mosques, and public buildings. There is also a nice square, prettily ornamented with a fountain and flowers, where the band plays daily."

At 5-30 p.m. we embarked on board the steamer "Media," the night being calm and still, and the great sea westwards as smooth and placid as a garden pond. I stayed promenading the deck until quite late, watching the sun setting over the gleaming waves, and thinking of all that was before me.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8TH.—Awakening at five o'clock I turned out of my berth, dressed as rapidly as the rolling of the ship would allow, and went on deck. I found our steamer approaching the land in full view of the picturesque town of Jaffa—a name which signifies "beauty," and may probably have been descriptive; for whether seen from sea or land its site is beautiful—with its flat-roofed white houses rising one above the other on the slope of the hill; whilst,

in the distance, the dim blue heights of Judæa were perceptible. It is one of the most ancient towns in the world, and its history stretches far back into the twilight of time. According to tradition, it was here that Noah built the Ark, and here was landed the cedar-wood brought from Mount Lebanon for the construction of both the first and second temple (2 Chron., ii., 16.; Ezra iii., 7). Here the prophet Jonah embarked for Tarshish (Jonah i., 3) 862 B.C. Nor does its sacred interest end here; for in New Testament times St. Peter came across the plain from Lydda to Joppa, and raised Tabitha from the dead; whilst we also read that he resided many days in the house of one Simon, a tanner (Acts ix., 36). The town was fortified by St. Louis in the time of the crusaders. In more modern times we find that, in 1799, it was stormed and sacked by the French army under Buonaparte; when, either as a punishment for the stubborn resistance offered by the Turks, or unwilling to be encumbered with so many prisoners, Napoleon ordered the conquered garrison (numbering some five or six hundreds) to be dragged out to the sand hills about three miles from the town, where, contrary to all the usages of war, they were mercilessly butchered.

By the time we were at anchor a whole fleet of boats had come out from the shore, and the noisy occupants—dark-skinned and half-naked Arabs—were yelling out for passengers. We soon had a boat, and were conveyed with our baggage through the surf, which beat against the rocks which line the shore. There is no harbour at Jaffa; and it is only under very favourable circumstances that a vessel can lie a mile or two from the shore. Ledges of low, jagged rocks shoot far out into the sea, enclosing a small clear space where boats can ride with tolerable safety; but the entrances are narrow, and in stormy weather very dangerous.

Immediately on landing we were conveyed in Mr. Cook's carriages to our hotel, where I had the pleasure of receiving

letters and telegrams. After luncheon, we set out with our dragoman to view the objects of interest—the first being, if report be true, the house of Simon the tanner. It is an old-looking house, built on a rock, and fronting the sea (Acts x. 6). We went to the house-top, where I gathered a piece of hyssop that was growing out of the wall, and mused on Peter's prayer and vision, and the blessed results which have followed from it. From here we went to the Church Missionary School, where the Rev. Thomas Pitts, M.A., Vicar of Loughborough (one of our party) conducted service and preached a very helpful sermon.

We afterwards visited Miss Arnott's School, and were much interested in what we saw and heard. The school contains an average of fifty-eight girls—Greeks, Christians, Jews, and Moslems—some as young as three years of age. Owing to the early marriages which are customary in the East, few remain after thirteen, though there are occasional instances of pupils remaining until fifteen. The children sang very beautifully for us. The school is conducted entirely on Christian principles, the Bible being freely taught to all, and the Old and New Testaments are read alternately. The only books used in the school are the Bible, an Arabic translation of "Line upon Line," and the Primer. A few of the elder girls are also taught English. The education of these orphan girls does not consist in mere head-knowledge—they are also trained in habits of industry. All the domestic work is performed by them; even the youngest child does her part; but this attention to household duties does not, as we were informed, interfere with their work in the school.

The town of Jaffa contains but little of interest. The houses are crowded together without regard to appearance or convenience, and the streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy. Yet the place has an air of bustle and thrift about it, and the street which leads from the principal gate to the rude quay

and custom-house is usually thronged with strings of camels and mules, with bales of merchandise, and with groups of wild Arabs and eager traders.

The glory of Jaffa consists in its beautiful gardens, which stretch inland about a mile and a half, and extend north and south over the length of two miles. Of course we visited the orange groves. I never ate so many oranges—and certainly never before saw such monsters! Jaffa oranges are world-famed: lemons, too, grow here in abundance; but what greatly charms the beholder is finding on every tree a profusion of both blossoms and ripe fruit. Miles away, both on land and sea, the air seems loaded with the fragrant odour of these orange groves.

MONDAY, MARCH 9TH.—Another bright sunny morning. Our party, consisting of nine ladies and eleven gentlemen, left Jaffa at nine o'clock, in carriages or on horses. Having passed the Jaffa gate and traversed the picturesque market place, we emerged on the broad Plain of Sharon, the soil of which is naturally of great fertility, even the negligent tillage of the peasantry producing fine harvests. It was here that David's flocks were fed under the care of Shitrai the Sharonite (1 Chron., xxvii., 29), and to-day the flocks of the Bedaween may be seen wandering in search of pasturage, while the black tents of these wild sons of the wilderness inspire interest akin to that which any vivid memorial of antiquity produces.

It is interesting, too, to remember that this has been the great thoroughfare to Jerusalem in all ages. The materials required for the building of the Temple were all carried along this road; prophets and apostles have ridden across this flowery plain; and the feet of myriads of crusaders have left their imprints in its dust. It has been sung in the poetry of sorrow and of joy: the voice of despair has cried "The earth mourneth and languisheth, Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down, Sharon is like a wilderness" Isaiah xxxiii.,

9). But the voice of hope has been heard singing "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad ; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God " (Isaiah xxxv., 1, 2). As we rode across the Plain we plucked handfuls of flowers—*anemones*, *cyclamens*, and a variety of others.

After a pleasant ride of three hours we reached Ramleh, where we stopped for luncheon, and then resumed our journey to Lydda. Ramleh is supposed by some to be the site of Arimathea, where dwelt that disciple who gave the grave "wherein never man lay" for the burial of our LORD (Matthew xxvii., 57). Lydda is a village of small houses, and has nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary Mohammedan villages excepting a very fine church, above which was a sculpture of St. George and the Dragon. On obtaining admittance we found ourselves inside the new Greek church, which occupies the site of an old edifice erected over the remains of St. George—the patron saint of England—whose tomb is in the centre of the building; and a handsome arch of the old church has been incorporated into the fabric of the new one. During the wars of the Crusades, Lydda experienced many reverses; the church was destroyed by Saladin and restored by Richard Cœur-de-Leon.

Lydda is interesting as the scene of Peter's miracle in curing Æneas; and the Apostle was still in the place when messengers came to him from Joppa to acquaint him of the death of Dorcas (Acts ix). The distance between the two places is about ten miles.

We visited the station which the Church of England Missionary Society has established here, and the children repeated portions of Scripture for us with great fluency, and also sang very nicely. Arabic is the language used, as that of the general population; and the teachers are natives. Most of the children were comfortably dressed. The building itself is of stone; and the rooms are well furnished with

maps, both large and small. In connection with this school there is a medical establishment with which we were much interested, and pleased to have the privilege of leaving an offering for its benefit.

Returning to Ramleh we ascended the Tower—one hundred and twenty feet high, with its one hundred and twenty well-worn but perfectly safe steps, and were rewarded by the fine view from the top, embracing the mountains of Israel to the east, the Mediterranean to the west, and the lovely Plain of Sharon with its carpet of flowers surrounding us on all sides. On our return to the hotel, it was not long before we were seated at an excellent dinner, and thus ended a day—the recollection of which will always awaken the most pleasing and grateful emotions—my second day in the Holy Land.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—A hot and bright day. We left Ramleh at 7-40, our route leading us across an undulating plain for about six miles, when we reached Kubab, a large village situated on the summit of a low ridge, and surrounded by gardens and olive groves, thickly fenced with cactus. Soon after leaving the village, the road descends a steep gradient into a broad valley which separates the ridge or spur from the main range. It is now called "Merj Ibm Cmeir;" but is better known to the Bible student as the Valley of Ajalon—so renowned in the history of Joshua. Here it was that this leader of Israel, in pursuit of the five kings, having arrived at some point near Upper Beth-horon, looked back towards Gibeon, and down upon the noble valley before him, and uttered the celebrated command "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the Valley of Ajalon" (Joshua x. 12-14).

Latrûn, a ruined village, was the next place of interest on the road, and is notorious as having been the birth-place of the penitent thief.

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Ramleh and Jerusalem, and affording the luxuries of tables, chairs, coffee, bread, and wine. After an hour's rest we started anew, with the mountain range of Judah now before us, rising in rocky banks and long terrace slopes, thinly clothed with ilex, hawthorn, and other shrubs, and with groves of olive trees dotting the glens and terraces here and there. The road winds up the wild glen of Wady 'Aly for some few miles, then crosses one or two rocky ledges from which we gain wide views over ravines and mountains, and finally descends through terraced fields and olive groves to the picturesque village of Kuryet-el-Enab—the Kirjath-jearim of the Bible. When the Philistines restored the Ark of God we read that it was brought up from Bethshemesh to

this place and deposited "in the house of Abinadab, in the hill." Perhaps his house stood on the top of the ridge above the village (1. Samuel xi. 1). The ark remained here until it was taken to Jerusalem by King David; and as we pass along the road to the Holy City, we are doubtless in the track of that wonderful procession described in 2 Samuel vi.

We passed along the Valley of Elah and the brook whence David selected the five smooth stones to sling at the giant.

After a short rest at Kolonieh our cavalcade moved on. Soon after starting we noticed the village of Ain Kavnir which stands on an eminence, and close to it the white convent wall with its dark cypresses, which, our dragoman informed us, marks the traditional birthplace of John the Baptist. Our course led up the bare side of the mountain by a path which was the steepest we had yet climbed, and when we reached the summit it appeared as if we had left all cultivation behind us, but, wearied though we were by our long ride of eight hours, we were so eager to get the first view of Jerusalem that we pressed on to be rewarded and disappointed by our first glimpse of the Holy City. "This view," writes Murray, "at no time beautiful, is rendered less so by a suburb of modern buildings of questionable taste, which has, within the last few years, grown up." On the left is the Russian cathedral, encompassed by hospices that look like great factories; to the right is the new school of the Prussian deaconesses; before us, almost covering the slopes at the head of the Valley of Hinnom, are white villas and almshouses and rustic cafés.

We got a passing glimpse of the mount of Olives, and

"Those holy fields,

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet

Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,

For our advantage, on the bitter cross." *Shakspeare.*

The feelings of that moment were too deep for expression,

and we all moved forward in silence or interchanged the sympathy of thought only by a word. While passing along the pathway under the western wall, from which no object of any interest can be seen, and entering the Jaffa gate, we observed immediately on our right the Tower of Hippicus—now known as the Castle of David—a very old building erected by Herod the Great, with a tower at each angle, the bases of which are protected by massive blocks of masonry laid on the face of the solid rock.

We were soon safely housed in the Mediterranean Hotel, somewhat fatigued, but still delighted with the memory of our day's travel. Dinner concluded, I sent a telegram to my dear wife at Bolton.

Jerusalem is known and visited by hundreds of travellers every year. The journey to it is now neither a very tedious nor a perilous one: Jaffa can be reached easily ten days after leaving London, and then a ride of forty miles brings the traveller to the Holy City. In the days of our fathers it was not so, but such a journey was fraught with many hazards.

Jerusalem, signifying "*foundation*" or "*habitation*" of Peace, is referred to in Scripture by a variety of names, amongst which are "Salem"—peace; the "City of David;" the "City of Melchizedek;" "City of Judah, etc.

"*Salem*," writes the Rev. A. Bonar, "was the name of the town, while *Zion* was the name of the fortress." (Psalm lxxvi., 2). It had other names, such as *Jebusi*—the city of the Jebusites, in old days; and then the *Holy City*, when tabernacle and temple had consecrated it to Jehovah. Isaiah calls it (xxix., 1) *Ariel*—the Lion of God, a poetic name, as if Judah's Lion claimed it as his special abode. The Persians called one of their cities "*Shiraz*"—Lion: but this city is God's Lion, because he is there crouching in His strength and ready to spring on His enemies. But *Jerusalem*

and *Zion* were, by far, the most common names given to this *City of the Great King* (Matt. v., 35), for "Zion is not the name of the hill or fortress only, but of the city at large."

What now remains of the glory of Zion? Nothing! Its regal splendour—its hallowed sacredness are gone. "Therefore shall Zion, for your sake, be ploughed as a field" was the word of the inspired prophet to "the heads of the house of Jacob, and princes of the house of Israel." With sad truthfulness one of our sacred poets says :—

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
Thy cross thou bearest now :
An iron yoke is on thy neck,
And blood is on thy brow !

"What is Jerusalem like?" was a question put to me over and over again on my return. Well! it is a mountain city, situated about thirty miles to the east of the Mediterranean, on a rocky height with steep ascents on all sides except towards the north, and surrounded by a deep valley which is again encompassed with hills; being thus placed, as it were, in the midst of an amphitheatre. It is surrounded by walls high and imposing in appearance; but a single discharge of heavy artillery would lay them prostrate. They were erected by Sultan Suleiman, in the year 1542, and appear to occupy the site of the walls of the Middle Ages, from the ruins of which they are mainly constructed. Lieut. Conder writes "the present town stands on mounds of rubbish, which average thirty feet in depth, and reach in places one hundred feet above the rock. Nor is this a matter for astonishment when we remember how often the city has been razed to the ground. Within the memory of residents the level of the streets has risen ten inches, and huge mounds outside are daily growing higher."

The city has five gates:—that at the tower of David takes the name of Jaffa, Bethlehem, or Hebron Gate, because from it the roads to those places depart. Damascus

Gate is, on the north; St. Stephen's on the east; Bab-el-Mugharebeh leads down to Silvam; and there is also the Gate of Zion, besides one or two old gates, as that of Herod on the north-east, and the Golden Gate in the east wall of the Temple area, which is, however, built up, on account of a prophecy which has full credence among the Turks, that by this gate the Christians will re-take Jerusalem.

The circumference of the walls is only $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles, yet within this limited space is found a population of 18,000, comprising the following—

Moslems	4,000
Jews	10,000
Greeks	1,800
Latins	1,300
Other Sects	900
	<hr/>
	18,000
	<hr/>

The streets are more regular than those of most eastern cities; and, considering the defective state of sanitary laws, not very filthy, but they are narrow, and wretchedly paved where paved at all. A few of the leading thoroughfares run in what Easterns would probably call straight lines, and these serve as a key to the rest. One street, and it is generally the first trodden by western pilgrims—leads from the Jaffa gate eastward, past the open space in front of the citadel, then down to the side of Zion, and across the valley, to the principal entrance of the Haram. It is called by Mr. Williams “the Street of David,” and we may adopt the name. Another main street commences at the Damascus Gate, traverses the city from north to south, passing through the principal bazaar, and terminates a little east of the Zion Gate. There are also two other streets much frequented by travellers: the first—called Christian Street—runs northward from the Street of David, and passes between the

Church of the Sepulchre and the Greek Convent: the second—called by residents the Street of the Palace—commences at the Latin Convent, and after two sharp turns strikes across the bridge in front of the Serai, to St. Stephen's Gate. This is the "Via Dolorosa" of the Monks.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH.—I had very little sleep last night. The fatigue and excitement which I had gone through yesterday would have been sufficient to keep me awake, but even had I felt disposed to sleep, I do not think I should have been able to do so, for the noises in the city during the night were so many and so varied that it seemed to me that, under any circumstances, sleep would be difficult of attainment. As morning dawned, the howling and barking of the street dogs commenced, and was at times quite deafening. These dogs have no owners, but act as scavengers, eating anything they can find amongst the refuse and dirt of the streets. At length a lull came in the barking of the dogs, but only brought a change of noise, for now several bells belonging to the Greek and Latin Convents began to ring, and then came the shouts of muleteers and camel-drivers, and the tinkling of the mule-bells, as different parties set out in the cool of the morning for Jaffa or some of the distant villages.

After an early breakfast, our party, under the guidance of the dragoman, sallied forth down the Street of David and entered the Street of the Patriarch, or Christian Street, which we found very dark and gloomy, and almost completely arched over by houses with projecting upper stories. Turning at length down Palmer street we came upon a flight of steps which we descended, and found ourselves at the extremity of a large courtyard—a favourite resort of pedlars from Bethlehem, who expose their wares on the pavement, and drive a thriving trade in rosaries, mother-of-pearl ornaments, olive-wood trinkets, and other small articles.

which pilgrims purchase as mementoes of their visit to the Holy City.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is an immense series of buildings under one roof, and closed in on every side excepting that which affords entrance. Entering the Church, the first thing shewn us is a slab of white marble in the pavement, surrounded by a rail, and represented as being the spot where our Saviour's body was anointed by Joseph of Arimathæa. We were also shewn the place from which the women witnessed the anointing of the Saviour. In the centre of the rotunda beneath the dome is the Shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, which is divided into two parts. The first part is a sort of ante-chapel, where visitors are shewn the block of marble which the Angel removed from the mouth of the sepulchre, and upon which he sat. Stooping low we entered and stood within the Sepulchre itself—a very small excavation only six feet by seven feet, with a domed roof supported upon short marble pillars. The sepulchral couch occupies the whole of the right side, and is covered with a slab of white marble, cracked through the centre, and much worn by the lips of adoring pilgrims. Over it forty three lamps of gold and silver burn, shedding a brilliant light.

The handsome Church of the Greeks occupies the nave of the building, and contains the throne of the Patriarch. A small marble column stands within a circle of marble pavement in the middle of the Church and marks "the centre of the world" if its right to such title may be based upon the writings of an ancient author, who describes the place as one where a column stood, which, in the summer solstice, cast no shadow. Close by are the swords, spurs, equipments, and other memorials of Godfrey de Bouillon and of Baldwin—kings of Jerusalem. Gibbon, after describing the events of the siege and the horrors of the sack of Jerusalem by "the savage heroes of the Cross" as he, with too much truth, calls

the Crusaders, says "The Holy Sepulchre was now (A.D. 1099) free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers; by the one (Hume) as easy and natural; by the other (Voltaire) as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the Holy Sepulchre."

The religious services being concluded, the first act of the conquerors was the election of one of their number to the sovereignty of Jerusalem. The accidents of war had diminished the number of the great leaders, who, by rank, or influence, or character, were entitled to aspire to this honour. Again I quote from Gibbon:—"The free, the just, the unanimous voice of the army proclaimed Godfrey of Bouillon the first and most worthy of the champions of Christendom. His magnanimity accepted a trust as full of danger as of glory; but in a city where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns, the devout pilgrim rejected the name and ensigns of royalty; and the founder of the kingdom of Jerusalem contented himself with the modest title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre."

"The virtues of Godfrey were not, however, long destined to bless, or his talents to protect the newly-established kingdom. In the month of June, returning from a military expedition, he was seized with illness, and in

a few weeks, and only one year from the taking of the Holy City, he breathed his last. The vacant throne was speedily filled. Baldwin—the brother of the duke—succeeded to it, between the period of whose reign and the commencement of the second Crusade, three Christian sovereigns, Baldwin de Bourgo, a relative of Godfrey; Foulk, a son-in-law of his predecessor; and Baldwin III., the son of the latter—swayed the sceptre of the Holy Land; Godfrey's successors having none of the scruples which he himself entertained against the kingly title and the regal state."

THE FIRST KING OF JERUSALEM.

The fight was o'er; to God's abode
Trooped many a warrior stained with blood,
Whose corslet soiled, and dinted shield,
Bore tokens of a well-fought field,
Where Moslem hosts, in pride arrayed,
In vain besought their prophet's aid,
And saw the Crescent pale before
The cross those stern crusaders bore.

Flushed by the carnage, on they come
To worship at the Saviour's tomb.
The half-sheathed swords were dripping still
They bore in triumph up the hill;
But, though their war-cry scarce had died
To silence on its rugged side,
Those iron men now longed to pay
To God the glory of the day.

Free from ambition's vulgar mood,
No lust of conquest stirred their blood,
No selfish feeling filled their breast;
Through toil and peril had they pressed;
Their only hope, from year to year,
To see their Saviour's sepulchre,
And rest from unbelievers' hands
The holy spot where Zion stands.

Yet, as they near the sacred shrines,
 Their martial bearing fast declines,
 While down each rugged visage crept
 Tears such as childhood's self had wept.
 Then rose the choral chant of praise,
 Each warrior poured his grateful lays,
 And priestly voices rang with joy
 To Him who gave the victory.

The hymn was sung—the prayer was said—
 Slowly each warrior raised his head.
 And who is worthiest to defend
 The land their common valour gained ?
 For once the chieftains all combine
 This place to *Godfrey* to assign ;
 And jealousy on him alone
 Consents to place the golden crown.

“ No ! ” said the Christian champion, “ No !
 “ Shall such a bauble deck my brow,
 “ When, once, the Lord of Glory here
 “ A crown of thorns vouchsafed to wear ?—
 “ The mimic sceptre meekly borne,
 “ The purple robe bestowed in scorn ?
 “ Oh ! what has man to do with pride
 “ Beholding thus the Crucified ? ”

God in two regions sits enshrined—
 The highest heaven—the lowliest mind.
 No arm of flesh His weapon plies,
 His kingdom not in this world lies ;
 No counsel makes or mars His plan ;
 His palace is the heart of man ;
 Virtue and Piety alone
 Are the supporters of His throne.

B. L.

We next proceeded to the Chapel of Golgotha, which is approached by thirty steps ; and here they shewed us three holes, about five feet apart from each other, in which the crosses of Christ and the two robbers were inserted, and the cleft in the rock made by the earthquake which is recorded

to have happened at the time of the crucifixion. Close by is the Chapel of the Agony of Mary, bearing her Son on her knees.

Most interesting of all the addenda to the two great sites of interest in the building, is a curious underground chapel, access to which is obtained by the descent of an easy flight of twenty-nine steps, partly hewn in the rock. It has a nave and two aisles, separated by a couple of columns on each side, which support a groined roof. The whole place was very damp and dark; but at the end of the nave we saw an altar dedicated to St. Helena—the mother of Constantine the Great—and notable as being connected with the spread of Christianity in our own country. This was, in ancient times, termed the Basilica of Constantine. At the end of the left-hand or southern nave, is an altar dedicated to the Penitent Thief—in fact no one connected with the ceremony of the crucifixion seems to have been forgotten—and at the end of the south aisle, close by a flight of steps which lead into a small chapel or vault hewn out of the solid rock, is shewn the spot where the three crosses, inscription, crown of thorns, etc., were miraculously found, after having lain hid from sight for some centuries; and the stone chair, in a recess, that was occupied by the Empress Helena while superintending the search, is also to be seen.

The spot is also pointed out where the Angel rested when he announced the joyful news of Christ's resurrection. We next entered the tombs hewn out of the rock, which are stated to be the tombs of Joseph of Arimathæa, and the chapel of the Apparition, where our Lord appeared to His mother after He had risen. On the side of the altar is a niche containing a fragment of a porphyry column, called the column of the Flagellation—being that to which the Saviour was bound when scourged by order of Pilate.

All these things may be correctly assigned—but, doubtless, superstition has contrived, by the absurdities and mummeries which it assembles around the scene, to overlay the whole with much from which the intelligent and serious mind must turn away with aversion. The authenticity of all the sites is a vexed question; much has been written in the way of argument for and against them by thoughtful and learned men—arguments which, being based as much on topographical as on historical grounds, can only be settled by much-to-be-desired research in the future by careful excavation.

Each of the older forms of Christianity is represented here: Copts (the ancient Egyptian Christians), Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and Latins have all their chapels inside the Church, and a right to celebrate mass or hold their various services in the nave in turn; which they do all day long, in every language of Europe and Asia.

No description of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre would be complete which did not contain some notice of the ceremony of the "Holy Fire," which, to the disgrace of Eastern Christianity, is enacted at the present day; and I cannot do better than quote the graphic words of the late Dean Stanley:

"The Chapel of the Sepulchre rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged round it; whilst round them and between another equally dense mass which goes round the walls of the Church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles, of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place, nothing can be better suited than the form of a Rotunda, giving galleries above for the spectators, and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. For the next two hours everything is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that two or three pilgrims who have got close

to the aperture, keep their hands fixed in it with a clench never relaxed. It is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the Sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First he sees these tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheep-skins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a fogleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ!—God save the Sultan!—Jesus Christ has redeemed us!" What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continually occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, like the Witches' Sabbath in "Faust," wheeling round the Sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked, the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church on the East of the Rotunda a long procession with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the Sepulchre.

"From this moment the excitement, which has been before confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, all joining, however, in

a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly, mingled, the chants of the procession—the solemn chants of the Church of Basil and Chrysostom mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession passes round; at the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The crisis of the day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of fire, and at this point it is, that they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment the confusion as of a battle and a victory pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the church at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through, the banners stagger and waver. They stagger, and waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers hither and thither before the tremendous rush. In one small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of “The fire,”—the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the Chapel of Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads. One vacant spot alone is left—a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel, to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the fire; on each side of the lane hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

“At last the moment comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop within—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the universal whirl of excitement which envelopes the church, as slowly, gradually, the

fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through that vast multitude, till at last the whole edifice, from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the bishop or patriarch is carried out of the chapel in triumph, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, "to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from Whose immediate presence he is supposed to come." It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the church, leads at times to the violent pressure which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing the fire against their faces and breasts to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated; and perhaps not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the church is once again filled—through the area of the rotunda, the Chapels of Copt and Syrian, the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, with the many churches above,—every part, except the one chapel of the Latin Church, filled and overlaid by one mass of pilgrims, wrapt in deep sleep, and waiting for the midnight service.

"Such is the Greek Easter—the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honour—stripped, indeed, of some of its most revolting features, yet still, considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, probably the most offensive imposture to be found in the world."

We next proceeded to the Hospital of the Knights of

St. John, that powerful Order which derived its origin from the bounty of some merchants of Amalfi, who first established here an hospice for pilgrims, which became the cradle of those warrior knights whose armorial bearings decorate the ancient streets in Rhodes, and pave the floor of the fair Church of St. John, which covers their remains in Malta. This hospital, now the property of Prussia, has of late been cleared of rubbish, and thoroughly explored. What remains of the church can be seen, and the interior is filled with fragments of sculpture, ancient tracery, inscriptions, and pottery, discovered among the ruins.

Next we visited the Jewish Synagogue, which is miserably dirty and insignificant. Leaving this, we proceeded to the Prison of St. Peter, in the cellar of the Church Missionary Schools, and then, returning to the Schools, we found about forty-eight children assembled, and were much pleased at the knowledge and intelligence they displayed. From here we made our way to the Church of St. James, which is (with the exception of the Holy Sepulchre) the largest within the city, and the richest in gilding, decoration, and pictures. The walls of both the church and its chapels are covered with porcelain tiles of comparatively modern date.

Leaving this, we turned toward an ancient pile of buildings upon the broad level summit of Mount Zion, which encloses, according to the concurrent belief of Mahommedans, Jews, and Christians, the Tomb of David. We were unable to obtain admission into the Holy Place, but were conducted to a part of the enclosure, immediately in the rear of which the royal dust reposes. This large structure is an ancient church which has been converted into a Mosque. In the second story we were shewn an immense waste-looking hall, believed by Eastern Christians as well as Mahommedans to be the "upper room" where our blessed Saviour celebrated the Passover with His disciples, and a recess in the

wall was pointed out to us as the seat occupied by Jesus on that occasion.

Between the Cœnaculum and the Zion Gate is a building surrounded by a high wall, which occupies the site and embraces some remains of the Palace of Caiaphas, where our Lord was conveyed after His apprehension in the garden, and kept in durance the night before his condemnation by Pilate. Here is shewn the spot where Peter stood when he denied himself and his Master, and they also pretend to know, and to point out to the credulous stranger, the stone on which the cock crew.

Proceeding to the Zion Gate, we obtained a good view of the valley of Jehoshaphat, the Valley of Hinnom, and the Pool of Siloam. The latter is a small reservoir, fifty-three feet long, eighteen wide, and nineteen deep ; in part broken away at the western end, into which, writes Robinson, "the water flows from under the rocks out of a smaller basin hewn in the solid rock, a few feet farther up ; to which is a descent by a few steps. This is wholly an artificial work ; and the water comes to it through a subterranean channel under the hill Ophel, from the fountain of the Virgin, higher up in the valley of Jehoshaphat." Some columns and other fragments shew that an edifice—probably a church—was formerly built over the pool. It was to this place that the blind man was sent by the Saviour, "He anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam ; he went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing." (John ix., 6, 7.)

Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs ;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.
The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave ;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name ;
It means "One sent from God,"
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame
Is gently spread abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear ;
And spend my life—my all, to tell
How full His mercies are.

From thence on to the Dung Gate, which we entered, and went on the spot which is said to retain parts of what Solomon built, passing by the Lepers' Home on our way to the Damascus Gate, to the top of which we climbed and obtained a splendid view of the city, returning by the Via Dolorosa to our hotel.

No one could conceive the utterly afflicted and hopeless condition of those suffering from leprosy—a disease which seems to be the principal scourge of the land, and is sadly contagious ; so much so, indeed, that the very walls of their habitation become infected. The pitiable sufferers follow strangers for the purpose of soliciting alms, and the shrill cracked voice with which they plead for charity, if once heard, would never be forgotten.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12TH.—Another splendid morning. After an early breakfast we sallied forth, accompanied by our dragoman and the Cavasse of the Consul, who carried a long sword by his side, to inspect the most splendid building in Jerusalem—the Mosque of Omar—which is said to occupy the site of Solomon's Temple, and was erected by the Caliph whose name has been assigned to it. Only a few years ago it would have been impossible for any "unbelieving dog of a Christian" to procure admission to the Mosque or the Haram surrounding it ; but happily the restrictions are becoming somewhat relaxed, and probably before long all the Mosques will have become accessible. We passed through a small gate at the end of a narrow lane and found ourselves in a

large enclosure—the Haram—an artificial platform supported by massive walls built up from the declivities of the hill on three sides, and varying in altitude according to the ground but greatest towards the south. On this beautiful plateau once stood the Temple of Solomon in all its glory; then the humbler Temple of Zerubbabel; and, last, the Temple of Herod, which was in process of construction at the time of Christ and was destroyed by the Roman army, A.D. 70. In its place now rises the beautiful Mosque, commonly known as that of Omar, but really the "*Kabbet es Sakhareh*" or "Dome of the Rock" erected over the natural mass of limestone which crests the summit of Moriah and is believed to have figured in Scripture history, as the place on which Abraham manifested his wondrous faith by offering up his son—also as the Altar of Burnt Offering in Solomon's Temple—and the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, by which the Angel of the Lord stood when sent to destroy Jerusalem.

We at once approached the platform, ascending it by a flight of steps, and made our way to the most exquisite of all Mosques. It may be described as an octagonal building pierced by numerous stained-glass windows, and surmounted by a dome about half the size of that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. From its commanding situation it produces an imposing effect, standing out in prominent relief from the surrounding streets and buildings. Lofty and severe in style—capacious in its proportions—its area paved with the choicest variegated marbles—and all its avenues neatly kept, the effect is such as to render it one of the most striking sights which Islamism has to present.

We entered by the east door, close to the mosque built over the traditional "Seat of Judgment" of Solomon; having previously exchanged our boots for slippers, before being permitted to cross the threshold.

The Mosque, though gorgeous without, was even more dazzlingly beautiful within, as viewed in the dim light which had passed through glass of every tint. Brilliantly coloured arabesques line every part of the dome and walls: round the interior is a corridor about thirteen feet wide, with eight piers and eighteen marble pillars, connected by a horizontal architrave: within this again is another corridor, thirty feet in width, having twelve large pillars and four piers encased in marble, which support the great dome; immediately under which—in strange contrast to the beauty and splendour which enshrine it—rises a bare, rugged, un-hewn piece of work, about sixty feet long and fifty broad, and standing five feet above the marble pavement at its highest point. The rock is enclosed by a low wooden railing, which protects it from profane handling, and only through one small opening were we allowed to stretch forth our hands to touch it. We went into the cave beneath the rock. In the centre of the roof is a round aperture, which pierces the whole thickness of the rock, and through which the blood of the sacrifices might have passed; and on the floor beneath it, a small slab of marble covers a deep cavity, to which Moslems give the name of “*Bir-el-Arwâh*” or “Well of Spirits,” and which some aver is the Gate to Paradise, others the Door of Hell.

The tradition respecting the rock is, that it fell from heaven when the spirit of prophecy commenced; that all the ancients to whom it was given prophesied from it; and that on this rock sat the Angel of Death who, upon David's inconsiderate numbering of the people, slaughtered until his hand was stayed by God, Who commanded him “to put up his sword again into the sheath thereof” (1 Chron.; xxi., 7). At the time the prophets fled from Jerusalem, it is said that the stone exhibited a desire to accompany them, but was forcibly prevented by the Angel Gabriel (the marks of his restraining fingers being still visible) until the arrival of Mohammed, who, by his prayers, fixed it for ever to the spot. Mohammed, in

the twelfth year of his Mission, made his celebrated night-journey from Mecca to Jerusalem on the beast El Borak, accompanied by the Angel Gabriel, as described in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran; and, having performed his devotions, ascended from this stone to heaven; the rock, sensible of the happiness, becoming soft, and retaining the imprint of the prophet's foot, the impression being now an object of great veneration to all true believers.

Other so-called sacred spots and relics are shewn, but are not worth recording.

Captain Warren discovered another singular excavation in the sacred rock. He saw two heavy flagstones lying upon it at the northern end of a gutter marked on the Ordnance Survey plan; and, on raising them, found an opening five feet long by two feet wide, and running through the solid rock, eleven feet more, its object being unknown. It would be of importance, were it possible, to have this rock and its whole precincts minutely examined. The following description, given by the Author of the "Jerusalem Itinerary," who visited the city in A.D. 333, is worthy of notice in connection with this rock and cave: "There are also immense subterranean reservoirs of water, and tanks constructed with great labour; and on the very site where the Temple stood which Solomon built, are two statues of Hadrian. And not far distant from these statues is a pierced rock to which the Jews come every year, and anoint it with oil, wailing and rending their garments."

Leaving here, we passed on to the Mosque of El Aksa, an immense building about two hundred and twenty feet long, and one hundred and ninety wide, and divided into aisles. The structure lies north and south, and the centre of the transept at the south end is surmounted by a dome. The columns and piers are connected by a rude architrave, consisting of mighty beams of square timber, enclosed in poorly ornamented wooden casing. Some of the windows

are very good, and the dome and side walls are ornamented with rich mosaic, but the glory of the place is the magnificent pulpit, which was made at Damascus, and brought to Jerusalem by Saladin after he had captured the city. It is entirely of wood, but the panels are exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory and mother-of pearl. The peculiar objects of reverence in the Mosque are the tombs of the sons of Aaron, near the main entrance; in another part of the building is shewn the foot-print of Jesus.

We next descended to the vaults under the Haram, access to which is attained from a small Mosque, where a large stone sarcophagus called "the cradle of Jesus" is exhibited. From this place, through a door only recently opened to tourists, we made our way to the vaults of the Haram, commonly called "Solomon's stables." Captain Warren has worked through the debris and rubbish of ages, and has brought to light the wonderful substructures of the Temple area. They are vaulted avenues, supported by immense pillars of massive stones, placed one on the other, and connected at irregular distances by half-moon arches; the whole being dimly lighted by openings in the outer walls. In the masonry of the walls may still be seen the holes by which the Crusaders fastened their horses when the place was used as a stable. The level of the floor of the vaults is thirty-eight feet three inches below that of the Haram above.

The late General Gordon, in his "Reflections in Palestine" writes "To my mind the rock and the cup are the only two remnants of the Old Temple in the Haram—and they represent the Altar, the Tables of the Lord, and the brazen sea or font."

Descriptions of Solomon's Temple are given in 1 Kings, vi. and vii., and 2 Chronicles, iii. and iv.

According to the computation of Villapandus, the talents of gold, silver, and brass used in the construction of

the Temple amounted to £6,879,822,500. The jewels are reckoned to have exceeded this sum ; but, for the sake of an estimate, let their value be set down at the same amount. The vessels of gold consecrated to the use of the Temple are computed by Josephus at 140,000 talents ; which, according to Capel's reduction, are equal to £545,296,203. The vessels of silver are computed at £489,344,000. The silk vestments of the priests cost £10,000 ; and the purple vestments of the singers £2,000,000 ; the trumpets amounted to £200,000 ; and other musical instruments to £40,000. To these expenses must be added those of the other materials—the timber and stone, and of the labour employed upon them, the labour being divided thus :—there were ten thousand men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber ; there were seven thousand bearers of burdens ; twenty thousand hewers of stone, and three thousand three hundred overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years ; and upon whom, besides their wages and diet, Solomon bestowed £6,733,977. If the daily food and wages of each man be estimated at 4/6, the sum total will be £93,877,088. The costly stone and timber in the rough may be set down as at least equal to one-third of the gold, or about £2,545,296,000. The several estimates will then amount to £17,442,442,268.

Emerging above ground we visited the Golden Gate, which has been closed for centuries, but through which Christ made His triumphal entry on Palm Sunday, and where St. Peter healed the impotent man. The wall along this east side is in every part quite close to the edge of the steep hill on which the city stands. Outside the walls, round the Tomb of Zacharias, we heard the Jews praying for rain.

Our next stage brought us to St. Stephen's Gate—the entrance to the Turkish quarter and the barracks. Outside this gate it is conjectured that the martyr whose name it

bears, was stoned, Saul consenting to his death. Near by may be seen the ancient Pool of Bethesda, now a dry basin three hundred and sixty English feet in length, by about one hundred and thirty in breadth, and about seventy feet deep. A low parapet of large stones runs along the margin, over which the spectator looks into what was formerly the reservoir. The bottom is covered, partly with an accumulation of the rubbish which has from time to time been cast into it, and partly with coarse rank herbage, and a few trees. At the further end are two arches, forming entrances into dark vaults which are generally believed to be the remains of the five porches.

Well may the spectator meditate on the departed grandeur of a city which once had public works of such magnitude, and contrast the glory and plenty of the past with the drought, the barrenness, and the desolation which now attest the curse of God upon it; or, if he raises his thoughts higher, he may think of the miracles of healing wrought here aforetime by the Angel, the greater miracles of the Lord of Angels—the Bethesda—the house of mercy—the Church of the living God—where the uninterrupted presence of the Saviour once incarnate, brings help and healing to the feeblest and the most desperate of dying sinners.

Passing on we arrived at the Quarries of Solomon, which were discovered in a very curious way. Not many years ago a lad was shooting rock-pigeons outside the northern wall, when the dog which he had with him suddenly disappeared. He had last seen it going behind an olive tree which grew at the bottom of the rock which serves as a foundation for the wall. Proceeding in this direction, he found, in the face of the rock, a hole so small as to be insufficient to allow ingress to himself, but which had evidently been entered by the dog, as he could hear it barking on the

inside. He therefore returned to the city for further assistance, and when the aperture was enlarged, this place was discovered.

Our dragoman led the way, and we, following, and all bearing candles, began slowly to descend; crouching for some distance almost on our hands and knees, there not being room to stand upright. But after we had gone thus for a few yards we found ourselves in a large rock-hewn cave as spacious as an immense cathedral; and, from this central point, passage after passage radiated in different directions, so that we walked through vault after vault, passage after passage, hall after hall for nearly an hour, traversing for nearly a mile underneath the streets of Jerusalem.

Undoubtedly it was from these quarries that the huge stones came which formed the Temple and other great buildings of the ancient city. The House when it was in building, was formed of stone made ready before being brought to be fitted into its place in the fabric, so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. (1 Kings vi., 7). Can you not picture the scene of three thousand years ago, when the place was full of Solomon's workmen? You may still see the marks of their tools in the stone, as fresh as ever—the niches in the wall where the workmen deposited their lamps so that they might afford light for their work—even the black smoke-marks which the flame left on the stone above are still visible.

Emerging from the Quarries we soon found ourselves at the Via Dolorosa—into which are collected the scenes of all the historical events connected with the Crucifixion. "At one period," writes Major Wilson, "the Prætorium was supposed to have stood on the eastern hill, Moriah; at another, on the western, the modern Zion;" and it was not till the close of the Crusading period that its present

position was assigned to it, and the first station of the *Via Dolorosa* was located in the afore-mentioned Turkish Barracks. The second station is the street below ; where, at the foot of the *Scala Santa*, which led to the Judgment Hall, the cross was laid upon Christ. A few paces westward the street is spanned by the “*Ecce Homo*” arch, which marks the spot where Pilate brought Jesus forth “wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe,” and presented Him to the multitude with the memorable words “Behold the man !” (*John xix.*, 5). The construction has all the appearance of a Roman triumphal arch of the time of Hadrian, and really contains two passage-ways—a larger and a smaller one—the small one (on the north side) being included within and forming the eastern termination of the Church of the Convent of the Sisters of Sion. Following the street downwards toward the valley, the third station is reached—a broken column near the Austrian Hospice, which indicates the place where Christ fell under the burden of the Cross which He had been compelled to bear. A little lower down is the House of Lazarus, the fourth station, where Christ met His Virgin Mother ; and then follow the House of Dives, with its handsome doorway, and the fifth station, where our Lord, having fallen for the second time, Simon of Cyrene took up the cross. A short ascent leads to the House of St. Veronica, the sixth station, in reference to which the Rev. Cornelius Witherby has given a short but vivid poetical description of the Legend of St. Veronica, whence the annexed is extracted :—

Beneath the Cross, with body bow'd,
Upon His brow the thorny crown,
He toils among the cursing crowd ;
The swoon-sweat drops adown.

The Holy Woman, bold through love,
With kerchief soft essays relief ;
Her hands the lines of blood remove,
And beaded dews of grief.

Along the Way of Dolour heaves

The crowd : He may not bless, but lo !

Clear limnèd on the kerchief, leaves

The Visage marred by woe.

Go, tend the sick ; go, feed the poor ;

Go, in His love the mourner cheer ;

His holy image, limnèd sure,

Thou on thy soul shall bear.

The road now ascends to the street which connects the Bazaars with the Damascus Gate : and here, at the crossing is shewn the seventh station—the so-called “ Porta-Judicaria.” The eighth station, where Christ addressed the women who accompanied Him, with the words—“ Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me”—is at the Monastery of St. Caralombos ; the ninth, where he fell for the third time, is in front of the Coptic Convent ; the tenth, within the church, marks the spot where He was stripped of His raiment ; the eleventh, where He was nailed to the cross ; the twelfth, where the cross was raised ; the thirteenth, where He was taken down from the cross ; and the fourteenth is the sepulchre itself. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the buildings along the Via Dolorosa are modern, and that the “ stations ” themselves have been moved from place to place in the city whenever necessity or convenience rendered such removal advisable.

Our next object was the Church of St. Anne (the Virgin’s Mother) which stands on the slope of the hill about one hundred yards north-west of St. Stephen’s Gate. Sæwulf is the first who mentions it (A D. 1102). “ From the Temple of the Lord,” he writes, “you go to the Church of St. Anne, the mother of the blessed Mary, where she lived with her husband, and was delivered of her daughter Mary.” In the fourteenth century, not only was the grotto shewn where the Virgin was born, but, under the church, in a vault, was the tomb of Joachim her father. The bones of

St. Anne had also been deposited there, but were removed to Constantinople by the Empress Helena.

When the Crusaders were driven out of Jerusalem, Saladin converted this nunnery into a college, and made his secretary and biographer its first Principal. After lying desolate for two centuries it was restored by the Pacha in 1842. It is now the property of France, having been given by the Sultan to the late Emperor, and has been in great measure re-built. Adjoining it is a new Convent which having visited, we made our way to the Damascus Gate, and onwards to our hotel.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13TH.—A delightful morning. This day was devoted to visiting several objects of interest situate outside the walls of Jerusalem. Leaving the City by St. Stephen's Gate, a steep path led us down into the valley, and across the bed of the brook Kedron, where we turned to the left in order to visit the Church or (more properly perhaps) the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin—a subterranean building, though some of the higher constructions are conspicuous above ground, access being obtained by means of a staircase of forty-seven broad steps, having altars on the right and left, and a lofty arched ceiling, and lighted by a number of lamps which are no less necessary than ornamental in this deep cavern. Leaving here, we soon came to the low rude wall enclosing that most interesting and hallowed spot—the Garden of Gethsemane. There are still to be seen eight fine old olive trees on which the suns of many centuries have risen and set. These venerable trees are, no doubt, the descendants of those which stood here when our Lord was wont to resort to this place. It is true Titus cut down all the timber in the neighbourhood of the city, but the roots would never have been dug up; and the root of the olive will again send forth numerous shoots which, intertwining with each other, form, in time, one compact

trunk ; and this is evidently the character of these fine trees at the present time. Their roots are immensely large, and rise far above the surface of the ground, whilst their trunks and branches are still vigorous, and give proof that they must have grown in this way.

An Armenian priest in charge of the garden kindly gave me a few olive leaves which are still in my possession, and will be kept and treasured by me as long as I live.

The position of the Garden agrees most accurately with that accorded to the scene of our Lord's agony as related by the Evangelists. It is just "over the brook Kedron ;" and from this circumstance as well as from the continuance of the name given to it, we may at once say that there can be no doubt of this locality at any rate. To this garden "Jesus oft-times resorted with his disciples." In one of her beautiful sonnets Mrs. Hemans has adverted to the awful circumstances connected with this spot :—

The palm—the vine—the cedar—each hath power
 To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
 And each quick glistening of the laurel bower—
 Wafts Grecian images, o'er fancy's eye ;
 But thou, pale olive! in thy branches lie
 Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
 Might e'er enshrine :—I could not hear thee sigh
 To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
 One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
 Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
 When, in the Garden, the Redeemer prayed—
 When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
 And Angels ministering in silent dread
 Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

In the evening, when the gates of Jerusalem are closed, it must be a perfect solitude. Our blessed Saviour must have distinctly seen the band of men and officers sent to apprehend Him, with their lanterns and torches and glittering weapons, descending the side of Moriah and approaching the garden. By the clear moonlight He would see His

three chosen disciples fast asleep during His hour of agony, and, by the gleam of the torches, might note the progress of cruel enemies coming down to seize and carry Him away to His last sufferings; yet "He was not rebellious neither turned away back," but viewed the bitter cup ordained of His Father and said "shall I not drink it?"

Who would not weep and be humbled here? Our visit to this place left a remembrance on my mind which will never fade away!

Leaving the scene of our Lord's bitter agony we pass along the valley of the Kedron, or, as it is sometimes called, the Valley of Jehoshaphat—ground sacred in Jewish eyes as being, of old, the burying place of the Holy City. It is covered with sepulchral monuments; among others,—those named after Absalom and Zechariah; and with mounds of earth which cover the remains of many thousands of the children of Abraham.

On either side the heights are terraced; and, in some places, slight attempts at cultivation may be noted; and the broad sweep of the valley is very bold and striking. The Mohammedans have a belief that their Prophet Leader will, at the last day, sit in judgment upon the peoples of the earth, and that the Valley of Jehoshaphat will be the scene of the action, and that a large stone which now projects from the wall of the Golden Gate towards the valley will be the seat of judgment. This notion may somehow have arisen out of a perverted view of those remarkable passages in the Book of the Prophet Joel:—"For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for My people and for My heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations and parted My land . . . Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the Valley of Jehoshaphat; for there I will sit

to judge all the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: come, get you down; for the press is full, the fats overflow; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter His voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of His people, and the strength of the children of Israel.”—(Joel iii., 1, 2, 12-16.)

We continued our ascent, and in a few minutes arrived at the summit of Olivet, where we found a small chapel, into which we entered. The mountain is now barren and neglected in the hands of the Moslems, and only a few scattered olive trees remain to justify its name. There is much dispute as to whether Olivet was the scene of the Ascension. Scripture says He led His disciples “out as far as to Bethany . . . and was parted from them” (Luke xxiv., 50.) The angels, conversing with the disciples immediately after the Ascension, said “Jesus . . . shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven” (Acts i., 11); and the Old Testament prophecy says: (Zechariah xiv., 4.) “His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east.”

Around the Chapel of the Ascension are grouped the houses of the little village of Tûr. A few paces to the south a new convent has recently been erected, probably on the site of the old church where (tradition says) Christ taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer, and a number of other holy places are grouped together in the same locality. We ascended the minaret in order to note the view, which, though in itself far from being striking, is perhaps the most interesting in the world. The atmosphere is like a crystal lens, and every object in the Holy City is as clear as if it lay within

a few yards instead of a mile's distance. Each battlement upon those worn walls—the dogs prowling about the waste places among the ruins—the groves of cactus and cypress—the turbaned citizens moving slowly along the streets—all these are recognizable almost as clearly as the prominent features of the city.

Nearest to our view, and just above the narrow Valley of Jehoshaphat, is the eminence of Mount Moriah, traversed by the city wall, which encloses a wide area, studded with cypresses and cedars, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. To the left of this is a place thickly covered with heaps of rubbish, and jungles of the prickly pear, then in succession, come part of the Hill of Zion, and David's Tower. To the right of the enclosure is the Pool of Bethesda, beyond which St. Stephen's Gate affords entrance to the Via Dolorosa, a steep and winding street along which Christ bore the cross in His ascent to Calvary. To the right of this street, and towards the north, stands the Hill of Acra, on which Salem, the most ancient part of the city, was built by Melchizedek, if tradition is reliable. This hill is enclosed by the walls of the modern town; but the Hill of Bezetha lies yet further to the right, and was enclosed within the walls that the Romans stormed. Beyond Bezetha stands the Hill of Scopus whence Titus gazed upon Jerusalem the day before its destruction, and wept over the impending fate of the beautiful city;—here is a mosque with its heavy dome and pert minarets—and there is the capacious church that covers the Holy Sepulchre. To the south we look over the barren but magnificent hills of Judah, with vistas through their rocky glens of the rich Valley of the Jordan and the calm green waters of the Dead Sea, whose surface gleams on either side of a fore-ground formed by the lofty village of Bethany. Beyond Jordan and the Sea of the Plain, the mountains of the Moabites tower into the clear blue sky, and are reflected in brown and purple shadows on

their own dark mysterious lake. Beneath us is the Garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Hinnom with its Tophet, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron which meets the Waters of Siloam at the Well of Joab.

And, though the clouds and mists and doubts of tradition cling closely to the neighbourhood, the mind may rest without the possibility of deception upon the truth—that this city was for many ages the great capital of the Church of the living God—that it has been honoured by the presence of David, of the Prophets, of Gabriel, and of God Himself in human flesh—that the Gospel has been preached here with power and with wonderful success, and that thus multitudes of the people have been guided to a higher and better world. And this is enough to satisfy and content the most enlarged and benevolent minds who work and hope for that brighter and more blessed time when “All men shall know the Lord.”

And so, regretfully, we leave this holy ground, and pass on to the Tombs of the Kings. These are unlike most of the other tombs about Jerusalem, which are excavated in the face of perpendicular cliffs. These are entirely below the surface of the level limestone rock, so that one must approach quite close to the brink of the cavity before perceiving it. The doorway is adorned with an architrave, but is so low and so obstructed with loose stones and earth, that we were compelled, in entering, to lie flat upon the ground, and draw ourselves forward as well as we could with our hands. The stones seemed to have been placed there for the purpose of stopping the passage, which may be seven or eight feet in length. On rising to our feet we found ourselves in a noble hall about twenty feet square, hewn out of the rock, and already illumined by the candles which Abraham our dragoman (who had preceded us) had lighted. The sides of this apartment are smooth and perpendicular, and the angles perfect, and the ceiling is in the form of an irregular arch.

This room is a sort of central hall in the labyrinth of excavations. It contains no niches or sarcophagi, and, we were informed, was never used as a place of sepulture. There are two doors in its southern side, and one on its western, leading into as many smaller square chambers, in the walls of which are the depositories or sarcophagi for the dead. All the chambers contain apertures leading into recesses for the reception of dead bodies, and the entrances to these were formerly closed by stone doors, four or five inches in thickness, and adorned with sculpture, which now lies prone and broken upon the ground. The hinges, with the tenons by which they hung in their places, are all fashioned out of one marble slab. The fragments of sarcophagi, which are plentifully scattered through these vaults, are worthy of special admiration, being covered with a profusion of rich and tasteful ornaments, exquisitely carved upon the broken white marble. Clusters of grapes hang amid the graceful tendrils and foliage of the vine, and full, bending garlands of flowers cover the lids, and hang in festoons down the sides of these beautiful specimens of ancient genius and art.

From the Tombs of the Kings we proceeded along the south side of the narrow valley that lies just north of them, in quest of the Tombs of the Judges. We saw a number of sepulchres, excavated in the rocks, one or two being surmounted with sculptured ornaments, and one which, judging from its external appearance, was closed by a wall of stone and mortar. The entrance, however, is not in the natural face of the rock, but is reached through a cut of considerable depth; and the interior, to one acquainted with the Egyptian Tombs, is very plain and ordinary.

Leaving here, we proceeded to the Jews' Wailing-place, under the western wall of the Haram. Here are five courses of bevelled stones, which unquestionably belonged to the Temple of Herod, and probably date back to the time of Solomon. And this is the Jew's only heritage in his own

city—the one place he can call his own, for he is only on sufferance in the city, and may not cross the Haram on pain of death. But hither repair, every Friday, the poor outcasts of Israel to weep over the ancient stones of their Temple. Against these stones were gathered men and women, old and young, of the once chosen people, from all parts of the earth,—passionately kissing the cold stones, pressing their hands and foreheads against them, and sobbing and weeping with no feigned sorrow. Rabbis in their fur-collared coats were reciting some of the most lamentable Psalms; women, wrapped in thin white izgars, crouched on the ground or against the opposite wall, were rocking themselves to and fro in their anguish. We stood quietly apart, and looked with sympathy upon them. To describe the scene is to impart to it the semblance of a performance; but none could have witnessed it without carrying away a deep conviction of the reality of their anguish.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH.—Another lovely morning. We left our hotel at 7-30 and rode towards Bethlehem, which is situate about six miles south of Jerusalem. Going out at the Gate of Joppa, we turned to the left hand by the foot of Mount Zion, aloft on whose apex stood the Tower of David (now in ruins) of a wonderful strength and admirable beauty, adorned with shields and the arms of the mighty. Below, on the right hand of the way, is a fountain, north of which the valley is crossed by a ruinous aqueduct which formerly conveyed water into the Temple of Solomon. Ascending the opposite mountain, we passed through a country, hilly and stony, yet not utterly destitute of vineyards planted and tended by Christians, and in some places producing corn, here shadowed with the fig tree and there with the olive. About a mile further west of the road stands the Sepulchre of Rachel, over which has been erected a little white mosque, still guarded most sacredly by the Mohammedans. The building crowns a hill from which can

be obtained a good view of the town and the surrounding country. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way of Ephrath which is Bethlehem" (Genesis xxxv., 19). The name "Bethlehem" next appears in the charming idyl of Ruth—that model of filial affection and devotion who became the ancestress of David and of our Lord. (Ruth ii.). It was to the house of Jesse the Bethlehemite that Samuel came with his horn of oil to anoint David; so that, after he had become the popular monarch of the Kingdom of Israel, it is little wonder that the scene of his early life was known as "the City of David" (1 Samuel xvi.; Luke ii., 2). Bethlehem was for some time in the hands of the Philistines, when David and his men were in the Cave of Adullam; and it was then he longed for "the water of the Well of Bethlehem which is by the gate," a wish which was gratified by a noble feat of daring on the part of three of his men, as nobly responded to by the self denial of their leader. (2 Samuel xxiii., 14-16). Here the Saviour was born in a stable and cradled in a manger; Here He was seen by the Shepherds who had heard, in the fields adjoining, the Angels celebrating the praises of the new born King; here the Eastern Magi worshipped Him and presented their gifts typical of His three-fold office.

With all these sacred associations crowding upon the memory, we alighted at the entrance to the Church of the Nativity, which covers the spot where it is believed our Redeemer was born. It is situated at the eastern end of the town, and is by far the most conspicuous object it contains.

This grand old basilica was erected by the Empress Helena A.D. 327, and is one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and ten feet broad. It is divided into nave and four aisles by ranges of Corinthian columns of white marble, which were probably taken from some more ancient building—perhaps the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. Some remnants of mosaic still exist on the walls above, as

also a rough ceiling of cedar-wood. The choir is partitioned off, and divided into ever so many chapels. On going through a door to the left we found ourselves in a corridor which led us into the small Latin chapel, from whence, provided with tapers, we descended by a flight of steps to the passages excavated in the rock, which led to the grotto so long the abode of St. Jerome, where, for so many years he fasted, prayed, and meditated; and where he executed his great work of translating the Holy Scriptures into the Latin tongue, which is, even yet, the authorised version of the Holy Catholic Church. Thence we passed on to the Grotto of the Nativity, thirty feet long and twelve feet broad, and lighted only by tapers.. It contains three altars. Under the first, upon the marble floor, the precise spot of the Nativity is marked by a large silver star, having an opening in the centre which reveals a stone upon which are inscribed the words : "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." This is the reputed spot on which the Saviour of the world was born, and, condescending to take human nature, the Son of God became flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, and the voice of woe from Sinai was changed into accents of peace and good will. Here pilgrims prostrate themselves, offering up their prayers, and devoutly kissing the star and the pavement around it. At the distance of about twenty feet from the Star of the Nativity, is the manger where the infant Jesus was first cradled. We descended by two steps into a room scarcely ten feet square, having the Altar of the Manger on one side, and that dedicated to the Magi immediately opposite to it on the other. Here, too, the original features of the place, whatever they may have been, are entirely obliterated by polished marble and other decorations. The Manger itself is a block of white marble, hollowed out in proper form, which occupies a recess in the grotto, and is less than two feet in height, by, perhaps, four in length. Here lamps of silver always burn, though faint symbols

indeed of that ever-blessed light, which, rising here, shed its healing influence upon the nations. The Altar of the Wise Men is fenced in by a kind of screen, above which is seen a painting, that represents them doing homage and offering precious gifts to the Holy Child. In another subterranean apartment we were shewn the Altar of the Innocents ; said to mark the spot where twenty thousand children, who had been murdered by Herod's commands, were buried. A rude pictorial representation of the massacre is suspended over it. The Convent containing these several grottoes is shared by Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, who have their own separate chapels and apartments, with a common right to occupy the Grotto of the Nativity, according to a prescribed order.

I must confess that I found it peculiarly agreeable, in wandering over these venerable places, to surrender myself to their inspiration, and listen reverently to the lessons of faith and gratitude which they inculcate. I felt that it was good and edifying to be upon the spot to which the eye of the Prophet was directed through the long vista of years when he exclaimed : "And thou, Bethlehem in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah ; for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel" (Matthew ii., 6.)

Leaving the Church, we visited some of the principal shops for the purpose of making a few purchases. One of the chief industries of Bethlehem is olive-wood and mother-of-pearl carving—all of which is done by hand, and is very beautiful. The subjects which engage the attention of these artists are, almost without exception, taken from scriptural events ; such as the memorable visit of the angelic hosts to the shepherds of Bethlehem, the wise men guided hither by the star in the East, and incidents in the life of David ;—all being intimately connected with the local history of the place. Others of the people manufacture beads and other *trinkets* of mother-of-pearl, and of the wood and kernels of

the olives that grow in and about the Garden of Gethsemane. They supply the bazaars of Jerusalem with these wares, and press them upon strangers who visit their town with an importunity that is very annoying.

The girls of Bethlehem are charming—such lovely eyes, dark, liquid, and lustrous! such glossy black hair, rich and wavy! such teeth of pearly whiteness! such finely rounded and well-proportioned limbs! such freedom and grace of motion! I very much wished I could have conversed with them in their native tongue.

The environs of Bethlehem cannot be said to be well cultivated, but none can deny that they are beautiful. The deep valley on the northern side of the town, which is overlooked by the road leading to Jerusalem, presents a scene of beauty and luxuriance unrivalled so far as I had yet seen in Palestine. The present inhabitants are said to number about three thousand, and are all Christians; but they are a restless race, given to quarrelling and sedition.

Mounting our horses, we rode on quickly to Jerusalem, arriving at our hotel in time for luncheon.

During the afternoon we made our purchases of photographs, floral cards, olive-wood articles, etc. The Rev. T. Pitts, Professor Lang, and myself, also visited the studio for the production of objects of art in Jerusalem which is under the direction of Christopher Paulus, sculptor. Amongst other articles I purchased the model of Mount Moriah, which was ordered to be executed by the late General Gordon from a most characteristic sketch, entirely his own work, but which was not completed before his massacre.

On our return to the hotel we visited the Tower of Hippicus, now used as a citadel,—the view from the top being, in fact, the best of the interior of the city—at once both interesting and commanding.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 15TH.—My friend and myself left the hotel at half-past five o'clock, for the purpose of walking to Bethany. Emerging from the Damascus Gate, we passed the celebrated quarries of the city; whence, probably, were brought, ready hewn, the enormous stones of the Temple. Across the highway, separated by a low wall and field beyond, is Golgotha, which we ascended. In allusion to this place, the late General Gordon, in his "*Reflections in Palestine*" writes:—"The eastern and most sacred of the two hills on which Jerusalem is built, rises to an average height, throughout its whole range, which is rather lower than that of the average height, taken similarly, of the west hill. We trace its course as a ridge running north and south, with steep flanks, and ending in a somewhat sharp declivity toward the south. The north end expands until it forms part of the almost level plateau north of the city.

"This northern end is, however, marked by an apex of uncovered rock—a rocky knoll resembling in form the human skull—and from this "skull hill" the crown or ridge of this eastern hill follows a line which is aslant, or askew, to the Valley of the Kedron, until it reaches, at about two-thirds of its entire length, another bare rock, now covered by the Mosque of Omar. The Crucifixion seems to have been on the skull hill, and the great Altar of Burnt Sacrifice to have been on this second remarkable rock within the temple enclosure. Beyond, or to the north of the skull hill, the present slaughter-house of the city is placed; and a continuous tradition connects that portion of ground outside the northern wall with the Place of Stoning. Adjoining this hill, but not under it, is a large cavern containing a vast cistern, which is known as the Grotto of Jeremiah. I think that the cross stood on the top of the skull hill, in the centre of it, and not where the slaughter-house now stands. *Leviticus* i.-xi., says that the victim was to be slain "on the

side of the altar northward before the Lord," and literally they were to slay the victims "slantwise to the altar northwards." The altar was on the second knoll—within the Haram enclosure; and if the cross were placed in the centre of the skull hill, the whole city, and even the Mount of Olives, would be embraced by those stretched-out arms. "All the day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people"—(Romans x., 21—from Isaiah lxx., 1). Here, also, after that time, at the skull hill, close to the slaughter-house of Jerusalem, were the headquarters of Titus. I think that Titus put his tent under the brow of the hill, so as to be under cover. Long before, in the cave, Jeremiah had written his Lamentations. There Christ suffered without the Gate."

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know—we cannot tell—
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Leaving here, we proceeded to the Mount of Olives by the path which David followed when he fled from Absalom

and went "over the brook Kedron . . . toward the way of the wilderness. And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up" (2 Samuel xv., 23, 30). On reaching the summit, beside the village, we must be near, perhaps upon, the spot where the King had been wont to worship God, and where now he met Hushai the Archite. (2 Samuel, xv., 32).

Passing the summit, the wide panorama eastward opens before us; first the eye catches the long and regular wall-like line of the Mountains of Moab; then the deep Valley of the Jordan, with glimpses of the Dead Sea; and lastly the naked white hills that shelve downward from our feet into the valley far below.

Here is a point of view from which the eye may range over many a place of deep interest, and take in food for the heart that should set it all aglow. Cold indeed must that heart be, whose inner depths stir not at such a vision—the familiar haunts of Him—the more than friend—the Brother born for adversity. There is no need to give to these places an undue sanctity; but here the remembrances of Him who is risen shall be ever with you, and the gentle loving words from the "upper room" shall awaken echoes in your heart with a force you had little dreamt of. And this is only natural! Our earthly friends die, and we treasure up their memories;—the arm-chair—the nook in the chimney corner—the leafy recess in the summer arbour—the favourite walk through the wood—loved by them in life, all testify to us now how replete they are with something, still living as it were, of those who are gone. And may we not treasure up the footprints on our earth of the great Son of God, who humbled Himself to take our nature that He might exalt us to be like unto Himself in glory.

From here we enjoyed the finest panoramic view of the "City beautiful for situation," to which we were so soon to bid farewell. Lying fair and white at our feet were the graceful Dome of the Rock, the open space of the Haram enclosure encircled by massive walls rising high above the precipitous banks of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and contrasting strangely with the crowded mass of buildings in the city, among which glistened the gilded dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the cloudless sunshine; and, beyond, the extensive buildings on Mount Zion, the massive blocks of David's Castle and Tower, with the large buildings of the Russian Hospice, Sir Moses Montefiore's line of Jewish cottages, and the cluster comprising the Armenian Convent, David's Tomb, and the Cœnaculum, visible outside the walls.

Only few olive trees still exist on the Mount of Olives, (especially in the Garden of Gethsemane). The tree seldom attains a greater height than twenty or thirty feet. Hosea refers to the beauty of the olive tree (xiv., 6), and Isaiah speaks of the oil tree as one of those which proclaim the time when the wilderness shall rejoice (xli., 19). The leaves of the tree have a peculiar hoary aspect in their lower surface. They are evergreen, and hence the exclamation of the Psalmist—"I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God."—(Psa. ii., 8.) Children are spoken of also as "olive plants round about the table of the righteous."—(Psa. cxxviii., 3.)

The fruit of the tree is well known under the name of olives. It is fleshy, and inside it has a hard, stony kernel. The outer fleshy part yields olive-oil, under pressure. This oil is noticed as one of the productions of the Promised Land, which is called a land of oil-olive, (Deut. vi. 2, viii, 8, xxviii., 40; Joshua xxiv., 13.) The quantity of oil yielded by the olives in Palestine must have been very great, for

Solomon gave to the servants of Hiram, king of Tyre, twenty thousand baths of oil.—(2 Chron., ii., 10.)

The olive tree was used for many important purposes. Its timber has long been esteemed as excellent for furniture, and for ornamental carving. In the temple it was used in the carvings, and in forming the posts of the doors, and in the construction of the cherubim (1 Kings, vi., 23, 31, 32). Its branches were employed in the Feast of Tabernacles (Neh. viii., 15.)

We now made our way over the crest of Olivet towards Bethany. Here, every step is solemn and interesting beyond description. All unchanged and unchangeable is the rocky path round the lower slopes of Olivet, by which the Son of Man must often have wended his weary way from the crowded city where His days were spent in thankless labour, to the quiet village where He found refreshment of body and spirit, from the humble service issuing out of the warm love and real faith of the sisters and Lazarus. These striking views of hill and dale have met His eye—that eye which, from the throne above, reads the thoughts and feelings of our hearts as we now gaze on them. Often did our Saviour, when clad in the form of a servant, skirt by this very path the fine romantic glen which brings you to a point where the view of the Jordan plain and the Moab mountains breaks suddenly upon you—and behold, lying at His feet, the quiet little hamlet which, embosomed in its olive groves on the hill-side, and shut out from all sight and sound of the city, was to afford Him a home for the night. How affecting is the sight of that village! Ruined and degraded now—like the country and its people—its situation is still lovely in its peaceful retirement, so suited for a summer evening retreat. Grand as it is even now in its present nakedness, the road to Bethany must have been most charming in its former fertility. The passer-by may still note the way-side fig trees, one of

which was selected by our Lord to illustrate Israel's fruitlessness and to receive Israel's doom—the doom of all things of earthly nature:—"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever." How solemn the lesson for those who still have confidence in the flesh, when we consider that presently the fig tree withered away!

There are not many inhabited houses, (perhaps about twenty), but there are marks of many ancient ruins. The house of Lazarus was pointed out to us. We entered the sepulchre known as the Tomb of Lazarus, descending by some score of steps cut in the rock; and realized, or tried to realize, the grand scene of Christ's greatest miracle, so vividly yet simply recorded in John xi.

After lingering in Bethany a short time, we turned to walk back to Jerusalem. It was from here the Lord went in triumph to Jerusalem, most probably along the same road by which horsemen and caravans now approach the city. Having the New Testament in our hands we compared the incidents of the narrative with the scene itself. It is now a rough but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rock and loose stones,—a steep declivity on the left below, and the sloping shoulder of Olivet on the right, above, and with fig trees, both above and below, growing here and there out of the rocky soil. Along this road, riding upon an ass, passed the King and Saviour, whilst the multitude threw down the branches which they cut as they passed by, or spread out a rude matting, formed of the palm-branches they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those, perhaps, who escorted Him from Bethany, unwrapped their loose cloaks, and spread them in the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached. (Matt. xxi., 8.) When the long procession swept over the ridge where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem, they caught sight of Mount Zion—then covered with houses to

its base, and surmounted with the Castle of Herod. At this precise point—"may it not have been from the sight opening upon them?—the hymn of triumph, the earliest hymn of Christian devotion, burst forth from the multitude, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our father David. Hosanna . . . peace . . . glory in the highest!" There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and as the Pharisees, who stood by in the crowd, complained, He pointed to the stones, which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately cry out if these were to hold their peace."

We arrived in Jerusalem in time for morning service, and proceeded to the Protestant Church (Christ Church) a very plain unpretending building, near what is called the Tower of Hippicus. We enjoyed the service very much: and deeply touching it was, after those Sundays spent in the desert, to worship, on Zion's hill, our adorable Lord.

On returning to the hotel, we found the mail had arrived, bringing our letters and newspapers. During the afternoon, my friend and I visited, for the last time, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during the celebration of public worship, and were painfully struck with the carelessness and irreverence with which the services were performed. The priests and monks, of whom a large number were present, indulged in the most indecent levity, looking about upon the crowd at the same time that they were chanting and crossing themselves in the celebration of Divine worship, and it was very evident that they were mindful only of the forms, and had not the slightest reverence for the substance and object of devotion.

We attended evening service at Christ Church, and had the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper.

MONDAY, MARCH 16TH.—A lovely morning. We did not waste much time over breakfast. A busy scene of

preparation was going on outside; a long string of mules was being laden with our baggage, which included tents, iron-bedsteads, camp-stools, bedding, tables, cooking utensils, and all sorts of provisions for a party of thirteen persons; comprising six ladies—Mrs. D——, Mrs. C——, Miss S——, Miss C——, and the Misses F——; seven gentlemen—the Revds. J. H. S—— and T. P——, Capt. P——, Mr. H——, Mr. G——, Mr. D——, and the writer, together with Abraham Lyons (our dragoman), the cook and his assistant, three waiters, and seven Arab attendants.

At eight o'clock, the eleven mules and four donkeys, with their muleteers and our staff of servants, started, and such of us as were not satisfied with our mounts, changed them. Abraham then galloped to the front and blew his horn, we gladly following.

Leaving the City by the Jaffa Gate, our way wound round the outskirts by the Damascus and St. Stephen's Gate, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, over the Brook Kedron, and past Gethsemane; thence along the route our Saviour took on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, from the ridge of which we took our last view of the Holy City. The road from the Mount of Olives to Bethany follows the south slope of the hill for about five hundred yards; it then turns abruptly to the south, and crosses the narrow ridge which joins Olivet to the hill above Bethany. Upon this ridge Bethphage was placed by the Crusaders; and here, in 1877, the ruins of a mediæval church, with its apse, were discovered, enclosing an isolated block of rock, ornamented with paintings and inscriptions. We wind round Olivet, and, passing Bethany, enter "the Wilderness of Judæa." The road soon becomes dreary enough, running among desolate hills and valleys, of a limestone formation, and, between Jerusalem and Jericho, was infested, even from the earliest times, by robbers. A rising ground at the entrance to this

wilderness is called "the going up to Adummim" (Joshua xv., 7), which name signifies "red" or "bloody," perhaps in allusion to the murders which were so frequent there. It is of this wilderness that our Lord speaks in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. (Luke x., 30-35). Not far from the rising ground already mentioned, the ruins of a caravanserai, or eastern inn, may still be seen, which is commonly known as the Samaritan's Inn, whilst, at a short distance away, are the remains of a fort called the Samaritan's Castle.

The Inn mentioned in the Parable as the place where the wounded man was left by the Good Samaritan is believed to have actually existed, and we took luncheon on the reputed site, previous to entering some of the caves which served as lurking places for the robbers who infested the district. Afterwards, descending rapidly, we came to the Brook Cherith, where the prophet Elijah was fed by ravens at the command of God. On the opposite side of the gorge, the mountain rose up almost perpendicularly; and, from our own side, it was with great difficulty that we could approach sufficiently near to the edge of the ravine to look down. And what a scene was then presented to the eye! rugged, grand, gloomy, and awful!—it seemed a fit hiding place for such a prophet as Elijah, and must have been in striking harmony with the majestic sternness of his character. It was enough to make one's head dizzy, to gaze down that appalling mountain chasm. The sides are almost sheer precipices of naked rock, occasionally pierced by grottoes seemingly inaccessible to anything except the eagles that hover around them; and, far down, at the bottom of the ravine, is a little winding thread of green, skirting the channel where the brook flows; and here it was that Elijah was hidden, whilst Ahab, in his rage, was searching for him through all the coasts of Israel, and among the neighbouring nations. (1 Kings, xviii., 10).

We now crossed the Valley of Achor, where Achan was

stoned for disobedience of God's command at the taking of Jericho, and pitched our tents close to the Fountain of Elisha, made by Elijah's successor, for the sons of the prophets. Right behind our tents stood the lofty Mountains of Quarantania, the traditional scene of our Lord's temptation, from whose summit the Tempter "shewed Him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them."

Our tents and baggage having preceded us, at five o'clock we saw all our camp drawn up in order,—tents pitched, flag flying, and servants awaiting our arrival. Dismounting from our horses, my friend and I took possession of our tent, which was lined with fresh, bright coloured chintz. Soft Persian rugs covered the ground, an easy chair, a couple of camp-stools, two iron bedsteads, a table, candlesticks, ewer, basin, water-bottle and tumbler, formed our supply of tent furniture. After a refreshing cup of tea, we had our portmanteaus brought in, and afterwards dressed for dinner. Until the bell rang, we employed our time in making up our diaries, and then joined our companions in the great saloon tent, which occupied the centre of our camping ground. Short tables were joined all down the middle, so as to make one long dining table, which was bright with snowy damask, plate, glass, and china, and we gathered to a meal that spoke well for Abraham's selection of a cook. Our servants waited in turbans and native costume, Abraham meanwhile passing in and out, and giving watchful supervision. Dinner concluded, we separated to our several tents.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17TH.—A broiling hot morning. Before breakfast I went to visit the famous "Fountain of Elisha," now known as Ain-es-Sultan, which was but a stone's throw from our tent. It is a spot full of interest to lovers of the Bible, on account of its connection with the history of the great and good prophet, on whom fell the mantle of the ascended Elijah. We read (2 Kings, ii., 19-22) that Elisha returned to Jericho after his master had been

taken from him; "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake."

From the "Jerusalem Itinerary" we learn that the Jericho of the Fourth Century was situated at the base of the mountain range, one and a half miles from the fountain; and that the more ancient city had stood by the fountain itself. This corresponds exactly with what we have seen. The ruins on the banks of the Kelt mark the site of the Jericho of Herod and the New Testament, while those around the fountain are the only remnants of the Jericho of the prophets.

All around us was the great plain, on which the weary Israelites looked down from the Mountains of Moab, after their long wanderings in the wilderness. On this plain they encamped after emerging from the bed of the Jordan, which had been miraculously dried up that they might pass over. Around this city of Jericho, the Israelites marched mysteriously for seven days; and on the seventh day, after the seventh circuit, "the priests blew with their trumpets and the people shouted with a great shout," and the wall fell down flat, and the people went up and took the city. Jericho was then destroyed, and the following singular curse pronounced—"Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it" (Joshua vi., 26). After an

interval of five centuries, it was rebuilt and the curse executed.—“In his ” (Ahab’s) “ days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho ; he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and he set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub ” (1 Kings, xvi., 34). A school of the prophets gathered round the spot almost immediately.

Breakfast concluded, the gentlemen of our party, accompanied by Abraham, rode over a vast plain, and soon arrived at Riha—one of the most filthy spots in the Holy Land. Its few inhabitants are not only poor, but profligate. The houses are formed of rude stone walls, having flat roofs, covered with brush and gravel, and their little yards—dens of filth—enclosed by hedges of the thorny boughs of the nukb. Riha, however, is the site of the ancient Gilgal and the modern Jericho. It was here that the Israelites first pitched their camp on the west side of the Jordan ; where the last heaven-sent manna fell ; where the first Passover was observed in the Land of Promise ; where the Tabernacle stood ; and where Samuel anointed Saul to be king. Beside the village stands the tower dignified by the title of the “ House of Zacchæus.” Here Christ opened the eyes of blind Bartimæus, who sat by the wayside begging ; here Zacchæus climbed the tree to see Christ pass by, but was called down to provide a little food for Him and His disciples, and the moment he had entertained Christ, he was anxious to repair any wrong he had done to any man, and to give to the poor.

We galloped quickly across a nearly level plain—the dreadful heat seeming lessened instead of increased by motion. Its surface was composed of sand, with an admixture of clay, resembling in colour, as in some other respects, portions of the banks of the Nile, and was, in places, covered with an incrustation of salt, which yielded with a crackling sound under the feet of our horses.

We were fast approaching the lovely blue waters of the Dead Sea. It has a sloping beach, strewn with pebbles, against which the waves beat with a pleasant murmur, enhanced by the cool breeze, which formed so delightful a contrast to the intense heat we had experienced on our ride. The plain of waters stretches away to the south, between blue and purple ranges of mountains, which occasionally thrust bold promontories into it, and add a charm to the perspective. The width of the Sea at its northern end is about six miles.

We did not fail to bathe--for the double purpose of enjoying so great a luxury, especially grateful in this heated atmosphere, and of testing by our own experience the truth of the strange and rather discordant statements which have been put forth with regard to its buoyancy. I had always read the reports of travellers upon this subject with incredulity, ranking them with the fictions and legends with which all descriptions of this marvellous sea are rife; but the experiment satisfied me that, upon this point at least, there is no exaggeration. The water near the shore is very shallow, and I waded perhaps a hundred yards before reaching a depth of six or seven feet. When I stood upright, with the water about level with my chin, I experienced considerable difficulty in maintaining an erect position, from the constant impulse of my feet to rise to the surface. The bather seems to himself to have the buoyancy of cork, and to have little control over his body. The water is excessively salt and bitter to the taste, and doubtless it is to its saltiness that the water of the Dead Sea is indebted for its unequalled ability to sustain heavy bodies. Its specific gravity is much greater than that of any other water known to have been submitted for competent analysis. I had provided myself with a bottle, which I filled with the water, and I have subsequently had the same carefully analysed.

The specific gravity at 60° Fahrenheit is 1.1694, and

it contains about one-fourth of its weight in various salts as follows :—

Chloride of Lime	10.36
Chloride of Calcium	3.92
Chloride of Magnesium	10.246
Sulphate of Lime054
Water	75.42
		<hr/>
		100.
		<hr/>

(I may here insert a statement of the specific gravity of the water of the Jordan, which I had analysed also, and which at 60° Fahrenheit is 1.0011.)

From some of these ingredients, the water derives a pungency, which made itself quite sensible after bathing, leaving a sense of stiffness as well as a slight smarting, as if the skin were coated with some adhesive substance. Tradition has clothed with aggravated horrors the gloominess of the scene. It was formerly said that nothing would grow upon the shores of the Dead Sea, but a deceptive fruit, fair to the sight and touch, which turned to ashes in the mouth; nor was any bird seen to skim above its surface. The last of these assertions is, however, not absolutely true; for gulls have been seen floating on its bosom, and swallows are often known to fly across, while the absence of other species is at once accounted for by the sterility of the naked hills and plains which form its borders. We noticed on the beach, some withered logs of wood, drifted down by the Jordan, which were thickly encrusted with salt; and a few reeds or sedges bent their heads to the light breeze—the only vegetation on that lonely shore. No fish inhabit the waters of this Sea of Death; those which enter from the tributary streams soon perish. In allusion to these extraordinary facts, the prophet Ezekiel (xlvi., 8-10), in predicting the future renovation of the face of Nature,

expresses the great change that shall take place, by declaring that the wilderness adjoining the Dead Sea should become a fruitful field.

Owing to the circumstance that asphaltum and bitumen are found in considerable quantities in the immediate neighbourhood, and also float upon the surface of its waters, the Sea is sometimes known as the Lake Asphaltites. It has, apparently, no outlet. Some have surmised that it communicates by subterranean channels with the Mediterranean ; others that it flows into the Red Sea : but the most probable truth is that it loses as much water by evaporation as is daily poured in by its tributary streams, and this will account for the thick clouds which are often seen hanging over it, but which do not extend beyond the water's edge. One reads of its being the hottest place in the world, and the statement may be received without much fear of incredulity—not because its latitude warrants the belief, but because of the extraordinary depression of its locality—given by Baedeker as one thousand three hundred feet below the Mediterranean, but probably nearer two thousand feet—which seems to allow of no escape of the heat, daily poured in upon it from a cloudless sun.

“In far-off ages,” writes Mr. Henry Harper, “perhaps the Jordan found its way by the Wady Arabeh to the Red Sea, long before historic times. The tiers of cliffs or terraces in the Jordan Valley, the markings on the hills of Moab, which descend into the Dead Sea, shew that different water-levels have existed. Some great convulsion made that deep hole in the earth's crust : and whenever the Jordan flowed through to the Red Sea, everything was at a very different level. The Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea have the same levels, but the Dead Sea is one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The Wady Arabeh is also above the level of the Dead and Red Seas, and

so the Jordan and Arnon flowing into that deep hollow, had no escape, and became in early times—long before Abraham—the “Salt Sea” of Genesis xiv., 3. Vast beds of salt exist, and from earliest times a great trade in it was carried on. Bitumen is still collected from the Dead Sea by the Arabs, and brought on camels to Jerusalem.

Leaving here, a tiring ride of more than an hour, over a barren plain, brought us to the margin of the river, where, more than eighteen hundred years ago, the Son of Man submitted to be baptized by his forerunner, John. The ladies of our party were already there; and, as soon as luncheon was over, we departed to take a dip in the river, whilst the ladies sauntered among the beautiful shrubs—oleanders, willows, tamarisks, and balsam-wood—which border its banks. The river is here about eighty feet broad, and nine feet deep; the water is muddy, and the current very strong, and there are no conveniences for bathing; but our dragoman had been thoughtful enough to bring a strong rope, which he tied to the trees, beneath whose shadow I took a most refreshing bath, and was able, after several ablutions, to get rid of the troublesome memorial of my dip in the Dead Sea. I have enjoyed many a plunge in the open sea; but, of all the baths I ever had, that in the Jordan will linger longest in my memory.

“There is no river in the world like the Jordan,” writes the Rev. J. L. Porter,—“none so wonderful in its historic memories, and none so remarkable in its physical geography. It is THE river of the Holy Land. It has been more or less intimately connected with all the great events of Scripture history from the patriarchs to the apostles. Its banks have been the scene of the most stupendous miracles of judgment, power, and love, ever the earth witnessed. When the fire of heaven had burnt up Sodom’s guilty cities and polluted plain, the waters of the Jordan rolled over them and buried them

for ever from the face of man. Thrice was the swollen torrent of that river stayed, and its channel divided to let God's people and prophets pass over "dry-shod." Once, at the bidding of the man of God, the iron axe rose buoyant from its channel and floated on its surface. Once its waters gave forth healing virtue, as if to prove to the proud Syrian chief the fallacy of his sneering exclamation,—“Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?”

“Greater still were those miracles of our Lord, which the evangelists have grouped thickly on and around the central lake of the Jordan. There did the storm-tossed billows hear and obey the voice of their Creator; there did the incarnate God walk upon the face of the deep; there, obedient to His will, the fishes filled the disciples' nets; along those shores the lame walked, the deaf heard, the blind saw, the sick were healed, lepers were cleansed, the dead were raised to life again. But the most glorious event the Jordan ever witnessed was Christ's baptism; for when He was baptized, “the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God, descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him,” and when the Divine Son was perfectly equipped for His great work of redeeming love—when just about to set out on His glorious mission—the voice of the Divine Father pierces the vault of heaven, and proclaims to the astonished and joyful disciples on Jordan's banks, the divine approval of both work and worker—“This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.” Surely, then, we may say that every spot along this stream is “holy ground,” and that the name Jordan is not only emblazoned on the page of history, but enshrined in the Christian's heart.”

It would almost seem as if nature, or nature's God, had from the first prepared this river to be the scene of wondrous events, by giving to its physical geography some wondrous characteristics. Its principal fountain, bursting from the

base of Hermon, is, like the mouths of other rivers, on the level of the ocean. It descends rapidly through its whole course, and at length empties itself into the Dead Sea, whose surface has a depression of no less than one thousand three hundred and twelve feet. The whole valley of the Jordan is thus a huge rent or fissure in the earth's crust. Though it is not much over a hundred miles in length, at its southern end, along the shores of that mysterious lake, we have the climate and products of the tropics, while at its northern end, on the brow of Hermon, we have a region of perpetual snow.

Before leaving, I filled some bottles I had with me with water from the river, at the very place where the Son of God had been baptized.

"One of the most singular ceremonies observed by the Christian churches in Palestine," writes Murray, "is that of the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan. On the Monday in Passion Week, several thousands bivouac on the site of Gilgal. Every Christian state of Europe and Asia has its representative there. At their head, marches the Turkish governor of Jerusalem, or his deputy, with an armed escort. Some hours before dawn on the following morning, the motley throng cross the plain, and the first beams of the sun shine upon them as they bathe in the sacred river. Old and young, men and women, go down together into the torrent, apparently unconscious of the surrounding crowd. It is a part of their religion—a ceremony which brings upon them many blessings, and therefore they go through it, in spite of all difficulties. After the bath, or baptism, they return again to Jerusalem.

We left this lovely spot, and proceeded over the Plain of Jericho. The ride amongst the thick thorny scrub was a most fatiguing one, even our horses seeming to suffer and flag from their exertions to pass over the loose rough soil, and

we hailed with pleasure the sight of our encampment, which we were glad to enter, and to lie down for a siesta. After resting, I filtered a little of the water I had taken from the river Jordan, and then our cook kindly boiled it for me, in order to preserve it.

Dinner concluded, we sat and watched a magnificent sunset, and were thinking of retiring for the night, when the Bedaween of Er-Riha came to our camping ground and we were informed by Abraham that his people were offering to perform their native dance accompanied with songs. We accordingly went out, and found two circles of men and women,—wild, black-haired, dark, and as savage-looking a tribe as it had ever been our lot to see. The steps of these dances are few, and the beauty (such as it is) consists in the graceful swaying of the body, posturing, and facial expression. The performers were about forty in number: the men went through a war-dance; and two women performed a processional and wedding dance, in which they brandished swords, and made a peculiar rattling in the throat which is supposed to represent delight. As seen by the glare of torches the poor creatures presented a strangely picturesque group, which was, however, far more gruesome than beautiful.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18TH.—Another scorching day. We left Jericho at 8-45, and, after a ride of seven hours through the mountainous Wilderness of Judæa, arrived at Bethel. The present village is a miserable collection of squalid-looking houses built out of a former city. These ruins are spread over quite a large surface—the village itself stands on the side of a hill, from whose summit may be seen an interesting and extensive view. The country around is rocky, and very attractive in its outward aspect, but it is made more deeply interesting by its many associations with Bible history. It was here that Abraham is said to have first pitched his tent, and it was on the hill near that

Abraham and Lot stood to take a survey of the country "on the right hand and on the left," the result of which was that "Lot lifted up his eyes toward the right, and beheld all the Plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere even as the Garden of the Lord, like unto Egypt." It is also associated with the history of Jacob, who had provoked the anger of his brother Esau by taking away his blessing, and thus was obliged to flee from Hebron to his uncle Laban at Padan-aram. It was a long journey to take, and in pursuing it Bethel was the certain place on which Jacob lighted, and where he tarried all night, and took of the stones of the place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place and had the wondrous vision of the ladder, with its foot upon the earth and its top reaching to heaven, with the Angels of God ascending and descending upon it. On waking he cried "How dreadful is this place! this is none other than the House of God;" and thus it was that Bethel got its name. The remembrance of such a scene as this, makes Bethel and its neighbourhood a hallowed spot for ever.

It was half-past six when we arrived at our encampment. Unfortunately, our friend, Captain P., was unable to join us at dinner, as he was suffering from an attack of ague—the result of bathing in the Jordan yesterday. The night being very cold, we all retired to rest early.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19TH—I awoke quiet chilled; and, on stepping outside the tent, found everything covered with rime. The difference in the temperature during the last twenty-four hours has been very great, extending from the violent heat of summer to the depth of winter. Well might the patriarch Jacob take notice of this fact in his expostulation with Laban: "By day the heat consumed me, and the frost by night."

Breakfast concluded, we were glad to find Captain P. sufficiently recovered from his alarming illness, to continue

the journey to Nablous—thanks to the ladies, who, with their usual thoughtful tenderness, supplied all manner of restoratives, warm rugs, etc., to hasten his recovery.

During the packing up business, we sallied forth to view the place. Bethel is—some twenty or thirty huts in the midst of a wilderness of ruins. It only takes a few minutes to explore the town, and a glance into one or two of the filthy dwellings is enough to satisfy the most curious. We ascended to the ruins of a Greek Church, from which the dome of the Great Mosque in Jerusalem could be clearly seen; and, as we stood there, we sang this well-loved hymn—

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

The place was instinct with lessons:—After the death of Solomon, Bethel belonged to the new kingdom of Israel, and was selected by Jeroboam as one of the two places to be appointed for the worship of his golden calves (1 Kings, xii., 28-33); probably on account of its ancient reputation for superior sanctity. In the reign of Jeroboam II., Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, accused the prophet Amos, who had been sent to denounce him, of a conspiracy against the King; in consequence of which the prophet was expelled

from Bethel (Amos vii., 10, 13). We read (2 Kings, x., 29) that Jehu, though he abolished the worship of Baal in his dominions, "departed not from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin; to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan." Amos uses the phrase "coming to Bethel" to denote idolatry (iv., 4, and also v. 5); and the prophet Hosea, thinking the place unworthy of its ancient name (the house of God), calls it Beth-aven, or the "house of iniquity" (v., 8.; iv., 15; x., 5, 8.)

We mounted our saddles at seven o'clock, with perfect weather overhead, and clear, crisp, silvery hoar frost melting into shining drops of crystal, as the sun rose warm; and we rode away over the brows of hills overlooking an amphitheatre with a village in its midst, the valleys and hill-sides being clothed with olive-groves and fig plantations, whose budding leaves could not conceal the scant amount of soil in the rocky clefts, from out of which the trees sprang up toward the clear blue sky. The road was a rough torrent bed, or, when not passing over sheets of rock worn smooth by the friction of the debris carried down by rushing waters, was covered with large loose stones; one reason for so many covering the paths being that the husbandmen gather them out of the fields and throw them there. We then descended into a beautiful glen, with groves of olive trees, the hills being terraced and cultivated almost to their summits.

Here we met a caravan of one thousand three hundred Russian pilgrims en route for the Jordan and Jerusalem. It was one of the most varied and picturesque scenes we had encountered. Old and young were carrying their pots, kettles, cans, and food; women, with infants slung round their necks, were leading other children by the hand. Some rode on camels, some on mules, some on asses, and some travelled on foot. They were arrayed in the most varied

costumes, sheep-skin coats predominating, and quaint robes and garments of motley colours. Most, however, of those who have come in families, are provided with a long white bathing garment, which, after the Jordan baptism, is carefully preserved to serve as the winding sheet of its owner. Devout families, our dragoman informed me, join hand in hand in a circle in the water, the women having their babies slung round their necks, and reciting the creed, dipping the head at every sentence, while they hold on to the overhanging boughs. One remarkable feature is the number of infants and little children; but the age of the pilgrim matters not, the Jordan baptism never needs to be repeated. Primitive and rude the scene may be called, but there is no indecorum or irreverence, and very little superstition—nothing like the ceremonies of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during Easter-week.

Proceeding along a wady we came upon a beautiful gushing fountain, springing out of the side of the cliff, which was over-grown with creepers and maiden-hair ferns, and had a fine piece of sward before it. Pursuing our way over a grassy plain, we enjoyed a smart gallop, and in about half-an-hour arrived at Shiloh.

For situation, the place is beautiful, as it stands upon a fertile hill, surrounded by higher mountains commanding an extensive view. Our dragoman pointed out to us the ruins of an ancient church and those of a mosque; here we got off our horses and halted beneath the shade of an old oak tree.

After luncheon, it was my usual custom to go out in search of flowers, which I labelled and pressed in my case, as mementoes of places of Scriptural renown; many of these were, on my return, kindly mounted by a clerical friend, and sold at St. Matthew's Annual Sale of Work—indeed, it is a

somewhat singular and amusing coincidence, that sixty cards were mounted, which sold for sixty shillings in sixty minutes.

At Shiloh the tabernacle was first set up ; and here it remained upwards of three hundred years. (Joshua xviii., 1 ; 1 Samuel iv., 3) The Ark was carried away by the Philistines in the time of Eli, and was never returned to this city, which, from that time, gradually declined. It was in Shiloh that Joshua made the division of the country among the tribes (Joshua xviii., 10) ; here Samuel was dedicated to the service of God, and left in charge of Eli (1 Samuel, i., 1-24) ; and here Eli died when he heard of the calamity that had befallen the ark. It was the residence of the prophet Ahijah (1 Kings xi., 29 ; xiv., 2) ; but is often adverted to in Scripture as accursed and forsaken (Psalm lxxviii., 60 ; Jeremiah vii., 12-14 ; xxvi., 6). The last mention of this place is in Jeremiah xli., 5 ; which shews that it survived the exile.

And here, perhaps, it will not be out of place to give a description of the Ark, which I extract from the Sunday School Magazine :—"The sacred ark is distinguished from other arks mentioned in Scripture, as "the ark of God" (1 Samuel iii., 3), "the ark of the covenant" (Joshua iii., 6), "the ark of the testimony" (Exodus xxv., 22). This ark was a kind of chest, of an oblong shape, made of shittim (acacia) wood, a cubit and a half broad and high, two cubits and a half long, and covered on all sides with the purest gold. It was ornamented on its upper surface with a border or rim of gold ; and on each of the two sides, at equal distances from the top, were two gold rings, in which were placed (to remain there perpetually) the gold-covered poles by which the ark was carried, and which continued with it after it was deposited in the tabernacle. The lid, or cover of the ark, was of the same length and breadth, and made

of the purest gold. Over it, at the two extremities, were two cherubim, with their faces turned towards each other, and inclined a little towards the lid (otherwise called the mercy-seat). Their wings, which were spread out over the top of the ark, formed the throne of God—the King of Israel—while the ark itself was His foot-stool (Exodus xxv., 10-22; xxxvii., 1-9).

This ark was the most sacred object among the Israelites; it was deposited in the innermost and holiest part of the tabernacle, called “the Holy of Holies,” (and afterwards in the corresponding apartment of the temple), where it stood so that one end of each of the poles by which it was carried (which were drawn out so far as to allow the ark to be placed against the back wall) touched the veil which separated the two apartments of the tabernacle (1 Kings, viii., 8). In the ark were deposited the tables of the law (Exodus xxv., 16; 1 Kings, viii., 9). A quantity of manna was laid up beside the ark in a vase of gold (Exodus xvi., 32-36; as were also the rod of Aaron (Numbers xvii., 10); and a copy of the Book of the Law (Deuteronomy xxxi., 26).

Nothing is more apparent throughout the historical Scriptures, than the extreme sanctity which attached to the Ark as the material symbol of the Divine presence. During the marches of the Israelites it was covered with a purple pall and borne by the priests, with great reverence and care, in advance of the hosts (Numbers iv., 5, 6; x., 33). It was before the ark, thus in advance, that the waters of the Jordan separated; and it remained in the bed of the river, with the attendant priests, until the whole host had passed over; and no sooner was it brought up, than the waters resumed their course (Joshua iii.; iv., 7, 10, 11, 17, 18). The ark was similarly conspicuous in the procession round Jericho (Joshua vi., 4, 6, 8, 11, 12). It is not wonderful, therefore, that the neighbouring nations, who had no notion

of spiritual worship, looked upon it as the God of the Israelites (1 Samuel, iv., 6, 7); a delusion which may have been strengthened by the figures of the cherubim on it. After the settlement of the Jews in Palestine, the ark remained in the tabernacle at Shiloh, until, in the time of Eli, it was carried along with the army in the war against the Philistines, under the superstitious notion that it would secure victory to the Hebrews. They were, however, not only beaten, but the ark itself was taken by the Philistines (1 Samuel iv., 3, 11) whose triumph was, however, very short-lived, as they were so oppressed by the hand of God, that, after seven months, they were glad to send it back again (1 Samuel v., 7). After that it remained at Kirjath-jearim apart from the tabernacle (vii., 1, 2), and so continued till the time of David, who purposed to remove it to Jerusalem, but the old prescribed mode of removing it from place to place was so much neglected as to cause the death of Uzzah, in consequence of which it was left in the house of Obededom (2 Samuel, vi., 1-11); but after three months David took courage and succeeded in effecting its safe removal in grand pomp and ceremony to Mount Zion (2 Samuel, vi., 12-19). When the temple of Solomon was completed, the ark was deposited in the sanctuary (1 Kings, viii., 6-9). What became of the ark when the temple was plundered and destroyed by the Babylonians is not known, and all conjecture is useless. The Jews believe that it was concealed from the spoilers, and account it among the hidden things which the Messiah is to reveal. It is certain, however, from the consent of all the Jewish writers, that the old ark was not contained in the second temple; and there is no evidence that any new one was made. Indeed, the absence of the ark is one of the important particulars in which this temple was held to be inferior to that of Solomon."

Leaving here, the ride down the beautiful valley of Lebonah was truly pleasant. Passing a picturesque village

on the hill-side, and the ruins of an old Rhan on the right, we turned, with a last look at the verdant beauty behind us, into a deep wady, and ere long commenced the ascent of a rocky and toilsome ridge. We met files of heavy laden mules, with wild-looking Bedaween drivers; also groups of women, who seemed to have been engaged in field-labour; some had handsome faces, too, and allowed us to see them; one carried on her shoulder, after the usual fashion, a very pretty baby.

Pursuing our way, we soon came to the village of Hawara. Our next object of interest was Jacob's Well, far more interesting for its New Testament associations and historic importance. It was here our Saviour sat, weary with travelling, hungry and thirsty for the salvation of souls—and here he delivered that marvellous discourse to the Samaritan woman who “left her water-pot and went into the city and said, Come: see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?” (St. John iv.)

Here, then, at the mouth of Jacob's Well, we stand on one of the few spots where we can feel with certainty that the feet of Christ must actually have trod;—we look around on the same scene which greeted His eyes, and behold the same monuments which were venerable and venerated in His days. The well is now well-nigh filled with stones. Close by is the field in which were deposited the bones of Joseph, which, by his express desire, had been brought out of Egypt when the children of Israel came out of “the house of bondage” to take possession of the Land of Promise.

“Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon the Saviour sat,
Athirst and hungry from the way
His feet had trod since early day.
The twelve had gone in search of food,
And left him in His solitude.

They come—and spread before Him—there
With faithful haste the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid Him “Master, eat !”
But God hath sent Him better meat,
And there is on His holy brow
No weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace,
And when He set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy strength grows faint,
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God that thou may'st grace impart,
Unto some other human heart ;
And thou thy Master's joy shalt share,
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.”

Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D.D.

Leaving this most interesting spot, in a few minutes we were in the centre of the pleasant valley, hedged in by Gerizim on our left, and Mount Ebal on the right ; where, according to the command of Moses, Joshua built an altar to Jehovah on Mount Ebal, and read to the people the blessings set forth in the Law from Gerizim, and the curses from Ebal—thus Gerizim became a second Sinai, and Shiloh a national sanctuary (Deuteronomy xi., 29 ; Joshua viii., 33).

Leaving the Turkish barracks on our left we entered a grove of fine olive-trees, and then, skirting a burial ground, we proceeded by a path between walls sheltering rich gardens, and which led past the towering houses of the picturesque town of Nablous—standing on the site of the ancient Sychar—until we reached our encampment.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH.—Another lovely day. Breakfast concluded, four of our party and I proceeded at seven o'clock towards the base of the two mountains. The

Rev. T. Pitts, Mr. Dawson, and I, ascended Mount Gerizim on the right hand from Shechem; and the Rev. J. H. Scowcroft and Mr. Herd ascended Mount Ebal on the left, for the purpose of putting to the test an objection often raised that the human voice could not be heard from one mountain to the other,—a distance of about half-a-mile. We read alternately Psalm xxiii., and other passages of Scripture, and the hymn “Rock of Ages”—all of which were heard with great distinctness, and then Mr. Dawson descended and stood in the valley between the two mountains and said that every word reached him.

Mr. Olen writes: “Mount Gerizim derives its chief interest from having been the seat of the Samaritan worship from the time of the Babylonish captivity to the present day. The pagan colonists who had been transplanted from Mesopotamia to the mountains of Ephraim were led to adopt the Jewish religion; and, after some overtures to obtain a participation in the national worship in Jerusalem, which were rejected with scorn and abhorrence by the pure descendants of Abraham, they erected a temple upon Mount Gerizim about 330 B.C., and established independent religious services which conformed in all respects but that of place to the institutions of Moses. A renegade of the stock of Aaron became their priest, and thus gave a semblance of a legal, and even Divine, authority to the new establishment. The erection of an altar, and of a pillar inscribed with the Law, as well as the residence of the ark at Mount Gerizim, and the performance of that most impressive religious and national ceremony between Ebal and Gerizim by Joshua, had probably given to this place an early reputation for sanctity, which made it the more easy to secure the concurrence of the people in this bold innovation. These transactions laid the foundation of an undying enmity between the Jews and the Samaritans, of which the Old and New Testaments give many intimations, and which still exists in undiminished

force among the representatives of those ancient races. In one of the collisions to which this hostile spirit gave rise, the Temple on Gerizim was demolished by the Jews, more than a century before the birth of our Lord. Christianity was planted among this people by the Saviour himself; but the Samaritans continued to exist as a sect in vast numbers, and they early transferred to the Christians a portion of their hereditary hatred of the Jews. It is not known that their Temple was ever rebuilt after its destruction by their ancient rivals, though they positively affirm that their worship has always been maintained on Mount Gerizim, with the exception of one short interval, from its first establishment there to the present day.

We next visited the house of Jacob-esh-Shelaby, the well-known Samaritan, who has visited England in search of sympathy for his people. We found him very intelligent, and able to converse freely with us. He asked for our cards, and then shewed us quite a large number left by great men and others who had visited him on previous occasions.

Afterwards we inspected a fine old Saracenic doorway at one of the mosques, and then a far greater object of interest—the Samaritan Synagogue—where, for so many ages, the rival of the Jewish form of ritual was maintained, and where is preserved the celebrated ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch, which the Samaritans declare to be over three thousand years old and to have been written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron.

Returning to our camping ground we mounted our horses and left Nablous by its western gate, following the course of a mill-stream which runs towards the west, through cultivated fields and gardens. Then we turned off to the right and ascended by a tolerably good path, winding among rounded hills, many of which are terraced and

crowned with villages ; and in less than two hours descended into a valley open and well-watered, and passed beneath the hill of Samaria, which is thickly covered with olive trees. The modern village is called Sebutieh, from Sebaste, the name given to it by Herod. It contains only about sixty houses, and has a population of about four hundred. The houses are substantially built of old materials ; and in their rude walls may be seen many a remnant of ancient taste and splendour. Apart from the natural beauty which marks the site once occupied by Samaria, there are two objects of special interest.

One of these is the remains of the Church dedicated to the memory of John the Baptist. The roof of the building is gone, but the walls remain. It was originally a Christian Church, but has now become a mosque. There are traces of a nave with two aisles, and on the walls are crosses of the Knights of St. John. Within the enclosure is a common Turkish tomb, and beneath it—at a depth reached by twenty-one stone steps—is a sepulchre, where, according to tradition, John the Baptist was interred after his martyrdom by Herod.

The other object of interest is “ Herod’s Colonnade,” to the west of the modern village. The building seems to have run round the hill, on a flat terrace, in the middle of which rises a rounded knoll, on which the Temple dedicated to Augustus, and stated by Josephus to have been in the middle of the town, presumably stood. According to Lieutenant Conder, “ The cloister measures about two thousand one hundred feet east and west, and six hundred and sixty feet north and south ; the walk being fifty feet wide in the one case, and one hundred feet in the other. The total circuit is thus some five thousand five hundred feet ; but Josephus (*Antiq.* xv., 8.) estimates it at twenty furlongs or thirteen thousand feet ; his statement is

therefore considerably exaggerated ; but there is no doubt it is to be considered as conjectural only.

In the south-west angle there seems to have been a gateway, flanked by small towers, the rock scarps of which remain. On the north-east there is another street of columns at the bottom of the hill, running in a line oblique to the sides of the upper colonnade. This seems to have been an 'avenue of approach one hundred and eighty feet wide, and one thousand four hundred and fifty feet long, but it may have been a distinct building, as no pillars remain on the upper slopes. The pillar shafts are principally monoliths : they are not, however, of colossal size, like Herod's work in Jerusalem, being only sixteen feet high and two thick.

The situation of Samaria is extremely beautiful and naturally strong, far more so than Jerusalem. It stands on a fine large insulated hill, compassed all round by a broad deep valley ; and, when fortified, must have been, according to the ancient mode of warfare, impregnable. The valley is surrounded by four hills, which are cultivated in terraces to the top, sown in grain, and planted with fig and olive trees ; as is also the valley.

It was founded by Omri, king of Israel, as the capital of the kingdom of the ten tribes (1. Kings xvi., 24 : 2. Kings iii. i). The territory was purchased of Shemer (hence Samaria) and fortified (2. Kings x., 2). It withstood two unsuccessful sieges by Benhadad, king of Syria, and was finally subdued by Shalmaneser in the reign of Hoshea ; but not till after a siege of three years (2. Kings xvii. 1-6). The prophecy concerning Samaria is most distinct, and its fulfilment has been exact, even in minute particulars, with the prophecy of Micah : " Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard : and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." (Micah i., 6).

Luncheon concluded, we resumed our journey, descending the hill diagonally into a northern valley which, as well as that side of the hill, is treeless. We rode up a rocky ascent, and then through a level plain covered with olive trees, and soon reached the summit of the ridge, from which we looked back on one of the most superb ruins in Palestine. Behind us, in the distance enriched by hills, rose the ruin-strewn green hill of Samaria; and most beautiful it looked, standing forth from its verdant surroundings, while, on the other side, stretched another of the green plains so frequent in these regions.

Pursuing our journey over the mountains of Samaria, blue with lupins, we passed through most lovely scenery until we paused on the summit of one hill to enjoy the prospect. The first object which attracted our gaze was a lofty mountain, capped with snow, and gloriously refulgent in the sun's meridian blaze. It towered high above the whole immense region within the range of vision, and was situated at a great distance before us: our dragoman exclaimed "Mount Hermon!"

Far away on the left the Mediterranean was in full view, shining like a mirror, and seeming to swell into a vast undulating table-land, bounded by the distant horizon. By a series of deep winding ravines—the passes so often defended by the ten thousands of Ephraim and thousands of Manasseh—we were traversing the country which gave birth to the great warrior of Manasseh, Gideon, and were on our way to the plain of Dothan; perhaps following in the footsteps of Joseph when he went to seek his brethren there (Genesis xxxvii., 17).

But Dothan, in sacred writ, has another association. It was in this plain that Elisha dwelt when Samaria was invaded by the army of the Syrians; and the plot of that strange drama is laid here, of the attempt to capture the

prophet, the vision of the prophet's servant who beheld this hill on which we stood full of horses and chariots of fire, and the miracle of blindness falling upon the foe (2. Kings vi., 8-23).

We turned away from Dothan and shortly passed the walled town of Arabeh and traversed a fertile plain embosomed in fruit and olive trees, which finally leads us through a narrow barren wady, bounded by low hills, to the town of En-gannim. Here we encamped, at 7-35, greatly fatigued by our long journey, in a grassy field, just upon the border of a grove—a sort of jungle composed of thorn and prickly pear. Its name denotes “the fountain of gardens” and is so called from the flourishing orchards which anciently (as well as now) distinguished the place.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21st.—Breakfast concluded, our party of gentlemen left En-gannim at half-past-six o'clock; the ladies, under the escort of Abraham, taking the shorter route to Nazareth. A glorious sunrise made us look forward with expectant pleasure to our ride, over the Great Plain of Esdraelon, so memorable in the history of the Jews as the scene of some of their greatest victories and most disastrous defeats. “The main body of the plain,” says Murray, “is an irregular triangle, its base to the East, extending from Jenin to the foot of the mountains below Nazareth, about fifteen miles; one side formed by the hills of Galilee, and measuring twelve miles; the other, eighteen miles in length, running along the northern foot of the Samaria range. The elevation is about two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Amongst the former, Tabor is the most conspicuous, both from its height and its peculiar pyramidal form. The long ridge of Carmel stretches along the southwestern side; the Mountains of Gilboa and Little Hermon rise out of the Plain itself at the eastern end.”

For several miles beyond Jenin the freshly-ploughed earth was ready to receive a crop of millet or was already covered with wheat. Early as it yet was in the day the people were about and at work with their small but hardy oxen attached to ploughs which were certainly the worst in the world, the yoke consisting of a simple pole laid upon the necks of the animals and lashed around their throats by means of a thong. The man who holds the plough also guides the oxen ; for which purpose he carries in his hand a light rod, armed at the end with a goad.

This fertile plain, surrounded by mountains, and watered by the river called by Deborah " that ancient river, the river Kishon " must be regarded as one of the most interesting in Palestine. As an agricultural district especially adapted to the production of bread-stuffs it was probably the best in the whole country ; and, being less exposed to changes from the neglect of cultivation and the action of the elements, it exhibits, perhaps, the best evidence that the traveller anywhere obtains of the general accuracy of the Scriptural accounts which ascribe the attributes of fertility and abundance to the Promised Land. Lieutenant Conder writes " In 1872, no less than nine-tenths of the plain was cultivated, nearly half with corn, the rest with millet, sesame, cotton, tobacco, and the castor-oil plant. The springs on the west are copious ; from near Legio a considerable affluent flows north to join the Kishon, and even in August the streams are running to waste at the foot of the hills. The great plain is indeed one of the richest natural fields of cultivation in Palestine—perhaps one might say in the world."

For the first hour-and-a-half of our journey we were riding along with the range of Gilboa's barren mountains directly on our right. I looked upon these sacred heights with a feeling of very deep interest. Here it was that Saul

found himself cast off, as well as cast down and despairing, on the eve of his last and fatal battle. Finding that he could get no answer from the Lord whom he had rejected, he had stolen away by night to Endor, and sought the witch's aid to bring up Samuel to answer his anxious enquiry about the issue of the next day's conflict. How touching are the words of the despairing monarch when Samuel asked him why he had brought him up: "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams." The fatal battle being joined the next day, Saul and his sons were slain, giving occasion to David's peerless and pathetic elegy: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon their high places; how are the mighty fallen!"

Not a tree is to be seen upon the whole range of Gilboa; and the barrenness which prevails, excepting along a strip of green at its base, would seem to favour the idea that the influence of David's invocation rests there still; "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." (2. Samuel i., 21).

To the western end of the ridge of Gilboa stands the poor hamlet of Zerin, with one conspicuous tower rising above heaps of rubbish. It is now a wretched village, though once the royal abode of Ahab and the kings of Israel. The situation of Zerin is certainly very fine: from the north and east sides, tall dark mountains cast their shadows; to the west and south the magnificent Esdraelon stretches away, surrounded by the mountains of Galilee, the excellency of Carmel, and the fat hills of Samaria; while down the eastward valley flows the Jordan.

Near by was Naboth's vineyard, which the king coveted and Jezebel gave to him all stained with innocent blood. And here, as he went to take possession, the stern Elijah met him and poured into his ears one of the most terrible denunciatory messages ever uttered by mortal lips, (1. Kings xxi., 19-25). It was over this plain that Jehu the son of Nimshi came "driving furiously" as the executor of the divine wrath. And here, too, the infamous wife of Israel's most wicked king met her well deserved but terrible fate: "In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel."

The path we were pursuing brought us to the Fountain of Jālūd—a most picturesque stream, festooned with maiden-hair ferns, issuing from a fine grotto at the rocky base of Gilboa. We rode our horses into the stream, and I seized the opportunity of gathering some beautiful ferns as a memento. The stream runs across the plain, and finally effects a junction with "that ancient river, the river Kishon." It was here Gideon encamped; and at this fountain each of the three hundred picked men "lapped the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth," so that the Lord said unto Gideon "By the three hundred that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand" (Judges vii, 5-7). So, while the oppressors slept, he distributed his men around their camp, each with a light hidden in a pitcher, and a trumpet in his right hand, and when the cry rang through the startled air: "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and the lights gleamed suddenly upon the crash of the breaking pottery, and the trumpet blast rang clear and resonant,—then a scene of wild confusion ensued, every man's hand was against his fellow in the panic-stricken camp, and the enemy fled self-vanquished.

The plain has witnessed other stirring events besides the discomfiture of the Midianites; for here Israel and the

hosts of the Philistines often met in deadly encounter ; and here Josiah was killed in the endeavour to prevent the passage of the king of Egypt with his army. And here the tide of war has continued to surge even down to modern times, as when Kebler, the General of Napoleon, came from Nazareth to attack the Turkish army ; having with him only six thousand men he was met by a force of thirty thousand, and here, for six weary hours, he held his own in the open plain, doing much damage in spite of the disparity of numbers. As the day advanced, Napoleon came to the rescue, and the French gained the day in what history styles "the battle of Mount Tabor."

We continued our journey across the valley, skirting the range of Little Hermon, and passing through corn-fields to Shunem, which is situated on the lower slope of Jebel-ed-Duhy, amongst gardens protected by hedges of prickly pear. How vividly the story of the Shunamite and her son came up before us ! There dwelt the great woman,—there was her home, here she built "a little chamber on the wall" for the prophet ; the place where such joy and such cruel anguish awaited her. Into one of these corn-fields "the child of promise" "went out to his father to the reapers," and there it was, when the sun smote him, that he cried "My head, my head !" and was carried home to his mother to die on her knees. And away over the verdant plain—a long way off it looked—rode the agonized mother to Carmel to tell the prophet of her sad bereavement ; and across it she returned again "with the man of God" to receive from him her son, thus doubly the gift of heaven. (2 Kings iv. 8-37).

From Shunem we pursued our way to Nain, a simple village consisting of a modern church, and a few small cottages and gardens enclosed by prickly pear. Uninteresting as the place looks it leaves a far deeper impression on the memory than many a spot on which nature has lavished

her choicest gifts, as the scene of the miracle recorded in Luke vii., 12-18. Willis has sweetly told the story which makes Nain a sacred place for ever :—

“Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands
Closed upon her breast, she clasped the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an enquiring wildness flashing through
The thin grey lashes of her fevered eye,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way ;
He looked upon her, and His heart was moved,
“Weep not” He said ; and as they stayed the bier,
And at His bidding, laid it at His feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder, the mute throng drew near
And gazed on His calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand
He said, “Arise !” And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled, and sat upright in his shroud,
And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on His way to Nain.”

Luncheon concluded, we rode swiftly across the plain to the foot of Mount Tabor. Leaving our horses in charge of the attendants we commenced to ascend the hill, which rises boldly and abruptly from the middle of the plain, wholly unconnected with any other. Its base is formed of an ash-coloured stone, and as the upper part is covered with trees it has the appearance of a tall pillar with a verdant capital. The slope is regular, such as might be surmounted without much difficulty by travellers on horseback, and with ready facility by pedestrians. Luxuriant grass interspersed with flowers of every variety and colour covers the mountain from base to summit. Graceful oaks and olive-trees, with

their dense-spreading foliage, give to the mountain side the aspect of a forest, though the trees are actually so distant from each other as not to interfere with the free growth of vegetation.

On the summit is a level oval-shaped area about three-quarters of a mile in circuit, surrounded by the remains of a massive wall, outside which is a moat hewn in the rock. The foundations of the wall are colossal; and, according to the guide-books, are the earliest type of Jewish masonry. Some of the towers, however, are much more recent. One gateway, still standing, has a pointed Saracenic arch and an Arabic inscription stating that the fortress was built (or, more probably, rebuilt) by Abu Bekr, brother to the renowned Saladin, in the year A.D. 1210. The hill has an elevation of two thousand and seventeen feet.

It was here that Barak assembled ten thousand men from Zebulun and Naphtali before his struggle with Sisera, as recorded in Judges iv.; and, indeed, a more fitting position for a camp can hardly be imagined.

We looked at the small vault with an altar where the Latin monks from Nazareth yearly celebrate a mass; for the Romish Church identifies Mount Tabor with the scene of our Lord's Transfiguration; but whether it really took place here, is a question that cannot be satisfactorily determined; all that is known about it being found in St. Matthew xvii., St. Mark ix., and St. Luke xi. It is impossible to say now, with certainty, where the wonderful event happened; perhaps it took place on Mount Hermon, which is a little further northward.

The view from the top is both extensive and interesting, the snowy peak of Hermon and the dark exhalations of the Dead Sea being alike clearly visible. The sea of Galilee and the waters of Jordan spread themselves on the east; on the west the prospect reaches to the Mediterranean and to

Carmel, near which the Kishon, which rises in Mount Tabor, falls into the sea. Close at hand, to the north-west, Nazareth, situated on the slope of a hill, and extending downward into a little valley, is shut in on every side. To the south lies Endor, famed in the history of Saul; and in close proximity to each other, Shunem and Jezreel are discernible. In the distance a dark lowering shadow broods over the hills of Gilboa. Well might the Psalmist exclaim, as in Psalm lxxxix., 12 :

The north and the south Thou hast created them
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name.

Descending from Mount Tabor we rode across the wide plain and shortly reached the little village of Iksal and almost immediately commenced the steep ascent of the mountain's rocky side. After rising perhaps eight hundred or one thousand feet we could see the town of Nazareth lying embosomed among the hills. Around us cornfields were cultivated to the very edge of precipices, and gullies and ravines were turned into fruitful gardens of figs and olives. Clambering hastily down this steep ridge we fairly jumped into Nazareth, and reached our tents in the fields outside the town at half-past five o'clock, thoroughly fatigued, but intensely delighted with the day's excursion.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22ND.—Nazareth, the retired mountain village of the Saviour's abode, is situated on the acclivity of one of the many hills that surround the valley on every side, forming a kind of natural amphitheatre. Its houses are of white stone, for the most part solidly and regularly built. In some places they seem to cling to the sides of the precipices; in others they nestle in wooded glens; and in others they stand boldly out, overlooking the valley. The population of Nazareth is estimated as follows: Greeks, one thousand and forty; Greek Catholics, five hundred and twenty; Latins, four hundred and eighty; Maronites, four hundred; Moslems, six hundred and eighty; giving a total

of three thousand one hundred and twenty. The people are remarkable for their grace and good looks ; and some of the women (especially the girls of fourteen or fifteen) are very beautiful, and contrast very favourably in social condition with the degradation of women in purely Mohammedan villages. Their style of dress and ornament attracts attention ; especially the close-fitting bodice, and the quantities of coins which adorn the massive pad framing their foreheads, or worn in a string under the chin. Being chiefly Christians, they are unveiled ; and, in some respects, dress like the women of Bethlehem. They, differ, however, in their head-dress, carrying on each side of the face a rouleau of silver coins fastened to a sort of pad which is fitted to the head. Doubtless it was to coins worn in this fashion that our Lord alludes in the Parable of the Lost Piece of Silver.

My friend and I climbed the hill behind Nazareth, but the hazy weather prevented us seeing far. Descending the hill, we entered the new English Church—a handsome building, standing in a very commanding position, and capable of accommodating about five hundred people. The Rev. T. F. Wolten labours under the arrangements made by the Church Missionary Society, from whom, since my return, I have obtained statistics which show that, including the out-stations, he ministers to three hundred and seventy-six native (baptized) Christians, one hundred and thirty-seven communicants, and three hundred and eighty-three scholars.

From the Church we walked through the narrow, crooked, ill-paved, and dirty streets of the town to our tents. No sooner was breakfast concluded than a violent thunder-storm passed over us, and lasted a little over an hour, the atmosphere was very close, the lightning exceedingly vivid, the thunder correspondingly loud, and the rain descended in torrents.

At 10-45 the storm was over and we proceeded to the

English Church, where service was conducted by the Rev. T. Pitts, M.A., who preached a very impressive and appropriate sermon from St. Luke iv., 16-20, and afterwards administered the Holy Communion. The solemn stillness was only heightened by the chirping and flying in and out of the swallows, bringing forcibly to my mind the truth and beauty of Psalm lxxxiv.:

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may
 lay her young,
Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

After luncheon our dragoman proposed that we should climb up "the hill on which the city was built" so as to get a view of Nazareth and of the surrounding country.

The highest summit of this ridge has an elevation of about four hundred feet, and is crowned by a white-domed wely, or saint's tomb to the memory of a certain Nabi-Ishmael.

We rested awhile on the brow of the hill to meditate on the scene which lay spread out before us, and which was so rich in hallowed associations.

The first thought that strikes one is—that this must have been one of the very spots where Jesus of Nazareth often walked, and that we look on a landscape which was beneath His eye. The hills, the valleys, the plains, all remain unaltered by the lapse of time. Looking to the west we gaze out upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, stretching away in the far distance;—that ridge which stands out so boldly, and stops so abruptly in the midst of the blue sea-line is Mount Carmel, the scene of the great triumph of the God of Elijah over the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal; and there is the Great Sea where still, in autumn, the little "cloud like a man's hand" comes up, and swells, till huge thunder pillars are piled black and high above the mountains. Continuing in a line southwards from the ridge of Carmel are the mountains of Samaria,

marking a country of hill and valley, fruitful, and fair to look upon, with little villages dotted about here and there ; still further south are the hills of Jenin ; and, in the far southward limit "the mountains round about Jerusalem" are shadowy but perceptible. Turning eastward the view is bounded by the rugged mountains of Gilead ; while below lies the magnificent plain of Esdraelon (over which we had ridden the previous day) covered with its rich green velvety carpet, and threaded with the silver line of "that ancient river, the river Kishon." There is Jezreel with its solitary tower ;—there too is the barren Mount Gilboa ; and that is Little Hermon, with Nain nestling at its foot.

Looking towards the north-east, Mount Tabor stands conspicuous, crowned with trees whose gnarled and bossy trunks were already known to us. But the glory of the scene culminates as we turn northwards and behold Hermon's icy peak glittering in the ruddy light—one of the grandest objects in that goodly and pleasant land. A remarkable fact about Hermon is that its white dome—its "eternal tent of snow" is visible from every section of both eastern and western Palestine. Some scholars have thought that the words in Solomon's Song vii., 4, "the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus" could refer to none other than this sacred mountain. It was deeply interesting to let the eye glance rapidly over the places and scenes we had so recently visited. Many a thing shall I forget before a picture of such unutterable beauty can be obliterated from my memory, if, indeed, it can ever be ! No wonder such a scene as this made the poet exclaim :—

"What hill is like to Hermon's hill in beauty and in fame ?
There in the sad days of His flesh o'er Christ a glory came,
And light o'erflowed Him like a sea, and raised His shining
brow

And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's
Beloved bow."

Independent of sacred associations this was altogether

a scene of incomparable beauty—nay, of splendid magnificence.

We next visited the Nazareth Orphanage,—an imposing white building situated just below the brow of the hill, and commanding the whole town. Established in 1874 by the English Ladies' Society for Promoting Female Education in the East it is the handsomest building of the kind in all Palestine, and is kept remarkably clean. Miss Newry conducted us through the various rooms, and then we listened to the eighty-five girls as they sang so beautifully for us both in Arabic and English "Come to the Saviour" and "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" and afterwards answered willingly and intelligently many questions put to them by the Rev. Thomas Pitts. These girls—mostly Greeks, some Protestants, and a few of Mohammedan parentage—are from three to thirteen years of age; and are boarded, clothed, and taught the elements of domestic and social education. Owing to the early marriages so prevalent among eastern nations they generally leave at thirteen years of age; though, in a few instances, they remain till fifteen. We remained for afternoon tea at Miss Newry's invitation and had much pleasant and interesting conversation on matters connected with the school, finding our hostess a most highly accomplished and devoted lady, who is performing a good work with great zeal and energy.

Next we proceeded to the Latin Convent at the east end of the city, built upon the high ground just where the rocky surface joins the more fertile valley. Its Church, which is called the "Church of the Incarnation" is cruciform in construction, and is enclosed within high walls. The high altar is approached on either side by a flight of marble steps. Several fairly good pictures adorn the church, which also possesses a good organ. Below the altar is the crypt, to which we descended by a broad flight of steps, leading into

the Chapel of the Angels, and this again leads into the Chapel of the Annunciation containing a marble altar with an inscription "Hic Verbum caro factum est" (Here the Word was made flesh). On the right and left are columns marking the places where the Angel and Mary stood; that marking the place of our Lord's mother is broken and defaced, an action which, tradition says, was performed by enemies of the church, but was left unfinished, owing to Divine intervention. A doorway leads from this chapel into the Chapel of Joseph, whence a stairway leads into the Kitchen of the Virgin—a mere cave, the mouth of which is pointed out as the chimney. From the church we visited the workshop of Joseph. Only a small portion of the wall is claimed as belonging to the original workshop. Above the altar is a representation of Joseph with the implements of his trade, and holding the infant Jesus, as if instructing him in some technical part of his industry. We were next led to the Chapel of the table of Christ—a vaulted chamber with a large table-shaped fragment of rock projecting about three feet from the floor. This, according to the tradition—which may be seen suspended on the wall in Latin, Italian, and Arabic—is the table at which our Lord and His disciples frequently ate both before and after His resurrection. Leaving here we were conducted to the Synagogue where our Saviour preached the sermon as related in St. Luke iv., 18-27.

The Mount of Precipitation, as it is now called, is about a mile and a half distant from Nazareth. That the spot might be at a considerable distance from the city is an idea not inconsistent with St. Luke's account; for the expression "thrusting" Jesus "out of the city" and leading "Him to the brow of the hill on which their city was built" gives fair scope for surmising that, in their rage and fury of debate, the Nazarenes might, without originally intending His murder, press upon Him for a considerable distance after

they had quitted the synagogue. The distance from modern Nazareth to this spot, as already noticed, is scarcely two miles,—a space which, in the blind unreasoning of religious persecution, might soon be passed over unnoticed. Or, should this appear too considerable, it is by no means certain that Nazareth might not, at that time, have extended through the principal part of the plain which lies before the modern town—in which case the distance traversed might not exceed a mile. It remains only to note the expression “the brow of the hill on which their city was built;” this, according to the modern aspect of the spot, would seem to refer to the hill north of the town: but doubtless, the word “hill” has in this, as it has in very many other passages of Scripture, a much extended meaning,—denoting sometimes a range of mountains, and even, in some instances, a whole mountainous district. In all these cases the singular form of the word “Gebel” (hill) is used, according to the idiom of the language of this country. Thus “Gebel Carmyl” or Mount Carmel is a range of mountains, “Gebel Libnān” or Mount Lebanon is a mountainous district over fifty miles in length; “Gebel-ez-Zeitūn”—the Mount of Olives—is certainly a considerable tract of mountainous country. And thus any person coming from Jerusalem and entering on the plains of Esdraelon would, if asking the name of that bold line of mountains which bounds the north side of the plain, be informed that it is “Gebel Nasra”—the Hill of Nazareth; though, in English, we should style them the Mountains of Nazareth. Now the spot shewn as illustrating Luke iv., 29, is, in fact, on the very brow of this lofty ridge of mountains, in comparison with which the hill upon which the modern town is built is but a gentle eminence.

From this place we made our way back to our tents, passing a “Fountain of the Virgin Mary” which must have ever been the only Well of Nazareth; as the situation of a copious spring is not liable to change, and because the custom

of repairing hither to draw water has continued among the female inhabitants of Nazareth from the earliest period of its history. The *Protevangelion*, one of the earliest of the Apocryphal Gospels, says it was here that Gabriel appeared unto Mary and gave the angelic salutation.

At our approach, a number of women who were busily engaged washing at the trough moved aside that we might drink of the crystal stream. While standing there we noticed many wending their way to and fro bearing pitchers on their heads as in days of old; a diverse company of women, including mothers with babes on their shoulders and little ones trooping at their heels. Hither, we may be quite sure, the Virgin Mother came daily, followed by her Divine Son; and, often, He too, as He grew up, would carry His pitcher of water, as we saw the children of Nazareth doing to-day. We can also imagine Him joining in the harmless revels of the town where He was brought up—for we must ever remember that He was a boy—only a boy—but, without sin; and it was doubtless to one of the games in which He had taken part that His thoughts reverted, when in the days of His manhood He said “We have piped unto you and ye have not danced.”

How little we know of our Saviour's childhood! What we do know may be summed up in a single verse “The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him,” St. Luke ii., 40. And as this verse is the summary of our Lord's childhood—so the following—“And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them” (St. Luke ii., 51) tells us all that it has pleased God to reveal about His youth and His early manhood. From the age of twelve to the age of thirty—a period of eighteen years—the Bible gives us but this simple glimpse into His history—“He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto

them." In that long interval there must have been much which it would have interested us to know; but the veil hangs thick and impenetrable whenever we would approach, however humble our spirit, however unquestionable our motives.

The passage especially inculcates "*Subjection to parental control*:" Jesus—the Lord of heaven and earth—was *subject* to His mother and to His reputed father. Their will was His rule; their comfort His thought and care; their authority—next to that of His heavenly Father—paramount.

And we might also gather, I think, from the meagre statement, short though it is, an example of *Industry*: since, from the fact of our Lord's being subject to His parents, taken in connexion with the other fact that Joseph followed the trade of a carpenter, it is more than probable that His early life was spent in much of daily toil. And, if so, how Christ dignified the condition of the labouring man! All places were open to Him—that of the monarch, that of the merchant, and that of the man of ease and independence—but He chose the position of the ordinary working man. What an honour He has thus put upon work! And with what an emphasis may each son of toil say to himself "I am in the position which my Master chose! Shall I then murmur because I have to handle the plane or the trowel, or because I have to toil in the factory, to sweat at the furnace, or to turn the sod? Let me rather remember what a consecrated thing work has become; how it has been ennobled, since the great King of heaven took on Himself the form of a working man, and ate His bread after earning it by the sweat of His brow. Let me henceforth go to my daily labour as to a holy thing: let me regard it as that in the doing of which I am carrying out God's will, and on which I may expect His blessing. Let me seek more than ever that I may do it as my Redeemer did it—with an untiring spirit, with a single eye, and with a fervent heart."

Dinner concluded, we separated to our several apartments, and so closed a most peaceful and happy Sunday, the remembrance of which no time can weaken or efface.

MONDAY, MARCH 23RD.—A delightful morning. We left this interesting spot at eight o'clock, and proceeded to Cana of Galilee—so called to distinguish it from another Cana, or Kanah, in the tribe of Asher, not far from Zidon (Joshua xix., 28). It belonged to the tribe of Zebulun, and is situate about eight miles north of Nazareth, and a short distance west of Capernaum, on a gentle eminence rising from the midst of a fine valley. The ruler of Capernaum, whose child was dangerously ill, besought Jesus to "come down and heal him." And it is said "as he was going down"—from Cana to Capernaum—"his servant met him." The road to the last-named place is, in fact, a continuous descent.

The situation of Kefr Kenna, which has but a few hundred inhabitants, is pleasant, and among its attractions are its gardens, and its orchards of fruit trees. At the well may be found an ancient sarcophagus, which is now used as a watering-trough. We dismounted from our horses at this well, which yielded an abundant supply of cool sweet water; and were soon busied with the thought that this was doubtless the source whence the servants drew the water used at the marriage feast, which Jesus had honoured with His presence. We next visited the reputed house in which the marriage took place. The room in which Jesus is said to have performed His first miracle, is now a Greek Church; and two large stone vessels, like great boilers, are shewn as part of the identical "water-pots of stone, containing two or three firkins a-piece," in which our Lord changed water that cost nothing, into wine—as great an act of Divine power as that which God exercised when He provided manna for the sustenance of His hungry people in the wilderness, or when He gave them limpid streams from the hard rock.

In like manner had He made the widow's cruse of oil, and handful of meal, to sustain the lives of those dear to Him; and now He again proved His power over material Nature, by creating wine without wine-vat or vintage, or fermentation—a thing as impossible to all but the Deity, as to create a living body out of dust. In all cases alike He manifested forth His glory; and still He cares for "them that are His," preserving them unto the time when His power and glory shall be made known to all nations.

We again mounted our horses, and soon passed the little village of Mash-had, with a conspicuous domed wely beside it. The name Mash-had, we found used as a generic term for the tomb of a saint or prophet. A very old tradition—received alike by Christians and Moslems—identifies this place as the tomb of the prophet Jonah; and, if so, the village occupies the site of Gath-hepher, which was Jonah's place of birth and residence (2 Kings, xiv., 25).

Half an hour's ride among rocks and shrubbery brought us into a well-cultivated plain, where we found a sweet spot, and took luncheon under the shadow of a carob or locust tree. Afterwards, re-mounting, we proceeded over an extensive tract of undulating country, towards the Sea of Galilee. Our two hour's ride led us through a territory occasionally encumbered with stones, but everywhere deep and rich, having gentle slopes covered with luxuriant grasses and myriads of wild flowers, of endless colour and variety, and thinly peopled by a few Bedaweens, with scanty flocks of goats and sheep, who wander at will over the lonely fields, hardly restrained by their nomadic owners.

Passing some deep wells, in the side of the caravan road from Damascus to Jerusalem and Egypt, we came in sight of a saddle-shaped hill a mile to the left, known to the Arabs as Kurûn Hattin—the Horns of Hattin. This has been named "the Mount of Beatitudes"; because here, it is

claimed, Christ delivered "the Sermon on the Mount" (Matthew v.) to the multitudes who stood below on the plain. There is a level space of about a quarter of a mile in extent, at the summit of the Mount, affording plenty of room for the disciples and others, who gathered round Him to listen to the gracious words which fell from His blessed lips.

This locality was the scene of a very different transaction from that which took place when "the Prince of Peace" gathered His followers around Him in calm tranquility to be instructed in the principles of His peaceful kingdom. Here, during the time of the Crusades, a sanguinary battle, and one very disastrous to the "Soldiers of the Cross" took place in the year 1187. The Christian army was commanded by the King of Jerusalem; the Turks were under the leadership of their famous Sultan, Saladin. The immediate cause of the battle was a gross infraction of the existing truce by one of the Christian leaders, Reginald of Châtillon, who had plundered a Damascus caravan and refused to give up either the merchants or the merchandise when their surrender was demanded by the Sultan. The battle was fierce and bloody but ended in the total defeat of the Christians. A small remnant gathered around their king and the Standard of the Cross and withdrew to the summit of Hill Hattin, whence, rushing down from the heights, they vainly strove to disperse the enemies who had hemmed them in. The bravest fell fighting; the remnant were all made prisoners, including the King, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Reginald—the cause of the conflict—and who was put to death by order of Saladin. An immediate consequence of the defeat was the capitulation of Jerusalem and the rest of Palestine to the Moslem yoke, which has never since been thrown off.

Riding along the slope of the Hattin range, we came, in about three quarters of an hour, to the brow of a declivity

shelving into the fertile and well-cultivated plain of Hattin, which opens out to the north, and which, though two hundred feet below us, is still high above the glassy surface of the lake, which, very soon afterwards, burst upon the view, nearly one thousand feet below, and with the town of Tiberias nestling on a sunny slope, which intervened between us and the water. The whole surface of the lake was visible, with the exception of a little angle at the southern extremity, where the Jordan emerges from it, and a small section at Migdel—all that now remains of the once famous Magdala, where was the house of Mary Magdalene.

The lake is of an oval form, and is situate sixty miles to the north-east of Jerusalem, and twenty-seven miles east of the Mediterranean. It is, on an average, six hundred and sixty feet below the level of the Mediterranean (the Dead Sea having a depression of upwards of one thousand three hundred feet) and abounds in fish. Its waters are slightly saline, but pure and wholesome, constant supplies of fresh sweet water being brought in by the Jordan, which enters it from the north. All the towns which supplied names to the lake, were situated on the western shore. On the north western shore is the Plain of Gennesareth, about three miles long and one broad; and the hills which nearly surround it are of limestone, capped with basalt, and are small and bare.

The most remarkable feature of the lake is its depression. Like almost all lakes of volcanic origin, it occupies the bottom of a basin, the sides shelving down with a uniform slope, from the surrounding plateaux. All this region is volcanic; and the city of Tiberias, with its leaning tower, bears every testimony to its having been violently shaken by earthquakes. The eastern shores are bordered by a range of hills two thousand feet high, destitute of verdure and foliage, furrowed by ravines, flat along the summit—from which the Plain of Bashan extends eastward. On the north, there is

a gradual descent from the Plain to the Jordan, and then a gradual rise again to a plateau of nearly equal elevation, skirting the mountains of Safed. Tradition has fixed upon this neighbourhood as the "city upon a hill" which suggested our Saviour's beautiful illustration.

Away on the horizon, over the depression thus formed, is a line of round-topped hills, springing from the Plain of Bashan, and extending northward to the base of Hermon. The western banks of the lake are less regular, but present the same general features. The mountains of Galilee are picturesque, but are too far away to affect the scenery of the lake.

The descent was long and steep, and we felt, as we proceeded, that we were entering another climate. We were reminded greatly of the approach to Jericho; and were glad to reach our camping-ground on the shores of the lake, at a spot not far distant from the walls of Tiberias.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24TH.—A brilliant and overpoweringly warm morning. I had been very much disturbed during the night by the cry of numerous jackals, which hovered round our encampment, apart from the additional discomfort verifying the truth of an Eastern proverb, which alleges that the king of a certain lively but aggravating insect, that can keep a king awake, "has his sovereignty at Tiberias." We had a delightfully refreshing bath in the cool, clear waters of the lake, and I afterwards gathered shells upon the beach, which was literally paved with them.

The city of Tiberias is only mentioned in the New Testament in connection with the lake (St. John vi., 23; xxi., 1). The story of its origin is told by Josephus. It was founded by Herod Antipas, about A.D. 16, and named after that tetrarch's imperial patron, Tiberius. It was once a famous seat of rabbinical learning, and is still regarded as one of the two "holy cities" of the Jews in Galilee (Safed

being the other)—as Jerusalem and Hebron are their holy cities in Judæa. Here they established, in the second century, their celebrated School, which flourished during several ages. Tiberias was an important city in the time of the Crusades, and is connected with many stirring events in the history of the Middle Ages. The tombs of many rabbis are shewn in the hill side behind the town ; and round these the modern Israelites cling, deeming it almost as great a blessing to have their dust laid by the side of these holy men as in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The modern town of Tiberias is a very small and dirty place, inhabited by Jews and Moslems. It stands close to the Lake of Gennesareth, and is surrounded by a wall having towers at regular distances. At the northern extremity of the ruins are the remains of the ancient town, easily distinguishable by means of the walls and ruined tenements, as well as by fragments of columns, some of which are of beautiful grey granite. South of the town are the famous hot baths of Tiberias ; they consist of three springs of mineral water, and are several times referred to by Josephus, who also relates the account of a victorious naval engagement Vespasian fought on the lake against the Jews, prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, and gives a glowing account of the country in his day. "The waters of the lake" he says in substance, "are sweet and extremely pleasant to drink ; fish found here differ from others in flavour and species ; the surrounding country is admirable for its quality and beauty." Indeed, such is the fertility of the soil that it rejects no plant ; and so genial is the climate, that it suits every variety : the walnut, which delights in a wintry climate, grows here luxuriantly ; together with the palm-tree, which is nourished by heat ; and near by may be found figs and olives, to which a milder atmosphere has been assigned.

During the public life of our Lord, the region about the

Sea of Galilee was thronged with intelligent busy men, and covered with the marks of civilisation and prosperity. But all is now changed : the smiling villages which peeped out from amid the embowering gardens and vineyards, that then adorned its plains and terraced hills, are now ruins, and the fruitful field is a wilderness. The sides of the Eastern mountains are green and verdant, and descend abruptly to the shore ; a few scattered palms which bear no fruit are now the only trees to be seen :—but the fisher's small bark still passes over its surface as in the days of old, and the waters—sometimes rising in sudden storm, though more frequently smooth as glass—reflect, as in a mirror, the outlines of the hills, and the deep azure of the sky. The edge of the lake is fringed with thickets of oleander, and the turf carpeted with an incomparable profusion of wild flowers.

Still, although in desolation, this region is, to us, one of the most delightful places on earth. No church or cathedral in more civilised lands brings us so near to the Divine Master, as a day spent on these lonely shores. And he who goes from point to point of this hallowed lake, and observes the ever-changing aspects of sea and mountain, will find its scenery to be diversified rather than uniform and monotonous, and that some of its views possess elements of unusual loveliness and grandeur.

“How pleasant is thy deep blue sea,
O sea of Galilee !
For the glorious One that came to save
Hath often stood by thee.
Graceful round thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea :
But ah ! far more ! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee !”

After breakfast, we embarked for a sail on the waters once hallowed by the Master's tread, in the boats Abraham had been fortunate enough yesterday to secure for us.

There are but two on the lake, each manned by four "sailors"—fine strongly-built Arabs, attired in bright calico petticoats. Our boat was furnished with a sail, but what little wind there was came directly down the lake, so that we had to make our way right in the face of it. Our boatmen therefore, like the Apostles of old, were obliged to be "toiling in rowing" to enable us to accomplish our journey, and it was only after four hours of hard continuous rowing that we reached the upper end of the lake.

But that which awakens the tenderest emotions on viewing such a scene as this, is the remembrance of One Who formerly passed this way so often; yet never without leaving, by His words and actions, some memorial of His divine wisdom and love. Here, or in this neighbourhood, most of His mighty works were done; and, in our daily religious services, we have read, with most intense eagerness, those passages of Holy Writ which refer to these regions. However uncertain other traditionary geographical notices may be, here no doubt interrupts our enjoyment in tracing the Redeemer's footsteps—the blessed steps of His most holy life. *This*, and no other, is the Sea of Galilee. On the side of one of those hills, which skirt the eastern shore of the lake, did Christ feed five thousand with five barley loaves and two small fishes; and in the fourth watch of the same night did He walk to His disciples, when they were in the midst of the lake, tossing in the fury of the sudden and violent tempest, the yielding wave affording a firm pathway to the tread of its Lord; (Matthew xiv., 22; John vi., 1-21). Here Jesus called the sons of Zebedee whilst mending their nets, to become fishers of men; and here He preached to the multitudes who had thronged to the water's edge, Himself putting off a little from the shore, and speaking to them from Simon Peter's boat. Yonder, on the left, must have been the very spot where, in the middle of their passage *from* this side towards Capernaum and Bethsaida, the disciples

were affrighted at seeing Jesus walk upon the water—where He gently upbraided the sinking faith of Peter—where He said to the winds and waves “Peace, be still : and the winds ceased, and there was a great calm.” (St. Mark iv., 39.)

Here, too, did He shew Himself again to the disciples after His resurrection. He was desirous of paying a farewell visit to this beloved lake before He should leave the earth. It was in the morning when He was seen standing on the shore, although His disciples “knew not that it was Jesus.” All night had they toiled without success, but at His direction they cast their nets anew, and the miraculous draught of fishes revealed to them the unknown stranger. John was the first to recognise his Lord ; and then all the disciples gathered around Him with affection mingled with reverence, and He put that question to the zealous, back-sliding but repentant Peter :—“Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me ?” —a question thrice repeated, plainly denoting what the Saviour requires of all who profess to be His, and followed up by the solemn charge :—“Feed my lambs, feed my sheep !”

“Feed, feed my lambs ! Oh, touching words ! a Saviour’s last request !

Dear to the heart whose gushing love would fain some outlet find ;
The true disciple joyfully receives this kind bequest,
And eagerly accepts the charge his Master has assigned ;
For, oh ! to gather wandering lambs within the Saviour’s fold,
It is a service whose delights no language yet hath told.”

We neared the upper end of the lake, and the boat drew to shore. We sauntered amongst the ruins of Tell Hum (the most interesting and important are those of a synagogue apparently of the Roman period), all that now remains of Capernaum—the city where our Lord, after removing from His childhood’s home at Nazareth, dwelt ; near which He chose “the twelve” ; in whose synagogue He healed the demoniac ; where He cured the centurion’s servant, raised

Jairus' daughter to life, restored a paralytic, cured a long-suffering woman, healed one sick of the palsy, and miraculously obtained the tribute money from the mouth of a fish.

Luncheon discussed, I felt an indescribable interest in gathering shells upon the shore.

Some geographers locate Capernaum at Khan Minyeh, and its exact site is one of the most keenly disputed points of sacred topography, there being no less than three claimants for it.

I.—Khan Minyeh, advocated with great ability by Robinson.

II.—Ain Mudawerah, near the western side of Ghuweir, advocated by Tristram.

III.—Tell Hum, among whose supporters are Wilson, Ritter, and Grove.

Which of these is right He only knoweth Who said of each: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; and it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee."

We returned to our boats, and arrived at the northern end of the Plain of Gennesareth before sunset. Our tents were pitched below a cliff near the shore, close to the Fountain of the Fig-tree (Ain-et-Tin), and in the vicinity of several other springs.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25TH.—A charming morning. My friend and I enjoyed a bath in the clear sparkling waters of the lake. Abraham blew his horn at half-past seven o'clock, when we resumed our journey, travelling over a wretchedly bad road—the old caravan route between Egypt and Damascus—until we reached a point where, looking

back, we took our farewell peep at the Lake of Gennesareth, and its neighbourhood. Looking forward, we saw the unfolding glories of Hermon, and the white ridge of Anti-Lebanon, and the grand chain of hills which runs up from Gilead came in sight, with the rich plain of Hùleh intervening. After riding some distance we suddenly descended toward a rapid, bright, blue torrent, spanned by a picturesque bridge without any parapet, and greatly in need of repair. On arriving at the other side, we found ourselves in a spot of rare beauty, and discovered our luncheon carpet spread close to the bank of the rapid roaring Nahr Hasbany, under the shade of a grand old sycamore, whose wide-spreading branches and thick foliage extended as far over the river as the land.

Resuming our journey we came to the Lake of Hùleh, (mentioned in the Old Testament as the Waters of Merom), a triangular depression about four-and-a-half miles long, and three-and-a-half broad, and nearly three hundred feet above the sea level. It was here that Jabin, king of Hazor,—a city on a hill further north—gathered together all the neighbouring kings and their companies; “And they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many. And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the Waters of Merom, to fight against Israel. And the Lord said unto Joshua, Be not afraid because of them; for to-morrow about this time will I deliver them up all slain before Israel; thou shalt hough their horses, and burn their chariots with fire. So Joshua came, and all the people of war with him, against them by the Waters of Merom suddenly: and they fell upon them, and the Lord delivered them into the hands of Israel.” (Joshua xi., 1-14.)

The margin of the lake is surrounded by an almost impenetrable morass, covered with tall reeds, through which—

the Arabs declare—it is impossible even for a wild boar to force its way. It is a fact worthy of notice that this is the only place in Palestine (with the exception of Khan Minyeh) where the papyrus now grows.

The Cyperus Papyrus, the celebrated Papyrus of Egypt, was called "*biblos*" by the Greeks, whence we derive our word "*Bible*" as being "*the book*." In Syria, it is called "*babeer*," and hence the words *papyrus*, *paper*, *papier*. The papyrus is the most ancient material employed as paper. Pliny and others have fixed on the time of Alexander, about B.C. 324, as the period when it first began to be used for this purpose; but there is good reason to believe that it was in use at least three hundred years before that time. It was also employed for constructing boats, sails, mats, ropes, coverlets; garments were manufactured from the light coat under the bark; and the root was used for food. Vessels of bulrushes or papyrus are mentioned in the sacred Scriptures. We read in Isaiah: "Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia: that sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters" (Isaiah xviii., 1, 2); and the floating cradle of the infant Moses was of this material (Exodus ii., 3). Pliny, Herodotus, and Diodorus, speak of the Egyptian ships and vessels of the Nile, as made of papyrus. But its chief claim to notice arises from its valuable properties as a material for writing upon; being employed for this purpose for a series of ages, during which little comparative use seems to have been made of any other mode of recording the history of man—the discoveries of science—or the truths of religion. The frail leaf preserved and transmitted to posterity the treasures committed to its keeping, while the gigantic pyramids and the sculptured hieroglyphs proved less true to the trust reposed in them.

The papyrus does not appear to have grown in the Nile,

but in the stagnant waters and marshes formed by the overflowing of the river. It is also found growing in the river Jordan, where a singular provision for the security of the plants in the midst of the flowing waters has been observed. The firm and towering stalk is of a triangular form, the point of the triangle being opposed to the current of the stream, in the same manner as the cutwater of a boat or the buttress of a bridge presents an acute angle to the opposing waters, thus gently dividing and diminishing their force. The general form of the plant has been justly described as resembling a thyrus. The head is composed of a number of small grassy filaments, each about a foot long. The stalk is of a vivid green, thickest at the bottom, gradually tapering towards the top; and clothed, for about two feet of its lowest part, with long, hollow, sword-shaped leaves, which fold over each other like scales, and strengthen and defend the stem. It grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. It has one root, large and strong, of the thickness of a man's arm, and so hard and firm that it works well in the turning lathe, cups being formerly manufactured from it. From the middle of this long root the stalk rises at right angles, so that, when inverted, it has the figure of the letter T; and on each side of the large floating root, are smaller elastic ones, which descend perpendicularly from it, and, like the stay ropes of a tent, steady it, and fix it firmly to the earth.

In preparing the papyrus for use, it was divided into three parts. They first cut off the head and smaller parts of the stem; next the lower woody part, together with the root: and there then remained the middle part. All these had their separate uses. The flowering heads served to adorn the temples of the idol gods of the Egyptians, to wreath their statues, and to crown their heroes. The tender upper portion of the stem was masticated for the sake of the sweet juice contained in it—a practice which still prevails in Abyssinia, not only with the papyrus, but also with the root

of Indian corn, and of every kind of cyperus—and a portion of the lower part of the stalk was eaten after being roasted. The woody part of the plant was used for binding books ; and Bruce gives an account of a volume in his possession which was made of papyrus and bound in this manner.

The process of making paper from the reed of Egypt, is probably so little familiar to the reader, as to make a description of it not altogether unacceptable. The thick part of the stalk being cut in two, the pellicle between the pith and the bark—or perhaps the two pellicles—were stripped off and divided by an iron instrument, which probably was sharp-pointed but did not cut at the edges. The pellicle thus separated was squared at the sides, so as to be like a ribband, and then laid upon a smooth table after being cut into the length the leaf was required to be, which, in the case of the book mentioned by Bruce, was eleven and a half inches long, and seven broad. These strips or ribbands of papyrus were carefully made to overlap each other by a very narrow border, and then pieces of the same kind were laid transversely, the length of these answering to the breadth of the first ; and, after the whole had been moistened, a weight was placed upon it, and it was left in the sun to dry. It was imagined that the waters of the Nile possessed a gummy quality, which served to glue these strips together, but this was altogether an erroneous idea, as has been fully proved, the strips adhering in consequence of the saccharine matter contained in the plant.

In allusion to the papyrus, the Greeks had a proverb which was variously written : “ The fruit of the biblos is not better than an ear of corn ; ” or, “ The flourishing biblos bears no ear of corn.” In the first case they applied the proverb to themselves, who, living on good corn, were a superior race to the Egyptians, who supplied its place with the papyrus. The other form of the adage was intended to

intimate that the tall and vigorous plant, bearing no fruit, resembled persons who, with a fine appearance, and possessing many advantages, made no profitable use of the golden opportunities presented to them.

Ain Mellah, where we arrived at half-past four, was our resting place for the night. It is a fountain, one of the largest in the country, with the ruins of an old mill near it. We were glad of the opportunity to refresh ourselves before retiring, by a bath in the cool stream. Large yellow lilies floated on the surface in gay coloured bouquets, some of which we tried to drag up by the roots; but their stems were so thick and heavy, that we had to abandon the attempt, and content ourselves with cutting some portions of them. The dwellers here in their marshy home must be hardened to fever and frogs, wild boars, snakes, and ague. I never heard so many frogs in my life as I did in Palestine. Sometimes they would all stop croaking as if by command; and then, after a few moments of silence, the chant would be resumed by the thousand throated chorus—each one croaking as loud as the quack of a duck, and drowning the more distant sounds of the jackals and hyenas.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26TH.—A delightful morning. We left Ain Mellah at half-past seven o'clock and proceeded northwards, passing through hostile tribes; but beyond rather suspicious looks suggestive of black-mail we were not molested in our progress. We traversed a very rich and fertile country, rivalling (if possible) what has been already said of the Great Plain of Esdraelon. Wherever wheat was sown, whether in the valleys or on the loftiest terraces, it looked well; especially if the utter want of skilful tillage and the inattention to manuring which universally prevail are taken into account. The olive, fig, and other fruit trees, had a thrifty and even luxuriant appearance, seeming to do best in the most unpromising places; and wherever a break in the rock would allow of the planting of an olive tree it appeared

to attain perfection. Palestine, we know, exported corn in the time of Solomon, when it had attained its greatest population; and also in the age of Herod, when, too, it was fully peopled.

A remarkable and universal feature is the entire want of enclosures in the agricultural districts. There are neither fences, walls, nor hedges, nor any substitute for them, the whole country being one immense common, the only exception to which is found in a few enclosed gardens and vineyards close to the walls of some of the towns. The limits of a field are usually marked by a narrow strip of unploughed ground, or sometimes by a roughly hewn pillar or heap of stones. The crops are secured against cattle only by the watchful care of the herdsman, who usually keeps them upon the hills at a distance, but the peasant is liable to perpetual injury from this quarter. Our muleteers never hesitated to ride into a field of wheat and graze their animals upon the growing or ripening crop; and so universal is this abuse, and so little respected are the rights of property, that the peasants do not even remonstrate, but look in silence upon the wasting of the fruit of their labours.

There are no barns or store-houses in the plains. The harvest is threshed in the fields by the treading of oxen or horses, and the grain carried home to the village or the market.

Another peculiarity of great importance is the want of roads, of which there are none in Palestine, travel and transport being all performed on the backs of beasts of burden, which usually move in single file. The most important routes are only marked by narrow winding tracks that receive their direction from the ever-varying features of the region they traverse, whilst the soil is often so hard as to take no impression from the feet of the animals, and the eye of an unpractised traveller perceives—even upon a common thoroughfare, no evidence that others have passed along the

same way. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that, where there are no roads, there can be no wheeled carriages ; nor have I seen a single cart or barrow.

The inhabitants of Palestine are Arabs ; that is, they speak Arabic. They are a fine, spirited race of men ; said to be industrious for Orientals, and to have the elements for becoming—under better auspices—a civilized and intellectual nation, but to raise any people to a respectable social and moral state under a Turkish or Mohammedan government cannot reasonably be expected.

One great want is medical skill and knowledge, there being no well-taught physicians ; and in the hands of the ignorant pretenders, diseases come armed with a fatal malignity unknown in civilized countries.

After a ride of some hours we crossed a fine old Roman bridge which spans the picturesque gorge of the Hasbany, and soon reached a remarkable mound or “ tell,” from the foot of which gushes out a stream of water so broad and so deep that we may almost call it a river. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The mound above it is called the Tell-el-Kady—the mound of the Judge—and is a site of antiquity and renown, where sacred and profane history meet in some thrilling events. On one side of the mound are a good many trees of small growth, while near one of the springs, stand, side by side, an oak and a terebinth—two beautiful trees of immense size—beneath whose branches are the graves of several Moslem saints. Here our luncheon carpet was outspread, and we listened to the murmur of the famous river as it poured out its fresh and abundant waters, which meandered through jungles of rank vegetation down towards the rich Plain of Hùleh.

Dan appears to have been, from early times, a seat of idolatrous worship. The Danite emigrants who took possession of it set up there an image which they had stolen

from the house of Micah (Judges xviii); and Jeroboam, when he made the golden calves to divert the attention of the people from the temple at Jerusalem, set up one in Dan and the other in Bethel, the two extremities of his dominions (1 Kings xii., 28, 29).

The country was described by the Danite spies in terms which might still be used by travellers at the present day: "We have seen the land, and behold it is very good . . . a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth" (Judges xviii., 9, 10). Dan is, however, best known as the northern border city of Palestine—the expression "from Dan to Beersheba" being as familiar in modern as it was in ancient times (Judges xx., i).

Resuming our journey, we wound through oak glades and some of the loveliest park-like scenery imaginable, until, after a delightful ride of little over an hour, we lifted our eyes and beheld Banias or Cæsarea Philippi directly in front of us. We ascended the ruined Castle of Es-Subeibeh, on the peak of Hermon, and directly above the town. Its situation, its extent, and the magnificent view which it commands over the fertile plains of the Upper Jordan on the one side, and the gorges of Hermon on the other, are perhaps unsurpassed in the world. This castle is not far from one thousand feet long by about three hundred in width, and the walls are, even yet, in some places one hundred feet high. The natural approach to it is from the east; and it is well-nigh inaccessible from the south, west, or north. The mountain on the north side, indeed, presents an almost perpendicular wall of six hundred feet from the castle wall to the bottom of the ravine. The natural strength of the position has been greatly augmented by the skill and labour of man until the place may now be appropriately termed "the Gibraltar of Palestine."

Cæsarea Philippi has special claims upon our attention,

from the fact that it was visited by our Lord. It was here that Christ questioned His disciples as to His character: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" (Matthew xvi., 13). The majority of those who have most carefully studied the Gospel history, agree in placing the scene of the Transfiguration in the immediate vicinity; and this alone should make it one of the most memorable places in the Holy Land. It had natural beauty and wealth; it had costly buildings, temples, and marble images of the gods. Emotions of a peculiar character are awakened in the mind, when we consider the fact that Jesus of Nazareth looked upon all these things. On the one hand were the military power of Rome, and pagan idolatry in its most fascinating forms; and, on the other, Christ and His band of humble disciples; to one of whom, however, the Master says, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Our tents were pitched under a fine grove of olive trees, close by the upper source of the Jordan. The sacred stream gushes from the lime-stone rocks, under an overhanging cliff, in several streams of clear sparkling water, which unite, four miles below, with another stream having its origin at Tell-el-Kady (the ancient Dan): and, after passing through two lakes, and traversing the whole land of Palestine, finds its grave in the Dead Sea.

After a refreshing wash, followed by afternoon tea, we sallied forth to inspect the sights. Like all Syrian villages, the place is squalid and poverty-stricken. On the top of each house, a sort of wicker-work cage of oleander boughs had been erected, sufficiently thick to form a screen from the rays of the sun, and to serve as a protection from prying observers. These booths are used as sleeping places during the summer months, in order to guard against the numerous serpents and scorpions which infest the ground floor, and which often escape notice in the semi-gloom of the darkened

apartments. But these booths do not rest, as elsewhere, upon the flat roof, but are erected on a fragile scaffolding, some six feet high, and are reached by climbing a pole and entering through a trap-door in the floor. Seen from a distance they resemble airy dove-cots rather than baskets full of human beings.

The situation of Bania is magnificent, with its tall lime-stone cliffs to the north and east, a rugged mass of basalt to the south, and a gentle wooded slope for its western front. The village is well nigh hidden, until the traveller is among its ruins, of which, the best preserved is an old Roman bridge over the impetuous stream which has hewn out its channel in the black basaltic rock to the south.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27TH.—Left Cæsarea Philippi at 7-15 a.m. Rise and breakfast at what hour we will, our muleteers continue to delay us until a late hour. Their horses are never ready in time, or their gearing is out of repair; and they find no difficulty in wasting half an hour or more in loading. We had eight hours' ride before us, through a wild and mountainous range, the most interesting feature being the charming and ever-changing view with which we were favoured, of Hermon in all its beauty and grandeur. Our road lay across successive ridges of this chain, the mountain peaks, among which we were threading our devious way, having their summits wrapped in snow. This mountain was one of the principal landmarks of the Israelites, and was associated with their idea of the northern border, almost as intimately as was the Mediterranean Sea with the west. From whatever part of Palestine the Israelite turned his eye northward, Hermon was there terminating the view. From the plains of the east, from the mountains of Samaria, from the valley of the Jordan, from the heights of Moab and Gilead, and from the broad fields of Bashan, that pale blue snow-capped cone forms the most striking feature on the northern horizon. The "dew of Hermon" is once referred

to in a passage which has long been considered a geographical puzzle—"as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion" (Psalm cxxxiii., 3.) "Zion" is here probably used for "Sion," one of the old names of Hermon (Deuteronomy iv., 48). The snow on the summit of this mountain condenses the vapours that float during summer in the higher regions of the atmosphere, causing light clouds to hover around it, and abundant dews to descend upon its slopes, while the country elsewhere is parched. Hermon is the second highest mountain in Syria, ranking next to the famous Peak of Lebanon. Its elevation is stated in the guide book as nine thousand, three hundred and eighty three feet.

Fully an hour before we reached our tents, we were caught in a terrific thunderstorm. A jagged line of serpent-like lightning ran shimmering through the broad flash that lit up for a second the whole wild defile, amid which we were moving, and at the same instant there pealed out the longest and loudest burst of thunder to which I had ever listened. Mountain after mountain caught up the sound and flung it back again and again until the clamour died out in faint echoes far down the plain. It was an awful moment! The terrified animals trembled with affright; but we had no time to waste in needless alarm, for, as if conjured by that awful crash, and the wild light by which it was accompanied, down came the imprisoned waters from the mass of vapour that hung overhead. I can scarcely call it rain: it was as though a sluice had been opened upon us; and in a few minutes we were completely drenched. We arrived at Kefr Hauwar both wet and weary; but, despite all the discomfort, it was a sight awfully grand and imposing, nor likely soon to be forgotten. Well might Howitt exclaim, in the out-gushing of his pious and poetical nature—

"Praise be to God for the mountains!"

SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH.—This morning opened gloriously with sunshine, the air being elastic and inspiring. Happily, none of us were much the worse for our experiences of yesterday. We left Kefr Hauwar at nine o'clock, the first part of our route being still among the mountains, and presenting a continuation of the most charming scenery. But this only served as a prelude to a long and wearisome ride over a bleak desert, without anything to attract special attention until we reached a spot where the old Roman road from Egypt and Palestine to Damascus is gained. It is a spot which will for ever be memorable, as there is no good reason to doubt the tradition which states that here St. Paul, as he was journeying about noon on the road, and drawing near to Damascus, was suddenly startled by an amazing gleam of light darting from heaven, far exceeding in splendour the brightness of the meridian sun, and accompanied by a voice saying unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Saul, together with his companions, in their confusion and astonishment fell to the ground; but the voice being only directed to him, he soon recollected himself sufficiently to reply, "Lord, who art thou?" To this enquiry he received an answer importing that the Person who spoke to him was no other than the Crucified Jesus, Whose church and saints he was then so cruelly persecuting, and that it was in vain for him to act in further opposition to the determination of God's providence—that the Lord had appointed him to be a minister of that religion which he was blindly and furiously seeking to suppress—and that, if he were not adverse to the Divine commands, the Almighty would assist to preserve him, and make him a great instrument in the conversion of the Gentile world. The Apostle, upon this discovery of his Saviour, became obedient to the heavenly vision; diligently enquired His pleasure and will; and immediately followed the directions He at that time vouchsafed to give him. The extraordinary splendour of the light had, however, totally deprived

him of the sense of vision, so that he was under the necessity of being led to Damascus, from which he was not far distant. From this period St. Paul devoted the remainder of his life to the propagation of Christianity, to which end he travelled throughout the greater part of the then-known world.

We took luncheon at Artuz, and then resumed our ride at a pace such as we were seldom enabled to enjoy passing several towns and villages. When at last we reached the plain, and were passing through those wondrous groves and gardens for which Damascus is famous, and beside the still more famous waters of Abana and Pharpar, we made the best of our way to the Victoria Hotel; glad enough to think that those comfortable quarters would be our home for the next few days.

PALM SUNDAY, MARCH 29TH.—A delightful morning. It rained hard nearly all night, but ceased before seven o'clock, and the remainder of the day was remarkably fine. We attended Divine Service in the morning at the English Church, where the Revd. C. P. Sherman, A.K.C., preached a most able and appropriate sermon from St. Matthew xxi., 10-11.

After luncheon, we took a carriage drive along the street called Straight (a misnomer, for it is not really so), about three miles long, where Ananias was sent to the house of Judas to be the messenger of peace and salvation to the converted persecutor, Saul of Tarsus. From thence we proceeded to the house of Ananias—the traditional abode of the man who baptized the great "Apostle of the Gentiles" and received him into membership with the Church of Christ. It is in the Christian quarter of the city. A cave, fitted up as a chapel, underneath a modern built house, is pointed out as the spot. Doubtless the location is the true one; for the city (unlike Jerusalem) has never been destroyed; and there

has always been more or less of a Christian population, who would feel a natural interest in preserving the identity of a spot so memorable. We saw the old wall whence St Paul escaped—an event to which he thus refers : “ In Damascus, the governor under Aretas the King, kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison desirous to apprehend me ; and through a window in a basket was I let down by a wall, and escaped his hands ” (2 Corinthians, xi., 32-33).

Passing through a cemetery, and approaching the East gate of the city, we came to an interesting spot—the Leper's Hospital—said to occupy the site of Naaman's house (2 Kings, v.) “ Who could not wonder that the heart of the little Jewish captive was moved by her master's sufferings ! ”

In Damascus there have been terrible examples of religious fanaticism. Every one remembers the frightful massacre of July, 1860, when at least two thousand five hundred adult male Christians were murdered in cold blood. Mr. Hodder writes—“ It is distressing to walk through this devastated part of the most ancient city in the world, and to think of the fearful sufferings which were undergone ; of the violent deaths of the two thousand five hundred, or, as some aver, nearly double that number ; and of the subsequent miseries of thousands more who lingered on, oppressed and despairing, till starvation or disease closed their career. And one cannot help feeling alarmed for the safety of those who have again peopled the Christian quarter of Damascus, for there still exists, among the Mohammedans, the same fanatical hatred and intolerance ; and an earnest longing for vengeance, which they deem righteous but long delayed, is found amongst many of the professing Christians. It was but a spark that kindled the former mighty flame ; and a spark may, at any moment, originate an even greater calamity.

It is an honour to France that she sent a corps of ten thousand men to Syria in the interests of humanity and

Christianity. Since then, the admirable road from Beyrout to Damascus has been constructed by a French Company, and a daily diligence established. At the same time a Christian governor was secured for the Lebanon district, to the great advantage of the people. Thus was "the wrath of man" over-ruled for good.

Damascus is one of the oldest and most remarkable cities in the world. Josephus affirms that it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. It is situated at the base of the Anti-Lebanon mountains, one hundred and thirty three miles N.N.E. of Jerusalem, and about fifty miles east of the Mediterranean; at an altitude of two thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the sea level. The population is estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand, mostly Mohammedans, together with nineteen thousand Christians and six thousand Jews. The Orientals call Damascus a terrestrial reflection of Paradise—the "Pearl of the East"—and "the eye of the desert." The Damascenes believe that the Garden of Eden was located in the immediate vicinity, and that the clay of which Adam was made was taken from the banks of the Abana. It is reported that when Mohammed, on one of his journeys as a camel-driver from Mecca, whilst in the service of Khadijah, who afterwards became his wife, reached the brow of the barren hill of Kasyûn and saw the city and gardens below in all their enchanting beauty, he turned away saying "Man can have but one paradise: my paradise is fixed above!" But his guide remained, and exclaimed "Here let me die!" The spot is marked by a small building called "Kubbet en Kusr," which is said to contain the grave of the guide. The late Dean Stanley declares "There may be other views in the world more beautiful: there can hardly be another at once so beautiful and so instructive." Dr. J. L. Porter, who spent several years in Damascus, says "Damascus occupies one of those sites which Nature seems to have intended for a

perennial city ; its beauty stands unrivalled, its richness has passed into a proverb, and its supply of water is unlimited, making fountains sparkle in every dwelling."

MONDAY, MARCH 30TH.—A most delightful morning. After breakfast we all sallied forth to view the Great Mosque (Damascus is said to contain two hundred and forty-eight Mosques and Moslem schools), which ranks next only in importance to the sanctuaries of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. It has existed unchanged through all the vicissitudes which have befallen the city—having been used in turn as a Heathen Temple, then as a Christian Church, and now for centuries as a Turkish Mosque. Over the central arch is a cross ; and an inscription in Greek (remnants of Christian art), from the Septuagint version of Psalm cxlvi., 13, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." It is remarkable that this should have remained for, it is said, some seventeen hundred and sixty five years, and yet more remarkable that the Mohammedans should still leave it intact. It is, however, outside the mosque, and can only be seen by ascending the roof ; its escape from destruction may be thus accounted for. The sculptured scroll and ornaments on the mosque are said to be equal to those over the doorway of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbek. The structure occupies a quadrangle one hundred and sixty-three yards long by one hundred and eight yards wide. The interior is divided into three aisles by ranges of Corinthian pillars supporting semi-circular arches, and the marble floor is covered with carpets, whilst the crypt is said to contain the head of St. John the Baptist, preserved in a casket of gold. It is a very imposing building but poorly kept. In the days of Israel's glory it was devoted to the worship of the idol Rimmon, the favourite god of the Syrians. Probably on this spot Naaman deposited the two mules' burden of earth which

he had conveyed from Palestine, and it was in reference to this shrine that he uttered the singular prayer "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing." (2 Kings, v., 18).

We finished our visit to the great Mosque by ascending the minaret—two hundred and fifty feet high—to enjoy the view which it affords of the city as seen from such a point. And charming indeed was the prospect thus afforded! There lay the great city, with its gorgeous buildings, its countless domes and minarets, spread at our feet. These, with the luxuriant gardens that surrounded them, the grand desert mountain range beyond, and—crowning all—in the far-off distance—the snow-capped summit of Hermon—the rocky slopes blending with the fleecy clouds that rest upon them,—make up a panorama which has but few to equal it on earth. The beauty and fertility of the surroundings of Damascus are chiefly due to the abundance of water; and Naaman of old might very naturally have deemed the rivers of Damascus, Abana and Pharpar, better than all the waters of Israel (2 Kings, v., 12). They are now called the Barada and the Awaj. The first-named was known to the Greeks as the Chrysorrhoas or Gold River, and well deserved its title, being the main source of the beauty and fertility of the district through which it flowed. It is a broad and deep stream which rushes down from the Anti-Libanus range, passes along the north wall of the city, and, after distributing its blessings through innumerable channels to the houses and gardens, finally hides itself in the desert lake.

The inside of Damascus contrasts, at first, unfavourably with the outside. In this case truly does "distance lend enchantment to the view." The streets, with few exceptions, are narrow, crooked, and filthy, and form a labyrinth which makes a guide indispensable. The women, veiled all over,

move shyly along like ghosts, being wrapped up in a kind of winding sheet, and gliding noiselessly in yellow slippers. The heterogeneous mass of humanity, in all kinds of picturesque costumes, is a striking and interesting sight, though, to one coming from Cairo, it is somewhat wanting in novelty. Our dragoman conducted us to the house of a wealthy Jewish banker who takes pleasure in shewing his marble-paved court and fountain, and his luxuriantly furnished rooms. We were informed that he lent the Turkish government forty thousand pounds ; but can get no interest, and will never see the principal.

The private houses of Damascus are almost as remarkable for their external plainness as for their internal splendour. A stranger, traversing the city, would never guess that it contained such luxurious residences ; for they are nearly always located in narrow and tortuous streets, having high walls on each side ; and an occasional doorway, more or less decorated, is the only outward and visible sign of the existence of such commodious mansions. Sometimes the doorway is sufficiently wide and lofty to admit a laden camel or a mounted horseman ; and this indicates that it opens directly in to a court-yard with stabling, but the barrier is, in such a case, always pierced with a smaller door for general use. The entrance to a private house is, however, usually only large enough to admit one person at a time, and opens into a passage which, after one or more abrupt turnings, leads to the principal court of the house, which varies in size from fifty to as much as a hundred and fifty feet square. These courts are occasionally of an oblong shape, one of ordinary size measuring eighty feet by fifty.

In Moslem establishments, the principal court and its surrounding apartments are reserved exclusively for use by members of the harem, a smaller court near the entrance serving for the reception of guests by the master. These courts are almost always paved with marble, which is laid

down in most elaborate designs. Orange, lemon, and citron trees, and sometimes myrtles and oleanders, are planted in the raised borders, and afford both fragrance and shade; and sometimes a vine is trained over trellis-work. A fountain springing from a marble basin always plays in the centre of the court; and sometimes, if the court is a large one, there are three or four additional fountains whose plashing waters seem to possess a soothing as well as a cooling effect. All the rooms round the court open directly into it, and the windows have no other outlook.

"The quadrangle, or court of an Eastern house" writes Dr. Shaw, "literally answers to the expression used by the evangelist in the original, and which is translated *into the midst*, into which the man afflicted with the palsy was let down through the tiling with his couch before Jesus." Hence he conjectures that our Lord was at this time instructing the people in the court of one of these houses; and it is by no means improbable that the quadrangle was, to Him and His apostles, a favourite situation whilst engaged in disclosing the mysteries of redemption. To defend the company from the scorching sunbeam or "windy storm and tempest" a veil was expanded upon ropes from the one side of the parapet wall to the other, which might be folded or unfolded at pleasure. The Psalmist seems to allude either to the tents of the Bedaweens or to some covering of this kind, in that beautiful expression of "spreading out the heavens" like a veil or curtain (Psalm civ., 2). We have the same allusion in the sublime strains of Isaiah: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in" (Isaiah xl., 22).

The remainder of the day was spent in visiting the bazaars, which constitute one of the most striking and interesting features of the city. Here are stored all the wares of the East; and the wealth contained in them is enormous.

Here, on the sill of his little shop, sits the richly-robed merchant, smoking and sipping coffee, and often he is able to reach and exhibit all his goods without rising from his sitting posture. The streets in this portion of the city are covered with awnings to protect the occupants from the sun and rain. Each different trade has a street, or portion of a street, allotted to it—the shoe bazaars are in one street; the copper-smith plies his occupation in another; the goldsmith, in another, by means of his charcoal stove, his tongs, blow-pipe, and a few simple tools, readily converts worn-out trinkets into new ones, and mounts gold coins for the purpose of personal ornament, or transforms them into delicate filigree work. The barber seems to be always busy. I turned into one of these shops, little bigger than an ordinary cupboard, to have my hair cut. Only fancy!—an hour and a quarter's precious time was absorbed in the process, and I came out of it like a boiled lobster as regards complexion, and almost bald-headed. Happily, Time the destroyer is also a restorer, and, in five weeks after the event, it was necessary to have the operation repeated, but, fortunately, in my native town.

Further on, we find ourselves in front of a baker's shop. The ovens are curious, as well as the making and baking the bread, which is sold on stands in the streets.

Having made a few purchases of the specialities of Damascus, we hastened to our rooms for the purpose of washing and dressing before the summons for dinner, after which, the large marble-paved court of the hotel was filled with visitors examining antique armour; Damascus swords and daggers; old porcelain; quaint weapons inlaid with gold, silver, and precious stones; large and small brass trays, richly embossed; vases and kettledrums; shawls of cashmere; and similar articles; which adventurous merchants *had* brought in hope of finding purchasers.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31st.—At 8-45 we had mounted, and, taking our last farewell of the pleasant and comfortable hotel, we rode out of Damascus on our way to Baälbek, over the new road constructed by the French after the massacre of 1860, and which is, in its way, as great a masterpiece as the Suez Canal. Beyrout is accessible by diligence in about thirteen and a half hours, over the splendid macadamised road of seventy miles. But, rather than pay for the accomodation, droves of mules and camels may be seen toiling up the steep slopes of Lebanon.

Pursuing our way for about four hours, Sûk Wady Barada was reached—a charming spot where we halted for luncheon. It stands close beside the river, in the midst of orchards, and with exquisite scenery all around. This is the site of the ancient city of Abila, which is referred to (or rather the district around it) in St. Luke's Gospel (Luke iii, 1).

Perched on the top of a high hill just above the modern village, is the reputed Tomb of Abel, which is also the traditional scene of his murder. It is partly covered by a little domed building, and is a place of pilgrimage for Moslems. We inspected the tombs along the mountain side, then, resuming our journey, we rode up the valley through the heart of the Anti-Lebanon to Zebedany, where we encamped for the night.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st.—A wet and gloomy morning. We left at 7-15 in the drenching rain, which continued for several hours. Our route lay through deep glens, across swollen torrents, over the sides of the mountains, and skirting steep precipices—made doubly dangerous by the slippery nature of the paths and the consciousness that a single misstep might plunge both horse and rider far down beyond the reach of human aid—until we came to Surghâya, a little verdure-wreathed village nestling under the highest peaks of Anti-Lebanon.

Following the vale for half-an-hour or so, along the bank of a streamlet, we reached the spot where it falls into Nahr Yahfûfeh, which descends from the mountains on the right, and winds through a gorge westward to Bukâa, conveying its contribution to the Litâny; then over a high ridge to Neby Shit, a village containing—as the name implies—the reputed tomb of Seth. Next we rode up the steep sides of a mountain which lay directly before us, and, crossing its brow, there suddenly burst upon the view the whole range of Lebanon, a mighty wall of dazzling snow, twenty or thirty miles long, bounding a richly cultivated plain.

Ere long we caught sight of the vast ruins towering above the modern village of Baalbek. As we approach these venerable ruins the first thing we observe is a rotunda or round pile of buildings, encompassed with beautiful pillars of the Corinthian order, which support a cornice that runs all round the structure. It is mostly of marble; and though circular outside, is octagonal within, having eight arches supported by as many Corinthian columns, each of one single piece. The whole is of great elegance, but is now in a very tottering condition.

Leaving this we rode on, and in a few minutes arrived at the Palmyra Hotel in a very wet and tired condition; for we had been in the saddle nearly six hours, and, during the whole journey, it had rained heavily enough to make one wish for a warm fire and a good meal. It was too wet for us to pitch our tent that night, so we decided to remain at the hotel, where we warmed ourselves at the charcoal stove, and, later on, had dinner.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2ND.—Morning bright and fine, and none of us any the worse for the drenching rain of yesterday. Breakfast being concluded, we started forth to visit the noble remains of a heathen temple on the south-west side of the city. Baalbek is allowed to be the Heliopolis of Syria

(mentioned by writers in the Fourth Century), which was dedicated to the worship of Baal or the Sun,—always one of the chief divinities of Syrian worship ; and Macrobius asserts that the golden image of Jupiter worshipped there was the one brought from Heliopolis in Egypt.

Baalbek is situated on the Plain of Bukâa, the northern end of a low range of bleak hills about one mile from the base of Anti-Lebanon. The city was irregular in form, and encompassed by walls two miles in circumference ; but the modern village consists of about two hundred houses only, which are huddled together in a corner of the old site. The south-west angle of the wall, now the only part standing, runs up the ridge, and, with its broken battlements and cracked towers, has a most picturesque appearance.

But the main attraction of the place is its three temples, which have resisted alike the injuries of time and the madness of superstition, being even yet almost entire. They consist of a vast platform upon which the great temple is erected ; a somewhat lesser building called the temple of Jupiter, of which all the walls remain united, on a platform at the southern side of the great one ; and a small circular temple a few hundred yards distant from the great platform.

The temple of Jupiter is the gem of the whole. Its dimensions are two hundred and twenty-seven feet by one hundred and seventeen. The Corinthian order prevails throughout, the details being carried out with the strictest precision and the nicest delicacy. According to guide-books it had forty-two columns around it, which were one hundred and fifty-five feet high, and six feet three inches in diameter. Most of these columns are prostrate, but nineteen still stand erect. The walls of the central building remain, but their ornaments are greatly disfigured, though some of the most delicate and intricate friezes and cornices are as distinct in figure and as sharp in outline, now, after more than twenty

centuries have passed over them, as if they were just fresh from the hands of the sculptor. The Temple of Baal, or the Sun, is the most extensive of the ruins. The great court in front of it is four hundred and forty feet long by three hundred and seventy wide. The walls of this court, as well as of the temple itself, are covered with the most elaborate and wonderful ornamentation. Only six of the original columns remain ;—their height, including base and capital, is seventy-five feet ; over this rises the entablature fourteen feet more. These are what are generally seen in pictures of the ruins, and the effect must have been marvellously imposing when fifty-four of these columns stood around the sacred enclosure. The northern and southern walls of the great court project far beyond those of the hexagonal courts or the peristyle of the large temple, as we found when we walked round the outside. The north walls are built of large stones, but they only run to a height of twenty feet. In the western wall, however, are three stones, of which one is sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and the third sixty-three feet—in all, one hundred and ninety feet eight inches. Their height is thirteen feet and their thickness about the same, and they are elevated twenty feet above the ground. After looking at them with the wonder they cannot fail to excite, we walked about half-a-mile to the quarries whence these enormous blocks were taken (each said to be over two thousand tons in weight), there to see, lying hewn and prepared, a still larger block. A notion prevailed that it was too heavy to be moved ; but, upon close examination, it was found fastened to the rock. How such massive blocks could be transported from the quarry, over uneven ground, to the temple, and then elevated to the position they now occupy, is, in these days, an unsolved problem in the science of mechanical forces.

Such was the city of Baalbek ; and, from its surprising magnificence and grandeur, we may well conclude it to

have once been the most considerable place in Syria, and the delight of some mighty prince who chose to reside there. It was in the splendid Temple of the Sun that the fabulous phoenix was alleged to deposit her precious burden on the great altar, and this identical temple is supposed to have been built by the Emperor Antoninus Pius in place of the more ancient edifice which had fallen into decay.

APRIL 3RD. GOOD FRIDAY. We left Baalbek at 7-30, and passed through a vast plain of fertile loveliness. The first part of it was along the base of the Lebanon range, between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains, having Great Hermon, all robed in snow, in full view on one side of us all day, and Jebel Sunnin, one of the highest peaks of Lebanon on the other. Early in the afternoon we struck the fine turnpike road constructed by a French company, which runs from Beyrout to Damascus, and which is solid as a rock, and smooth as a garden walk. Very pleasant was it to enter upon a good, broad, smooth road, after travelling so long over rough and rocky bridle paths.

We passed through the village of Kerah Nûh, which contains the reputed tomb of Noah, a gigantic structure of between sixty and seventy yards in length.

Here I noticed a man with a stone roller, busily engaged in smoothing the flat roof of his mud hovel, to fill up the sun cracks. Near by is the village of Muàllakah, surrounded by groves and orchards, and finely situated at the entrance to a sublime glen, through which rushes the Berdûny, a foaming torrent which is one of the principal tributaries of the Litâny.

At 4-15 we reached our encampment, in a sheltered dell, far enough up the side of a mountain to be within reach of the snow again. The thought that this was to be our last night in camp was by no means an unpleasant one; for, though we had experienced great enjoyment on this tour, the

fatigues and exposure, and manifold inconveniences of tent life made the prospect of returning to a more comfortable mode of living a very welcome one.

We find, from numerous passages in the Old Testament, that, in the earliest times, tents were the customary dwellings of mankind; Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were dwellers in tents; and Balaam, when blessing their descendants, exclaimed "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" We read that, in the wilderness, the people worshipped "every man in the door of his tent"; and the sons of Rechab were expressly commanded by their father: "All your days ye shall dwell in tents."

There are, indeed, numerous allusions in Scripture to this primitive mansion, which are almost unintelligible, till familiarity with the tent and the desert explains them. The prophet Isaiah, declaring the power and majesty of Jehovah, represents Him as spreading out the heavens like one vast tent to dwell in, and to fill with His glory; and again, when predicting the future blessedness and security of Jerusalem (and typically of the Church of Christ) he employs this beautiful language—"Thine eye shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down: not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken": while the wonderful increase of the Church in the latter days is also foretold by him in these striking words—"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left."

Tents may be of various forms and sizes; and, whilst most of them are made of common materials, others, which are designed for the use of great personages, are often fitted up with much taste and splendour. The tents of the Bedaweens which I have seen are, almost without exception, composed of

a black or brown cloth made in the camp from sheep's, goat's, and camel's hair woven together in various proportions. At the present day a considerable number of the inhabitants of Eastern countries are dwellers in tents.

Immediately after dinner we had a short but appropriate service, conducted by the Rev. Thomas Pitts, M.A., when we all took part in the hymn—

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss;
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

With what fresh truth did these familiar lines come!

The services appointed by our beloved Church for this holy season are peculiarly appropriate; bringing before the sincere worshipper the whole details of the most stupendous event in the world's history—the crucifixion of the Son of God: and he who joins, in fitting frame of mind, these acts of devotion, cannot fail to have his soul refreshed, his faith strengthened, and the fire of holy zeal and love made to burn with a brighter and purer flame.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4TH.—We were on the move at 6-30, the morning being bright, cool, and pleasant—the very thing for horse exercise. Our road led us by a series of undulating

zig-zags, over the summit of the mountain—an altitude of five thousand feet above the sea-level—the scenery around us being perhaps the grandest in Syria. At our feet lay thick snow-drifts, whilst away in the distance the dim blue of the Mediterranean Sea merged imperceptibly into the almost cloudless sky; and, towering high over us, rose the high rocky peak to a height of about ten (some say twelve) thousand feet; and a most enchanting prospect regaled the eye in every direction, the magnificent Cedars, perhaps, being the centre-point of attraction.

The Cedars of Lebanon are now confined to a small semi-circular plain, hundreds of feet below the summit. They number about three or four hundred, including both large and small. Madame de Genlis was not too warm an admirer of this truly magnificent tree when she said “It is neither Travellers nor Naturalists who would have named the Oak the King of Trees. The Rose will be, in all countries, the Queen of Flowers; but, among trees, the royal honour belongs only to the ancient and majestic Cedar.”

In olden times it was, indeed, held in the first estimation among trees. The great and wise Solomon speaks of it in the most rapturous terms of commendation; and, in the building of his famous and gorgeous temple, he made so great use of this wood, that he almost stripped Mount Lebanon of its towering and wide-spreading cedars. We may form some conception of the extent to which this wood was used, from the fact that the vast structure of the Temple was almost entirely lined with it; and that, to supply the necessary quantity of this precious wood, no fewer than eighty thousand men were employed in felling the timber and transporting it to Jerusalem.

A Cedar, when seen in the prime of its living beauty, has a grandeur of appearance which would alone be sufficient to account for the partiality which Solomon shewed, both to the

living tree as a natural object, and to its timber as a material for building. But, beyond this, there was still another reason for the high estimation in which he held his favourite tree. The fragrant wood is permeated with a resinous sap which protects it from the ravages of such insects as prey upon nearly every other kind of timber. And the ancients had a most exaggerated notion of its durability and incorruptibility; qualities which, however, it really possesses to an extent that forms a better apology for this belief than many of their fabulous relations can lay claim to.

It was, probably, from a supposition that the Cedar,—incorruptible itself,—could communicate its decay-resisting powers to objects placed in contact with it, that the sap was used by the ancients in embalming the bodies of the dead, and was also rubbed on the most precious of their manuscripts to preserve them.

It is very evident from the writings of Solomon that, if the cedar was not originally indigenous only to Lebanon, it was at least much more abundant and more beautiful there than in any other country in the world. It is never of the Cedar merely that Solomon speaks when celebrating its beauty or its grandeur, but of the Cedar of *Lebanon*. In our own age, such are the changes and revolutions which happen in all earthly things, it might far more justly be termed the Cedar of England or France. For it is completely naturalised in both of those countries, and each of them possesses many magnificent specimens of it; while in Lebanon—the ancient land of its glory and its abundance—it has almost ceased to exist!

More than two centuries ago, a traveller who ascended Mount Lebanon could only count two dozen living and flourishing trees and two or three old ones fast sinking into decay. And towards the close of the seventeenth century a traveller named Maundreli visited Libanus, and reported

that only sixteen cedars were then standing. And this on the very site where, in the days of Solomon, there was an immense forest of these beautiful trees! on the very spot where, without poetical license, it might be said—

“See lofty Libanus his head advance
See nodding forests on the mountains dance.” *Pope.*

It is not now possible to ascertain when the Cedar was first planted in England, but one very eminent writer states that two were planted at the Medico-Botanical Garden in Chelsea, in 1683, and that these are the earliest specimens known. Such a statement however can hardly be considered other than inaccurate in face of the common report that the superb tree which stood at Hendon Place, Middlesex, and which was blown down in the tempest of New Year's Day, 1779, was actually planted there in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. Supposing this to be true, it is quite obvious that the Cedar was introduced into this country at a much earlier period than the writer in question would have us believe. And the dimensions of the tree at Hendon were such as might be expected to belong to a tree planted as long ago as the reign of the “Virgin Queen”: for, at seven feet from the ground, the trunk of this tree was upwards of sixteen feet in girth; the spread of its branches, in their greatest width, was above one hundred feet; and the height of the tree was above seventy feet.

The appearance of the Cedar derives its grandeur as much from its peculiar habit of growth, as from its great height and bulk. Its branches extend widely and incline towards the earth; and, when agitated by the wind, its rows of branches, one above the other, look like verdant banks put into gentle graceful motion.

Descending towards Beyrout we soon reached Bukfeiya, one of the most picturesque villages in Lebanon. The houses are not huddled together like those in the plains, but scattered among terraced gardens. In the centre stands the

palace of the Governor of Lebanon. Frowning cliffs, to whose sides the dwarf oak clings, tower above the village: while below, the mountain side descends, now gently, in terraced slopes, now abruptly, in rocky precipices, to the glen of Nahr-el-Kelb. As you approach nearer to the town, you are struck by the terraces of mulberry trees which extend for miles, and give evidence of the fact that silk is a staple production of the Lebanon district. Nearer still we enter upon a level region, where orchards and gardens abound, and pleasant villas are seen on every hand; the Pineta, or pine grove, is traversed, and soon we find ourselves among the shops and paved streets of Beyrout. We took up our quarters, about the middle of the afternoon, in the Hotel Bellevue, at the edge of the sea, where I found letters and telegrams which had been sent by dear friends, and also had the additional gratification of again meeting our good friend, Dr. Geikie.

This last day's experience, taking it altogether, formed a fitting and beautiful close to travel in lands that had been the scene of Scripture narrative; and which had, as it were, made the Old and New Testament read like a new book to us; not as regards its teaching—that must ever be the one old, old story, that is never heard but with freshness—but, as regards the incidents of the Scriptures, it verifies and brings home with intense reality, events which have been over and over again read about, passages known to us from earliest infancy and familiar to us as household words, but probably never realized in all their details as they can be on the scene of their actual occurrence. This it is which makes a journey over Palestine what travelling in no other land can be—a bringing home to the mind and soul, facts and words that are bound up with our earliest memories—our very being—our hopes for eternity.

But, after all, sight-seeing in Palestine is, in this respect, perfectly different from sight-seeing in other lands—

that, unless there is some communion of heart between you and your companions in travel—unless they love the Book and the Name which hallow every place around—their remarks, and, indeed, the whole tone of their conversation, cannot fail to jar upon and prove somewhat trying and irksome to you. Happily, in this particular, the character of our party left nothing to be desired. I give unfeigned thanks to God that He has granted me the privilege of reading the Law upon Mount Sinai; and of living, for a brief season, among scenes hallowed by the presence and ministry and sacrificial death of our Blessed Lord; and I cherish the impressions which these sacred localities have fixed upon my imagination and my heart, with unreserved affection and religious care. I trust I shall be a better—I am sure I am a happier—man for having been conversant with these hallowed scenes.

But though Palestine at present wears the appearance of a land which has felt the curse of heaven, Memory yet loves to linger around it as the scene of events the most interesting to our race, and Hope looks forward to those bright days of returning prosperity, of which her prophets have spoken. “And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, saith the Lord, and ye shall be a blessing: fear not, but let your hands be strong.” “Jerusalem shall yet be safely inhabited, and she shall be called a city of truth.” “But,” writes another, “while this will be a day of returning mercy to Judah, it will be a day of trouble to the nations who have trodden down that goodly land. The dispensations of mercy to the one, and of judgment to the other are inseparably conjoined in the sure word of prophecy: “For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat (the valley of the Judgment of God), and will plead

with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." The Red Sea may again be smitten, and Egypt become a desolation, the great River Euphrates will be dried up, and the Turkish power be destroyed ; but the bare channels of Palestine's streams will be covered, and "all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, even living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea ; in summer and winter shall it be. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Beyrout may be termed the oasis—the brightest spot in either Syria or Palestine. The town is most beautifully situate on the shore of the Mediterranean, some of the streets reaching down to the very edge of the water, whilst others run up the sloping hills which rise behind the town, beyond which the gigantic range of Lebanon, with its snow-clad summits, forms an admirable background.

The climate is pleasant, and vegetation luxuriant ; the palm-tree flourishes ; and flowers bloom everywhere in the utmost profusion. The harbour is the best on the Syrian coast. According to guide-books the population has rapidly increased since 1835, when it was only twelve thousand ; now it amounts to seventy thousand inhabitants, (its rise being largely due to the extension of the silk trade, of which it is the centre), of whom the majority are Christians, divided into half-a-dozen sects—Orthodox Greeks, Papal Greeks, Maronites, Armenians, Protestants, and others. The better protection afforded both to foreigners and natives by its being the residence of the consuls-general has also contributed to its prosperity.

Besides silk its principal exports are olive oil, cereals, sesame seed, tobacco, and wool.

In ancient times Beyrout was a large and important Phœnician city, and under the Romans was long celebrated

for its school of jurisprudence. The Byzantine emperor Theodosius II., raised it to the rank of a metropolis.

After being destroyed by an earthquake in 551, it again rose to a considerable town in the time of the Crusades.

In later times it was long in the possession of the Druses. On the 29th August, 1840, it was bombarded and taken by the British.

After the massacre of 1860, many Christians came and settled here; and from that date the prosperity of Beyrout has increased more rapidly than in any previous period of its history. The Bazaar does not present any of those Oriental features which are so attractive in other Eastern towns. The principal mosque is closed. The houses are of semi-European character, and the costumes of the people also partake largely of European cut and appearance.

Beyrout is famous for its missionary and philanthropic institutions, foremost among which are those of American Protestant origin, which are under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York. The Revd. Dr. Geikie kindly introduced me to Dr. Daniel Bliss, who labours here with much enthusiasm and feels greatly encouraged.

The Syrian Protestant College occupies a commanding site on the promontory, about a mile west of the town. It consists of four buildings: the college, the medical hall, the refectory, and the Lee observatory, erected by our esteemed townsman, Henry Lee, Esq., J.P., (Messrs. Tootal Broadhurst, Lee, & Co). The institution was established by a statute of the legislature of New York in 1863, and the buildings were erected in 1872-74 by the liberality of friends in America and England.

The course of instruction embraces languages, literature, science, and medicine. Instruction is given through the

medium of the Arabic tongue, from text-books prepared by the professors, and printed at the mission press. The college is conducted on Protestant principles; but is open to students from any of the Oriental sects or nationalities who will conform to its rules. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and gives a great impulse to education and civilization in Syria.

EASTER DAY. APRIL 5TH.—We attended Divine Service in the American Missionary Church, and deeply touching it was to worship our risen Lord. Dr. Geikie preached an eloquent sermon from James xi., 14, and afterwards administered the memorials of a dying Saviour's love. In the afternoon my friend and I visited the Syrian Mission School, and were very pleased and interested in what we saw; then, having returned to our rooms, we rested on the balcony which overlooks the sea, and listened to the splashing and dashing of the waves upon the worn and jagged rocks.

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH.—A most lovely day. I called upon Mr. Bigio (Messrs. Bigio Bros., Merchants, Aleppo and Beyrout), to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Mr. Alderman Glaister, J.P., of this town. Sweets and Turkish coffee were handed round at this interview, and narghilehs were also brought in. I was requested to try the latter, and, to avoid giving offence, did so; but a very little of this narcotic entertainment went a long way with me, and I begged to be excused a second dose. Leaving here, I looked in at Mr. Dumas' establishment, and purchased some photographs, which were extremely good but proportionally dear.

In the afternoon we settled with our faithful dragoman—Abraham Lyons—who had accompanied us from Jaffa; and had proved a very agreeable and trustworthy fellow—a paragon of a dragoman, too, who is quite a concordance on horseback. He carries a well-thumbed Bible in his pocket, and is always ready, if required, to read a passage bearing

on the scene ; and he reads excellently. Besides English, he speaks five languages, and knows the country well. We gave him liberal backsheesh, and wrote him a strong letter of recommendation. I must say that we have to thank Messrs. T. Cook and Son for providing him. Dinner was served, as usual, at seven o'clock.

TUESDAY, APRIL 7TH.—Another delightful morning. During breakfast the steamer arrived—a couple of days late—from Jaffa, and shortly afterwards we received our letters and newspapers. Mr. Bigio called upon me during the morning, for the purpose of wishing me a safe and pleasant voyage to Constantinople. A stroll through the town, and another look at the shops, occupied the rest of the time until afternoon, when I wrote letters and spent the remainder of the day in reading.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8TH.—After luncheon, we went down to the place of embarkation, just below the Hotel Bellevue. We got into the heavily laden boat, and were conveyed to the Austrian Lloyds' steamer "Urano"; when, after seeing our luggage safely deposited in the cabin, we returned to the deck, and, somewhat reluctantly, bade farewell to the Holy Land, but not to its hallowed memories.

The scene as we sailed along the coast of the northern part of Syria was exceedingly beautiful—Lebanon's magnificent range of mountains being in full view. In some places they rose sheer out of the sea ; but, mostly, they spring up in grand majestic slopes, rising one above another, till their snow-capped summits are lost from view in the great masses of beautiful clouds that mantle and rest upon them.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9TH.—At 7-30 this morning our steamer anchored about a mile from Cyprus, in the open harbour of Larnaka. We were immediately surrounded by boats, and a number of passengers went on shore, including the Revd. T. Pitts, M.A., who had accompanied us through

Palestine, and whom we reluctantly bade farewell. (Let us hope he thoroughly enjoyed his fortnight's tour).

It was a glorious morning—the country lay bare and blinking under the scorching sun, and we might have imagined that we had sailed into some tropical harbour, except that the island before us was destitute of foliage—save here and there a palm or a cluster of cypresses. The view of the town, and sea studded with boats, was peculiar—the sea and sky being of a deep indigo blue. The articles exposed for sale at the bazaars consisted mainly of edible viands, or the coarsest kind of merchandise.

Cyprus, an island lying south of Asiatic Turkey and west of Syria, is about one hundred and forty eight miles long, and seventy broad, and is said to be capable of supporting a million of inhabitants. The population in 1881, however, was only one hundred and eighty five thousand, nine hundred and sixteen. "The mountains of Cyprus," writes Mr. Charles Annandale, M.A., "are covered with forests of excellent building timber; the island being esteemed the richest and most fertile in the Levant." The climate is in general healthy, excepting at some points on the south coast during the heats of summer. Temporary blindness is sometimes occasioned by the reflection of the sun's rays from the white chalky soil; and the natives wrap their heads in thick shawls to avoid sunstroke.

Owing mainly to the oppressive exactions of the Turkish government and of the Greek priesthood, agriculture is in a very backward state; but wheat, barley, cotton, tobacco, madder, and carobs, are still important products. Cyprus is the native home of the cauliflower, and wine is exported in considerable quantities—vines of excellent quality being extensively grown. The extensive pasture-lands afford sustenance to immense numbers of sheep and goats, which are annually exported to the value of forty thousand pounds.

The minerals include talc, red jasper, copper (all of which are found in abundance), gold, silver, emeralds, and the Paphian diamond. The Greek females of some of the towns and villages do beautiful embroidery, and also make silk net, which will stand comparison with the finest European lace, besides weaving common cotton, woollen, and linen fabrics—the last being chiefly a coarse sack-cloth. Good morocco leather is made at Nicosia; and calicoes, imported from Britain, are here dyed in brilliant colours and exported to Syria, Smyrna, and Constantinople.

The Cyprian ladies, so famous in antiquity, are taller, handsomer, and more stately than those of any other Grecian island. Their features are dignified and regular, and exhibit that elevated type of countenance which is so universally admired in the productions of Grecian artists.

The island of Cyprus is distinguished for its celebrated range of mountains, stretching north-east to south-west, known in heathen mythology as the third range of Olympus; and whose culminating points—Santa Croce (Olympus) and Thrados—are seven thousand feet high. Its most celebrated places are Paphos, Amathusia, Salamis, and Olympus, which latter was once adorned with a rich temple, dedicated to Venus. Indeed, this goddess might be considered the principal deity of the island; because, according to tradition, it was upon these shores she landed on first emerging from the foam of the sea. The early history of this island is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity.

Cyprus is also interesting because of its connection with Bible history. Dr. Smith, in his "Dictionary of the Bible" writes "This island was, in early times, in close commercial connection with Phœnicia; and there is little doubt that it is referred to in such passages of the Old Testament as Ezekiel xxvii., 6." Possibly Jews may have settled in Cyprus before the time of Alexander the Great;

for we find that, soon after his time, they were numerous in the island, as is distinctly implied in 1 Maccabees xv., 23. Its first notice in the New Testament occurs in Acts iv., 36, where it is mentioned as the native place of Barnabas. In Acts xi., 19, 20, it appears prominently in connection with the earliest spread of Christianity; and is again mentioned, with reference to the missionary journeys of St. Paul (Acts xiii., 4, 13; xv., 39; xxi., 3); and with reference to his voyage to Rome (Acts xxvii., 4).

The island became a Roman province (B.C. 58) under circumstances discreditable to Rome. At first its administration was joined with that of Cilicia; but after the battle of Actium, it was separately governed. In the first division it was made an imperial province, but was afterwards given up by the Emperor to the Senate. The Pro-consul appears to have resided in the west of the island, at Paphos.

In 1830, Cyprus was taken by the Viceroy of Egypt, but was recaptured by the Turks ten years later, and retained by them until June 4th, 1878, when it was ceded to Great Britain by the Convention of Constantinople, during the negotiations consequent on the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8.

In March, 1882, a new Constitution, framed by the British Government, was announced for Cyprus, the leading features of which were—That a Legislative Council, consisting of twelve elected and six official members, should be appointed, to be presided over by the High Commissioner. Of the elected members, nine were to be Christians, and three Mohammedans. The yearly budget is to be laid before this Council, who have power to veto the imposition of any new tax, or the increase of any existing one. But this Council has no power to interfere in the matter of permanent charges on the revenue, such as the amount of the tribute payable to Turkey, the salaries of the High Commissioner, judges, the official members of the Council, and others; and, to provide

Loros, the guide-book states, contained a Temple of Artemis, where the fabled transformation of the sisters of Meleager into guinea-fowls, was said to have taken place : in memory of this, guinea-fowls were kept in the court of the temple. Some remains of it are found in the foundation and walls of a church erected near the harbour Partheni—a name handed down by tradition from the shrine of the Virgin goddess.

We next came in sight of Patmos. It is a barren rocky island, fifteen to eighteen miles in circumference, situate near the south-west coast of Asia Minor. The island is divided into two nearly equal parts—a northern and a southern—by a very narrow isthmus, situate upon which, on the east side, are the town and harbour. The inhabitants number about four thousand, and these are chiefly supported by fishing sponge along the rugged shore. Not a tree is to be seen : but partridges, rabbits, and such animals as can exist in the wilderness are said to be abundant. The waters swarm with turtle ; and, until very recently, the deeply indented harbours served as lurking places for pirates.

In New Testament times it served for the confinement of persons banished from the continent ; and the sufferings of these prisoners must have been very great. An old Greek voyager speaks of putting on shore “on a certain island called Patmos,” where he and his companions remained six days, and experienced all kinds of inconvenience ; for the place was at that time destitute of water, and the prisoners were dying. The Romans, therefore, easily got rid of obnoxious persons by sending them to Patmos, where they were likely to perish in the hot season. But, in the distribution of punishments, they carefully classified offenders, and we may gather from the Roman law that only the most respectable offenders were thus disposed of—the meaner culprits being condemned to labour on public works, or in mines. Ulpian, a very learned lawyer, cites authorities to

prove that persons convicted of teaching superstition or pretending to gifts of prophecy, were usually banished to some island. Now we know that the Romans called Christianity a "malific superstition"; and therefore it was entirely consistent with the common practice to banish St. John to Patmos "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." That "the Divine" was regarded as a person of undoubted respectability, and therefore entitled to the consideration implied in sending him to an island rather than to a mine or public works, there to labour as a convict, is to be gathered from the class of society with which he was familiar.

On the hill to the south, crowning a commanding height, is the celebrated monastery which bears the name of "John the Divine." Half way up the ascent is the cave or grotto where tradition says that St. John received the Revelation (Rev. i.). The aspect is bleak and stern; it is, nevertheless, a spot which, to the end of time, will be accounted as of most sacred memory. Who can look on Patmos without emotion? on the spot where the glorified Redeemer revealed himself to mortal vision, and issued His last direct message to man, and not feel that it is hallowed ground? I gazed with delight on this interesting island, until, with the lengthening distance, it gradually faded from view.

We shortly passed Samos—the birth-place of Pythagoras—one of the principal islands in the Ægean Sea, being about eighty miles in circumference. It is very fertile; and annually exports considerable quantities of corn, grapes, oil, &c.; and its muscatel or Samian wine is much esteemed.

About six o'clock we arrived at Chios, and went on shore for a couple of hours. The island is of a somewhat quadrangular form,—is thirty-two miles long from north to south, and has a mean breadth of about twelve miles. In the environs of the town there are numerous groves which,

in the spring-time, render the whole atmosphere fragrant; and the dark green foliage of these groves and gardens, intervening between the town and the bare serrated ridge, which forms the backbone of the island, makes the view of the town of Chios strikingly beautiful when seen from the sea. The principal products are figs, wine, oil, cotton, silk, and (most important of all) mastic. One of its chief sources of wealth is the product of a species of lentisk (*Pistacia lentiscus*). Incisions are made in the bark of the shrubs about the first of August, and, in a day or two, the mastic begins to drop forth, and, in the course of a week, is sufficiently hard to be removed. It is then refined, and exported for the use of Turkish, Greek, and Levantine ladies, who amuse their indolence by chewing it; deriving as much gratification from the practice as their male relations do from inhalation of the fumes of tobacco. Besides being used in certain varnishes, it forms one of the chief components in the manufacture of mastic—the gin of the East.

The trade is chiefly in dried fruit, preserves, cattle, and salt. The population, of which a large proportion are Turks, numbers about forty thousand. In April, 1881, the island was partly destroyed by an earthquake, many thousands of the inhabitants being killed or wounded; and, as several of the houses have been left untouched since the catastrophe, it has still a ruinous aspect.

Chios was one of the cities which claimed the honour of being the birth-place of Homer—

“The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle;”

and here, as in Ithaca, the people still point out a ruin which they call Homer’s School.

Returning to our steamer, our sail continued through the night.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, APRIL 12TH.—I was

on deck at an early hour. There lay Smyrna, circling the shore at the extremity of the gulf. Before reaching it I had remarked its exceeding beauty of position, chosen—as it is—with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, on the declivity of a mountain, sloping down to the shore of the bay, with houses rising in terraces on its sides; its domes and minarets, interspersed with cypresses, rising above the tiers of houses, and the summit of the hill crowned with a solitary castle. It was the first large Turkish city I had seen; and it differed, too, from all other Turkish cities in the strong foothold obtained there by Europeans.

At 6-15 we entered the bay, on whose broad bosom there lay at anchor merchant vessels of all nations, and several men-of-war. There was the usual excitement of swarming boats and clamorous boatmen. Coming to the shore we climbed out of the bobbing boat upon the sea-wall—the shiftless Turkish Government will do nothing to improve the landing of passengers at this great port—and threaded our way through the narrow, crooked, and filthy streets to the bazaars which serve as shops, and which are all deserted and closed before sunset. Leaving these, we proceeded to the Cathedral, a very large and handsome building, dedicated to St. Photini. The mosques are more than twenty in number; the Greeks have three churches; the Armenians one; the Latins two; the Protestants two; and the Jews have several synagogues. The English Church, in the Consulate, has Divine Service every Sunday at eleven a.m., and at three p.m.

The population of Smyrna fluctuates much with the varying seasons, but may be thus estimated—

Turks (and kindred people)	-	-	80,000
Greeks (Rayah and Hellenic)	-	-	90,000
Jews	-	-	12,000

Armenians	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
Levantines	-	-	-	-	-	15,000
Europeans	-	-	-	-	-	1,000
						<hr/>
						208,000

Of the latter classes about thirteen thousand are Catholics, one thousand five hundred Protestants, and one thousand Greeks.

It had been our intention to have visited Ephesus ; but we were debarred this pleasure through the gross stupidity and unwonted indifference of Messrs. T. Cook and Son's representative, though, personally, I would rather have given up anything else in the East.

I need not attempt to interest you in Smyrna—it is too every-day a place. I have waived the musty reminiscences of its history—I have waived descriptions of ruins which are said to exist there—and have only endeavoured to give a faint but true picture of its living and existing beauties, of the bright and beautiful scene that opened out before me the first morning of my arrival, and now leave further description of what is, after all, but the city of figs and raisins, and metropolis of the drug trade, to dwell very briefly upon its connection with history as recorded in Scripture.

The Bible student, reading the “Acts of the Apostles” will note that well nigh every spot here is—as it were—classic ground, for it is all linked with New Testament memories. Smyrna was the seat of one of the seven churches in Asia Minor to which the Book of the Revelation of St. John was addressed. The conflict which was maintained here was one of no common description : it was not only Polycarp himself who was a gainer by the sufferings he endured, but, on the firmness of the Christian martyrs depended, under Divine Providence, the transmission of the

truth to the latest generations. Had they yielded to the fury of their foes and denied the Lord who bought them, it is likely that we should have been still immersed in the ignorance of our forefathers—"without God and without hope in the world." We do well, then, to cherish the memory of these faithful servants of God! It is meet that we should bless the Most High for His grace bestowed upon them!

Smyrna laid claim to the honour of being the birth-place of Homer. On the banks of the Meles was shewn the spot where he was brought into the world; and in a grotto near its source was shewn the place where he was said to have written his poems; and the coins of the city bore his image.

We sailed from Smyrna shortly after noon, and skirted the deeply indented and picturesque shore of Asia Minor, until, about seven o'clock, we reached Mitylene (Acts xx., 14)—the ancient Lesbos, and, in order that we might discharge cargo, cast anchor for a few hours. The island is most important in the early history of Greece as the native home of the Æolian school of lyric poetry—

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

It was the birth-place of the poet musician Terpander; of the lyric poets Alcæus, Sappho, and others; and of the dithyrambic poet Arion.

This noble and pleasant island is about thirty-three miles in length, by about twenty-six in width; and, though in parts rugged and mountainous, it has, nevertheless, a considerable extent of level and very fertile land, and is generally salubrious. At about eleven o'clock we resumed our voyage.

MONDAY, APRIL 13TH.—A cold morning. The temperature, as well as the sky, reminds us that we are passing out of the warm latitudes. At seven o'clock we passed Tenedos (here begins the celebrated anchorage of the far-stretching Bay of Besika, the ancient Leucophrys, where, if ancient history may be credited, Paris first landed, after carrying off Helen, and behind which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they made pretence of having abandoned the siege of Troy).

Still farther, and on the mainland, may be descried the Promontory of Sigæum, where the Scamander discharges its waters into the sea, and near to which the principal of Homer's battles were fought. A little beyond, there lies a spot of ground in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous, are so beautifully blended together that we would not separate them even to discover the truth. It is abreast of us now. Extending for a considerable distance along the shore, and as far back as the eye can reach, canopied by a sky of the purest shade of blue, lies a rich and beautiful plain—the Plain of Troy—the battle-ground of heroes. Oh! field of glory and of blood, little does that surly Turk, who is now lazily following his plough over thy surface, know that every blade of thy grass could tell of heroic deeds, of the shock of armies, the meeting of war chariots, the clash of weapons and the crash of armour, of the swift flight, the hot pursuit, the shouts of victors and the groans of the dying!

Behind it, towering far up towards the heavens, is a

lofty mountain :—this is Mount Ida, upon whose top Paris adjudged the golden apple to the Goddess of Beauty, and thus paved the way for those calamities which resulted in the Ten Years' Siege, and laid in ruins the ancient city of Priam.

Two small streams—Scamander and Simois, whose waters once washed the walls of the ancient city Dardanus, take their rise in this mountain of the gods, and join each other in the middle of the plain ; and these, together with a small, confused, and shapeless mass of ruins, a beautiful sky, and the imperishable songs of Homer, are all that now remain to tell us that “Troy was.”

Close to the sea, and rising like mountains above the sea, are two immense mounds of earth—they are the tombs of Ajax and Achilles.

Dr. Henry Schliemann writes—“ We learn from ancient authors that swamps existed in the Plain of Troy throughout antiquity ; even at a time when the population was numerous and powerful. There was even a swamp immediately below the walls of Troy itself ; for Ulysses says to Eumæus—“But when we reached the city and the high wall we lay down in full armour around the citadel, in the midst of the thick shrubs, among the rushes and the swamp.” But the swamps must have largely increased since the disappearance of the industrious population which formerly inhabited the Troad. Renewed prosperity and cultivation can alone remove the majority of the endemic diseases which are due to these marshes.

The Trojan plain, which is about two hours' ride in breadth, is bounded on the west by the shores of the Ægean Sea, which are, on an average, one hundred and thirty one feet high, and upon which we first see a conical hill, not unlike a tumulus in appearance. This is called “Hagios Demetrios Tepeh”—the Hill of Saint Demetrius—on account of an open chapel dedicated to that saint, which has been

built at the foot of the hill ; fragments of white sculptured marble being utilised for the purpose. Many other sculptured marble blocks lie close by, and evidently mark the site of an ancient Greek temple, which, as Mr. Sayce justly observes, must, in all probability, have been dedicated to Demeter, who, like nearly all other Greek deities, has been metamorphosed into a saint of no real existence, or absurdly confounded with a real one.

“The view from the higher points on the Plain of Troy” writes Murray, “is wide and grand. On the east side is Ida with its snowy crest, encircled by peaks and dark ridges that cluster round it; on the west is the coast line, flanked all along by undulating high land, beyond which are the bright waters of the Ægean, studded with islands. Nearest us is Tenedos ; further off, Lemnos, vast and mountainous; more to the north the low ledge of Imbros, over which Neptune looked down upon old Troy from the peaks of Samothrace. On the north, across the plain, is the Hellespont, and beyond it the low, bleak coast of Thrace ; and, far away, dimly seen on the horizon, the pyramid of Mount Athos. Such was the grand panorama over which Priam may have looked from the citadel of Troy.”

The early history of the Troad has so much of the mythical element in it that it is almost impossible to separate truth from fable. The country was originally peopled by a branch of the great Aryan family—the Pelasgi—who recognised as their chiefs Scamander, B.C. 1614 ; Teucer, B.C. 1590 ; Dardanus, B.C. 1568 ; each being the founder of a race which bore his name.

The “*Iliad*”—the first book in which the traditions of the country were collected—represents Dardanus as the son of Jupiter. He built the town of Dardania. His grandson, Tros, built Troy, and removed to it the palladium of his grandfather.

About nine o'clock we reached the ancient Hellespont, the Dardanelles of the Turks, and famous as the narrow water that divides Europe from Asia, for the beauties that adorn its banks, and for its great Turkish fortifications. According to Tournefort, "the straits are about five and a half miles wide at the mouth, but they become gradually narrower, until, in the narrowest part, the natives of Europe and Asia can talk together from the opposite sides."

For sixty miles (its whole length) it presents a continued succession of new beauties; and, in the hands of Europeans, particularly English, it would, if laid out with country seats, make one of the loveliest countries in the world.

We soon arrived at the Dardanelles—the narrowest and most beautiful part of the Straits, and found ourselves at Chanak-Kalesi, a little Turkish town of two thousand houses built on a flat point opposite the European fort.

Strong forts, with enormous cannon, stand frowning both on the European and Asiatic sides; and these (Murray states) have recently been entirely re-organised. On the Asiatic side, the Fort of Sultanieh has been armed with Krupp guns, which will command a large section of the straits, both above and below the town. In this fort is an immense powder magazine, and each Krupp gun has a chamber attached to it for the purpose of storing ammunition. Some distance below the town a forty-ton Krupp gun has been mounted behind earth-works; and, above the town, are also batteries, one of which, on the Najara Bournou point, has a heavy Krupp gun. On the European side the Fort of Khilid-bahri, situate at the foot of a steep hill, has fifteen large Krupp guns; and both above and below it are newly constructed earth-works which are heavily armed. These are the terrible fortifications which are the keys of Constantinople. North of Chanak-kalesi the Hellespont widens out into a long bay three or four miles across, terminating in a low tongue of land. This is fixed upon as

Abydos; and here are the ruins of Sestos, famed in history as the place where Xerxes built a bridge of boats, in order to transport his millions of armed men to effect the conquest of Greece; but, returning defeated and disgraced, and finding his bridge destroyed by a tempest, he ordered, in the impotence of his rage, that chains should be thrown into the sea, and that the waves should be lashed with rods.

From this point, too, Leander used to swim across to Hero, and a similar feat was performed by Lord Byron in an hour and ten minutes.

In about five hours more we reached Gallipoli, a large Turkish town of twenty thousand inhabitants.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14TH.—A magnificent morning. At 6-30 we got our first view of Constantinople, from the Sea of Marmora. At first it presents the appearance of a low and irregular white cliff; but by degrees, as the distance diminishes, the cliff fades away into a series of lofty buildings, surmounted by gilded domes, and environed by tall and stately minarets. Every stroke of the engines brought some new object into sight—something majestically grand, until at length the Queen of Cities was before us, throned on her peopled hills, and having the silvery Bosphorus, garlanded with palaces, flowing at her feet. On the left, washed by the waves, the quaint old battlements extend from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers—a distance of nearly four miles; and over them, in picturesque confusion, rise the terraced roofs, domes, and minarets of Stamboul. To the right, the white mansions, cemeteries, and cypress groves of Scutari, stretch eastward along the Asiatic shore far as the eye can see. In the centre, the opening out of the Bosphorus reveals a vista of matchless beauty, like one of the gorgeous pictures of Turner.

Still the steamer glided rapidly on, until, sweeping round the Seraglio Point, it dropped anchor in the

Golden Horn. The harbour, or "Golden Horn," which more resembles a large river than a harbour, is, according to Charles Annandale, M.A., "deep, commodious, well-sheltered, and capable of containing one thousand two hundred large ships, which may load and unload alongside the quays. It is about six miles long, and a little more than half-a-mile broad at the widest part; its general breadth, however, does not exceed a quarter of a mile, though, at its entrance, it has a width, from Seraglio Point or Point Serai to the opposite shore, of about a thousand yards. The "Horn" is usually crowded with vessels and light boats, and presents a lively bustling scene."

Here the deep "Brig ahoy!" of the British seaman boomed along the ripple, there the shrill cry of the Greek mariner rang through the air; at intervals the rich full strain of the dark-eyed and swarthy complexioned Italian relieved the wild monotonous chaunt of the Turk: while the cry of the sea-boy from the rigging was answered by the brief stern tones of the weather-beaten sailor on the deck.

Every instant a graceful caique, with its long and sharp prow and gilded ornaments, shot past the ship, carrying possibly a bearded and turbaned Turk, pipe in hand, squatted upon his carpet at the bottom of the boat, and attended by his red-capped and blue-coated domestic, who was sometimes a thick-lipped negro, but more frequently a keen-eyed and mustachioed Mussulman. Or the boat's freight might consist of a group of women, closely huddled together, and wearing the yashmak or veil of white muslin, which covers all of the face, except the eyes and nose, and gives to the wearer the appearance of an animated corpse; some of them, as they pass, languidly breathing out their harmonious Turkish, which, from female lips, is almost music.

There is no scene in the world like that which is before the eyes of the traveller in the Golden Horn. On the south,

rise in succession from the still waters of the inlet, the seven low hills of old Byzantium, crowned with domes and tapering minarets, and crowded with houses presenting shattered walls upheld by fantastic buttresses. On the northern bank of the long "Horn," above the mass of buildings and the Genoese tower of Old Galata, appear the heights of Pera, gay and fresh with the new residences of European Ambassadors who, one might suppose, had resolved to establish permanent authority over the Palaces of the Sultan which line the shores of the Bosphorus far below.

Facing the city and the mouth of the Golden Horn, but on the Asiatic shore, lies Scutari, with its bright houses and monuments and clusters of dark cypresses; and near it Kadi-Keiu, now a little village, but once known to fame as Chalcedon. Looking northwards, past the splendid portals of Dolmabatchke and the graceful minarets of its adjoining mosques, one sees a long "reach" of the Bosphorus all aglow with palaces and gilded kiosks, villas, and terraced gardens.

We landed at the Custom House, and, after the usual formalities had been disposed of, proceeded up a steep ascent to Pera, through the narrow filthy streets of Galata. Our attention was attracted by the swarms of dirty dogs that throng every avenue and which lay snugly crouched down amongst heaps of refuse until disturbed by our approach, when we were greeted with a chorus of discordant barking. Food is every day dispensed by the inhabitants to these vagrant animals, who, having no specific owners, act as scavengers to the city by eating anything they can find amongst the dirt and offal of the streets. Each dog seems to have his appointed place in the city, and there appears to be a code of honour amongst them that no dog is to go into any other quarter of the city other than that in which he was reared, and in which he ordinarily gets his livelihood.

Immediately a strange dog intrudes upon the quarters of his neighbours he is beset on all sides, upbraided with angry growls and barks, and ultimately obliged to retreat within his own limits.

After we had secured rooms at the Royal Hotel, 170, Grande Rue de Pera, and had a refreshing wash, we proceeded to Messrs. T. Cook and Son's office for our letters, &c., and thence to the lofty yet ponderous Tower of Galata, which we ascended. It rises to the height of six hundred and seventy two feet above the crumbling walls, and upon its summit a watchman is continually on the look-out to give alarm in case of fire. From that elevation nothing of the dirt and filth of the streets can be seen, and the eye can roam from one quarter to another without wearying the feet. Nature and Art seem to have vied with each other in the production of all that is wonderful in landscape, in water, and in buildings. Europe and Asia, islands and mainland, rivers and seas, palaces and mosques, parade grounds and burial fields, tug-boats and colossal war-ships lie, as it were, beneath our feet, and present to the eye a more superb view than the imagination can create in her most fantastic wanderings.

Leaving here, our guide conducted us to the Mosque of Santa Sophia. This church was originally built by Constantine, but, being destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt on a much more magnificent scale by Justinian.

The first view of the interior is impressive. It consists of a central dome one hundred and seven feet in diameter and forty six feet rise, elevated one hundred and eighty feet above the ground, with semi-domes of equal diameter to the east and west. The grand dome is carried on four arches; those running north and south are nearly one hundred feet span and one hundred and twenty feet high, resting on four massive piers, strongly supported by abutments. The side-arches (east and west) are filled with

a screen of pillars. The arches, pillars, and capitals are inlaid with marble mosaics of most elegant pattern; and the walls are lined with marble, jasper, porphyry, and verd-antique to the height of a gallery which surrounds the temple, and which, like the base of the building, is floored with rich marbles, and supported by plain columns of the same material.

Before ascending to the gallery, we were introduced to one of the miracles of the place, in the shape of a column, having a portion of its surface cased with iron. A deep cavity has, in one part, been worn away beneath the metal; and into this orifice the visitor is invited to insert his finger, in order to convince himself of the humidity of the marble; but, on making the trial, I was conscious only of its extreme coldness.

We mounted to the gallery by a spiral stair, and were presented by our guide with some coloured stones, which he had torn away from the elaborately ornamented dome. From this point of vantage, we were enabled to survey at leisure the construction of the mighty pile, with its vast unencumbered space. The view from this gallery, at the upper extremity of the mosque, is extremely imposing; as, from this point, the spectator is enabled to take in all the extent of the edifice; and the effect is rendered the more striking by the circumstance of its being laid entirely bare beneath you, and totally free from the divisions and sub-divisions which (in Catholic chapels) are necessary for the location of different shrines. Plain and unornamented—save by the casing of marble already referred to—the walls tower up in severe beauty until they reach the base of the stately dome, which is poised on the capitals of a circle of gigantic and rudely fashioned pillars. The dome itself is figured all over with a monstrous inscription in Turkish characters, wrought in gold mosaic. The gallery in which you stand is supported, throughout its whole extent, by pillars, some of which are of

Egyptian granite, others of porphyry, others again of scagliola and various precious marbles. Eight of the porphyry pillars are relics of the Temple of Heliopolis, while those of verd-antique are from Ephesus.

An immense chandelier hung suspended from the dome, and around it dangled a number of dingy oil lamps and still dingier ostrich eggs which reach to within eight or ten feet of the floor. The floor is carpeted all over, but there are no seats of any kind—indeed, there never are in any mosque. On the left hand stands the marble pulpit, access to which is gained by means of a flight of steps; on the right hand the imperial closet, with its gilded lattices, completes the details of the picture. Two huge waxen candles, at least eighteen inches in circumference, occupying the sides of the arched recess at the eastern end of the building, are lightéd every night, and last exactly twelve months.

Worshippers were at prayer, in silent unison bowing their turbaned heads towards the holy city of Mecca, and alternately straightening up, bowing again, and kneeling down to kiss the earth, muttering prayers the while, and repeating the series of genuflexions so often that—whatever might be the feelings of the participators—the back of the spectator ached in very sympathy. Prayer ended, some of the worshippers grouped themselves in circles, and squatted on the floor for the reading of the Koran. All read together in loud unmusical tones, creating an extraordinary vocal tumult.

Thomas Carlyle calls the Koran “the confused ferment of a great, rude, human soul; rude, untutored, that cannot even read; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words;” and the same writer, speaking of Mohammedanism, says: “Call it not false, look not at the falsehood of it; look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries it has been the religion and life-guidance of the

fifth part of the whole kindred of mankind. Above all, it has been a religion heartily believed."

But, with all his admiration, Carlyle confesses that the reading of the Koran in English is "as toilsome a task" as he ever undertook—"a wearisome, confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness, entanglement, insupportable stupidity, in short, nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran. We read it, as we might in the State Paper Office, unreadable masses of lumber, that we may get some glimpses of a remarkable man." And yet there are Mohammedan Doctors who are reported to have read the Koran seventy thousand times! What a difference of national and religious stupidity!

Gibbon says "The Koran is a glorious testimony to the writing of God;" but he also very properly calls it "an endless, incoherent rhapsody of fable and precept and declamation; which seldom excites a sentiment or an idea; which sometimes crawls in the dust, and is sometimes lost in the clouds."

It was up this very nave that Mohammed II., "the Conqueror," spurred his horse through a crowd of fugitives, dismounted at the foot of the altar, exclaimed "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" and let loose his soldiery upon the priests, virgins, and promiscuous multitude who had here sought shelter.

It was here, too, that John Chrysostom was called to fill the Patriarchal chair of Constantinople—the new Rome—the Capital of the World—which crowned with splendour the banks of the Bosphorus. Who, of all the Children of Men, spoke like him? But, suddenly, a noise of approaching tempests was heard in the palace of the Emperors: a desolating wintry wind sweeps howling from the magnificent dwelling of the haughty Eudoxia, and the Patriarch is cast

out from his seat, banished to the desert, and there—an exile in a barbarous land, consumed by fever, as he is dragged onward by the satellites of the Emperor, he dies in the grasp of the soldiers, exclaiming triumphantly: “Glory be to God!” The people, charmed by his eloquence, had honoured him with the name of Saint Chrysostom, A.D. 400.

Altogether there are about three hundred mosques in Constantinople, all of them more or less distinguished for their grandeur and beauty; but the most remarkable are the *royal* mosques—of which there are about fifteen—esteemed the finest in the world; the oldest of these is the Mosque of Saint Sophia, but the largest and most splendid is that of Suleiman the Magnificent.

Leaving here we proceeded to inspect the beautiful Fountain of the Sultan, and thence to the Column of the Three Serpents, a curious structure about fifteen feet high, which is formed of three bronze serpents, the tails downwards, and the bodies twisted together in spiral convolutions as far as the necks. Their heads, outspreading, formerly supported (it is said) the golden tripod of the Priestess of Apollo of Delphi, from whence this singular monument is generally supposed to have been brought. The history of the relic is very interesting. At the celebrated battle of Plataea, B.C. 479, which delivered Greece from the Persian invaders, the Greeks obtained immense booty, of which the tithe was dedicated to the Delphic Oracle. Out of the gold thus acquired there was made—according to Herodotus—a golden tripod, which was placed on the bronze three-headed serpent that stood close to the altar. The tripod was carried off by the Phocians in the Sacred War, but the bronze pillar remained at Delphi until the time of Pausanias, when it was carried by Constantine to the city which he had founded, and set up in the place it now occupies. It appears to have been perfect so recently as A.D. 1675, for Spon and Wheeler give a sketch of it which shows the three heads. These

have now disappeared, and tradition avers that one of them was struck off by a blow from the axe of Mohammed the Conqueror.

Our next progress brought us to the Museum of Ancient Costumes of all the officers and attendants about the person of the Sultan, as established by ancient rule, as well as those of divers trades and professions. Here may be seen the Commander of the Janissaries in his official accoutrements, the kettles of the Janissaries borne by their proper officers and preceded by another carrying the ladle. Here, too, are counterfeit presentments of the Sultan's dwarfs, his surgeon, executioner, and other officers, the chiefs of the white and of the black eunuchs, pashas, viziers, and others too numerous to specify in detail.

Not far from the Hippodrome we descended a flight of stone steps which led to a sort of subterranean reservoir, some forty feet below the ground level, and called "the thousand and one columns." I am unable to state for what purpose it was originally constructed, but we found it occupied by a few persons who utilised its colonnades for the purpose of spinning silk—the even temperature of the cellar being favourable to this work.

On emerging from this dim vault we visited the Tomb of Sultan Mohammed II., who is honoured with a multangular mausoleum for himself alone. It is decorated with a porch and double row of windows; the interior is white, but the walls are covered with inscriptions from the Koran; and, in the centre, the bier is enclosed within an inlaid railing, having a brazen candlestick at the head and another at the foot. We next visited the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent and the Pigion Mosque.

Of course we went to the Bazaars in Stamboul. The covered bazaars have a somewhat mean appearance, resembling a row of booths at a fair; but the arrangement and

manner of exposing the wares is sufficiently attractive. The principal or Great Bazaar consists of long avenues, covered over with lofty arches of brick, lighted by apertures in the roof, and branching out in different directions. The ceilings and various parts of the walls are ornamented with painted flowers and arabesques. On each side of the passage are counters and stalls, with a wide thoroughfare between, and on each counter sits the merchant, generally smoking a chibouque or pipe, with his legs crossed under him. Each bazaar, whether open or covered, is generally confined to the wares and merchandise of one special trade; and all are, generally, so crowded, especially by ladies, that it is no easy matter to pass through them. The few manufactures of Constantinople are chiefly confined to articles in morocco-leather, saddlery, tobacco-pipes, fez-caps, perfumes, gold and silver embroideries, etc.; but its foreign commerce is considerable.

"Constantinople," writes Charles Annandale, M.A., "is made up of three cities; each of which is, in many respects, entirely distinct from the others. Galata is the largest, and is the principal seat of commerce. It is here that the merchants of all nations have their stores, and counting-houses. Here, too, are situated the arsenals, the dockyard, the artillery barracks, the Government docks, warehouses, and workshops, extending along the shore of the Bosphorus for nearly a mile and a half. It is an ancient city, and was strongly fortified. Pera occupies the more elevated position of the promontory of which Galata forms the maritime port. It is separated from the latter by a wall with gates which are closed at night.

Stamboul is the Mohammedan part of the city. It contains the Seraglio, the principal mosques, the public offices, the great net work of bazaars, and the only remains of Byzantium. It is about fourteen miles in circuit, triangular in form, and the wall is four miles long. Topkane

is situate a little further up the Bosphorus than Galata, of which it forms a continuation. There is a spacious quay, the usual place of embarkation for Scutari and the villages on the Bosphorus.

Constantinople occupies the site of the ancient Byzantium, and was named after Constantine the Great, who rebuilt it in A.D. 328. No city in the world has been subjected to such celebrated sieges, and no other has undergone so many vicissitudes of fortune. Yet it has only been twice captured,—namely in 1204, by the Crusaders, who retained it till 1261, and by the Turks under Mohammed the Second, May 29th, 1453—an event which completed the extinction of the Roman Empire in the East.

The population of Constantinople is a heterogeneous mass of Turks, Arabians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Europeans. Its numbers are variously estimated, one authority puts them at between four hundred thousand and five hundred thousand; another raises the figures to six hundred thousand.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15TH.—A superb morning. We embarked in a caique or small boat and proceeded to the end of the Golden Horn, whence we ascended a high hill for the view, and after sauntering about for a couple of hours returned to our boat. Our sturdy rowers bent to their oars with right good will and landed us on shore in time for luncheon, after which we again sallied forth, and this time availed ourselves of the services of a tramcar. On our way we met a funeral cortege, preceded by the Greek Patriarch in his robes, succeeded by nine choristers, of whom two carried a basket containing cakes, and another the coffin lid, which was covered with violet velvet and emblazoned with a brass plate. Next came the bier, carried by four men, and on it an open coffin in which lay the corpse of an elderly *man*, attired in an ordinary suit of black cloth and red *fez*

with a purple tassel. The relatives and friends followed in procession.

Arrived at the landing-stage we embarked on the steamer for a trip up the Bosphorus as far as its junction with the Black Sea. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery which met our eyes on either hand as we moved swiftly on. Proceeding from village to village, a thousand interesting objects presented themselves—the Tower of Galata, rife with memories of the days when the dread Janissaries ruled the destinies of the Empire, crowned the height which, dotted with houses and clad in verdure, swept downward to the port. The spiral minarets of the imperial mosques of Tophana were flaunting their golden glories in the light; the sounds of busy life were borne on the wind; and, the port once passed, the wide artillery ground, and the stately barracks were succeeded by the summer palace of the Grand Vizier, standing proudly against the current, as though—like the Emperor of old—it dared the wave to overwhelm it.

The wide sweep of hilly country, gradually closing, and becoming more lofty in the rear of the buildings that fringe the stream, was clothed with trees of every tint, from among which the many-coloured houses peeped forth in the most picturesque irregularity. What a line of palaces stretched along the coast! And what a wilderness of gardens, climbing the steeps behind these palaces, made the background of the picture no inapt representation of fairy land; while, at intervals, a little bay formed a delicious nook occupied by country houses and terraced coffee-shops where the luxurious Osmanli smoked his pipe and inhaled his tiny cup of Mocha, amid sights and sounds to which the world can probably produce no parallel.

Upon our return we proceeded to the hotel, and, after dinner, I was enabled to pay off arrears by writing answers to letters received.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16TH.—A lovely morning. After breakfast we passed over to Scutari. The sunshine was bright upon the waters of the Bosphorus, the tops of the tall cypresses were golden in the light, and their feathery branches heaved slightly beneath the breeze, the sky was blue above the spiral minarets, and the painted houses gleamed out like gigantic flowers as the day-beam touched them.

Upon our arrival at the landing-stage we took carriages to the foot of the Boulgourloo; then walked to the top and obtained an extensive prospect over both banks of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, embracing the city and all its suburbs. Far, far away in the distance we glanced upwards to the crest of Mount Olympus. We saw it at a happy moment, for the sunbeams had turned its snows to jewels which were flashing with a brightness that almost forbade our gaze, when suddenly a light cloud passed over its stately brow, and, deadening for an instant the glitter that it had borrowed from the daybeam, sobered down its tints into more subdued beauty, and made it look as though it were girdled by a rainbow.

Here we partook of luncheon; seating ourselves upon the fresh turf, which was enamelled with violets and wild hyacinths.

Leaving, we returned to Scutari, and visited the pretty English Cemetery which lies close to the Bosphorus. It is beautifully laid out, and well kept. The various paths are shaded by cypresses; laurel and lavender trees that advance and recede in the most graceful curves, and the soft bright tint of the fresh young grass in the open spaces between them, produce a charming effect.

We sat down on the sea wall in this quiet spot, and looked at the shifting busy panorama of a world that does not disturb the repose which exists here; and then walked

about, noting the headstones of soldiers and sailors. Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are extremely touching, and it is sad to see how large a proportion of those who lie buried here have been cut off in the very flower of their youth. In the centre of the cemetery is a very large and beautiful monument erected by Queen Victoria and her people in 1857—"To the memory of the Officers and Men of the British Army and Navy, who fell in war against Russia, 1854-55-56, and died for their country."

Leaving here we shortly pass the famous Turkish cemetery. Its thickly planted cypresses form a dense shade, beneath which the tall head-stones gleam out white and ghostly. The grove is intersected by footpaths, and, for a moment, one might almost think that he stood amid the ruins of some devastated city.

"Those chiselled blocks of stone" writes Pardoe, "that lie prostrate at your feet, or lean heavily on one side as if about to fall,—those turban-crowned shafts which rise on all sides—are memorials of the departed. Would you know more? Note the form and folds of the turban, and you learn the rank and profession of the deceased. Here lies the man of law, and there rests the pasha; the soldier slumbers yonder; and close beside you repose the ashes of the priest. Here and there, scattered over the burial ground, you may distinguish several head-stones from which the turbans have been recently struck off:—they mark the graves of the Janissaries, desecrated by order of the Sultan after the extinction of their corps,—and the mutilated turbans which are half buried in the long grass besides these graves are imperishable witnesses to their disgrace,—a disgrace which has extended even beyond the grave, and in a country where the dead are objects of peculiar veneration. It is a singular custom among this people to chisel upon the tomb the emblem of the trade or profession of the deceased.

Our next progress brought us to the Chapel of the Howling Dervishes—a square apartment surrounded by a low gallery, and ornamented like the mosques, with written passages from the Koran. The band of dervishes formed a ring round the chapel, upon which the high-priest took his place in the recess, and then, turning his face towards Mecca, he murmured a low prayer. He then seated himself on a rug, and commenced a sort of chant which was echoed by the whole fraternity, every individual swaying himself to and fro as he sat upon the floor with his feet doubled under him. Each moment added to the number of those engaged in this act of worship; and each, on his arrival, cast off his slippers at the entrance and advanced, barefooted, to the place of the high-priest; where, bending on one knee, he pressed the hand of his leader to his lips and forehead, and then took up a position in the ring, which ultimately became so thronged that the individuals who composed it pressed closely upon each other, and, as they swung slowly to and fro, appeared to move in one dense mass. Sick persons were brought in, and wonderful cures were professed to be wrought. Amongst others an infant was brought in, and the priest stood upon it, when its cries were hushed in a moment. I believe the little creature had expired; for surely the foot of that man was too heavy for its tender frame.

They are fanatical enough to disregard the loss of life if it could be made to further their creed in any way; and believe that any one dying thus by their hands would go straight to Paradise.

The measure of the chant was regulated by the high-priest, who clapped his hands from time to time to increase its speed; while the fraternity, rocking themselves to and fro, kept up one continual shout "Allah! il Allah!" rising and falling with the voices of the choir. Howl succeeded to howl as the exhaustion consequent on this violent bodily

exertion began to produce its effect, until at length it developed into a hoarse sobbing, and a quick jerk, which I can compare to nothing that it more resembles than the rapid action of a pair of bellows. The cheeks and foreheads of the actors became pale, their eyes grew dim, and white foam collected about their mouths; in short it resembled rather the orgies of a band of demons than an offering to the God of peace and love. I never witnessed such a scene; nor should I have conceived it possible for human beings to have voluntarily subjected themselves to the agony which these misguided wretches visibly endured.

Leaving the painful spectacle we wended our way to the landing stage, and arrived at our hotel in time for dinner.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17TH.—A delightful morning. Breakfast concluded, we drove near to one of the palaces of the Sultan, in order to get a sight of him on his way to the Mosque. Groups of curious spectators were in process of constant formation and alteration, and the constant change of constituents produced the most interesting pictorial effects. Here it was a party of Jews, there a knot of Armenians, further on a circle of Greeks, and close beside us a number of carriages filled with ladies whose white veils made them look like a community of nuns. Numerous boys, from six years of age upward, figured in coats as brightly buttoned as those of their fathers, and were further bedizened with miniature pantaloons corded with scarlet, and minute fezzes with purple tassels.

We had not long to wait before we heard the welcome sounds of the imperial band, which struck up the Sultan's Grand March. First came twelve running footmen in richly laced uniforms and high military caps; and then followed a detachment of infantry marching in double files, between whose ranks moved an open carriage containing the Sultan, splendidly dressed—the star in front of his fez, and the

orders on his breast, being perfectly dazzling. The Officers of State passed in order, according to their respective ranks ; and, in a few minutes, nothing of the pageant remained with us save its memory.

Next we went to the Chapel of the Turning Dervishes—an octagon building of moderate size, and neatly painted in fresco. The centre of the floor is railed off, and the enclosure is sacred to the brotherhood ; the outside circle, covered with Indian matting, being appropriated to visitors. A narrow mat close to the railing forms a sort of border to the inner circle, and upon this the brotherhood kneel during the prayers. The floor in the inner centre is so highly polished by the perpetual friction that it resembles a mirror, and the boards are united by nails having heads as large as a shilling, to prevent accidents to the feet of the dervishes during their evolutions. Above the seat of the Superior the name of the founder of the chapel is written in large golden characters on a black ground. The seat itself consists of a small carpet, above which is spread a crimson rug.

One by one, the dervishes entered the chapel, bowing profoundly at the little gate of the enclosure, and took their places on the mat, bending down and reverently kissing the ground ; then, folding their arms meekly on their breasts, remained with their eyes closed, buried in prayer, their bodies meanwhile swinging to and fro.

All were enveloped in wide cloaks of dark green cloth, with pendant sleeves : and they also wore their geulafs, which they retained during the whole of the service. The deep stillness, broken only by the breath of prayer or the melancholy wailing of the muffled instruments, heightened the effect of the scene, and tacitly rebuked the presumption and worldliness of spirit that would have sought a jest in the sanctuary of religion.

The service commenced with an extemporaneous prayer from the chief priest, to which the attendant dervishes listened with arms folded upon their breasts, and their eyes fixed upon the ground. At its conclusion, all bowed their foreheads to the earth, and the orchestra struck into one of those peculiarly wild and melancholy Turkish airs, which are unlike any other music that I have ever heard. Instantly the full voices of the brethren joined in chorus, and the effect was thrilling—now the sounds died away like the exhausted breath of a departing spirit, and suddenly they swelled once more into a deep and powerful diapason that seemed scarce earthly. A second stillness of about a minute succeeded, when the low, solemn music was resumed; and the dervishes, slowly rising from the earth, followed their Superior thrice round the enclosure, bowing themselves twice under the shadow of the name of their founder suspended above the seat of their high-priest. This reverence was performed (without removing their folded arms from their breasts) the first time on the side by which they approached, and afterwards on the opposite side, which they gained by revolving slowly on the right foot, in such manner as to prevent their turning their backs toward the inscription.

This procession was closed by a second prostration; after which, each dervish, having gained his place, cast off his cloak, and, passing solemnly before the chief priest, they commenced their evolutions. The extraordinary ceremony which gives its name to the “dancing” or, as they are really and much more appropriately called, the “turning” “dervishes”—for nothing can be more utterly unlike dancing than their evolutions—is not without its meaning.

They are supposed to pray first for the pardon of their past sins and the amendment of their future lives, and they figure by their peculiar and fatiguing movements their anxiety to “shake the dust off their feet” and to cast from

them all worldly ties. Immediately after passing, with a solemn reverence twice performed, the place of the high-priest (who remained standing) the dervishes spread their arms and commenced their revolving motion, the palm of the right hand being held upwards, and that of the left turned down. Their under-dress consisted of a jacket and petticoat of immense width that descended to their feet, and, as the wearers swung round, formed a bell-like appearance.

The number of those who were "on duty" was twenty-six—all men; and so true and unerring were their motions that, although the place which they occupied was somewhat circumscribed, they never once gained upon each other, but, for fifteen minutes they continued twirling round and round as though impelled by machinery;—their pale and passionless countenances being perfectly immobile, and their inflated garments creating a cold sharp air in the chapel, from the rapidity of their action. The outburst from the gallery put an end to the labours of the orchestra; and the Superior, rising to his knees while the others continued prostrate, prayed for a few minutes in his turn, and then, taking his stand upon the rug, they approached him one by one, and, clasping his hand, pressed it to their lips and forehead. When the first had passed, he stationed himself on the right of the Superior, and awaited the arrival of the second, who, on reaching him, bestowed on him also the kiss of peace which he had just proffered to the chief priest; and each in succession performed the same ceremony to all those who had preceded him, which was acknowledged by gently stroking down the beard. This was the final act of the exhibition; and the Superior having slowly and silently traversed the enclosure, in a few minutes the chapel was empty.

At four o'clock we embarked on the steamer *Aglaja* for Athens, and at 4-50 were gliding along the Sea of Marmora.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18TH.—Sea calm, morning dull and cloudy. I thought we were in for a wet day, but it fortunately cleared, and we were again favoured with beautiful weather. It was a charming little voyage—rich in views of mountain scenery, enjoyed with ease and comfort. We sat on deck till a late hour, and “turned in” with every prospect of being at Athens in the morning.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, APRIL 19TH.—A superb morning. We anchored in the Piræus 8-40. The Customs’ examination was merely nominal; and as soon as that was over we drove along the Attic road, instead of taking the railway. A lofty object, rising in the clear blue sky, soon attracts our attention. It needs no one to say what the conspicuous object is—it is the Acropolis, holding up the ruined temples of other days, and proclaiming what Athens was.

We arrived at Athens at 9-45, and were much pleased with the Hotel d’ Angleterre, which was our headquarters. It is a fine building, and exceedingly well placed. In front of it you have King George’s Palace and its very pretty gardens. After breakfast, we attended Divine Service at the English Church, and remained for Holy Communion. It is a neat building in the Rue-des-Philhellènes, which owes its foundation to the late C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., of Atherstone, Warwickshire, who resided much in Greece, and whose efforts to raise subscriptions for the purpose were unremitting until his object had been attained, the church being commenced in 1840, and consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar on Easter-day, 1843.

After luncheon, Dr. Forbes (a personal friend of the late General Gordon) and the writer ascended the Lycabetus; from which we looked down upon a scene of great natural beauty, every feature of which was linked with some of the great deeds of the Athenian people. Athens lay immedi-

ately below ; the Piræus and the sea in the distance. Salamis, with its forked hills, from which the Persian king surveyed the fight so humbling to his pride, was on the right. On the left were two small islands, on which the Persian ships not destroyed in the battle ran aground, and here, too, were Hymettus, and the Valley where still, though small and shrunk, the Ilyssus

“Rolls its whispering stream.”

On the extreme right rose the mountain range of Parnassus, famed for its wines, embosomed among whose hills is Eleusis, still more famous for its mysteries, its games, and its great popular gatherings. Behind us were Pentelicus, with its marble quarries, and rocky ground traversed by the white path which leads to Marathon. Still further in our rear, and stretching out behind Mount Parnassus, lay the long Vale of the Cephissus, once covered with houses when Athens had a population of one hundred thousand souls, but now covered with olive-trees.

Returning to the hotel, we strolled through the Palace Gardens, screened by lemon and orange trees, and the thick foliage of sycamores, intermixed with laurel, palm, pepper, pomegranate, and lavender trees, and full of exquisite and fragrant flowers, making the air sweet and delightful.

Athens, the celebrated city and capital of ancient Greece, is said to have been founded by Cecrops, an Egyptian who flourished about the time of Moses, and who is said to have led a colony into Greece. Although the new city was, without doubt, a mere assemblage of rude huts, it appeared so superior to the former insignificant habitations of the country that it was called, by way of eminence “Polis” or “The City.” It was built on the spot now occupied by the Acropolis, and at first was styled Cecropia, from its founder Cecrops ; but this was changed in the reign of Erichonius, the fourth king, for Athens, in honour of Minerva, one of whose names was Athena; and who was patroness of the

city. In process of time the number of inhabitants increased so greatly as to render it necessary to build on the plain: the old city was therefore distinguished by the appellation of the "acropolis" or higher city, the new one being styled "catapolis"—the lower city.

The following remarks by Sir Henry Holland are peculiarly just—"Those who expect to see in Athens only the more splendid and obvious testimonies of its former state will be agreeably disappointed. The Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Propylæa, are individually most striking objects; yet it may perhaps be added that they would have been less interesting singly than in their combined relation to that wonderful grouping of nature and art which gives its peculiarity to Athens, and renders the scenery of this spot something which is ever unique to the eye and recollection. Here, if anywhere, there is a certain genius of the place, which unites and gives a character and colouring to the whole.

The stranger who is unable to appreciate the architectural beauties of the temples of Athens, can yet admire the splendid assemblage they form in their position, outline, and colouring; can trace out the pictures of the poets in the Vale of Cephissus, the hill of Colonos, and the ridge of Hymettus; can look on one side on the sea of Salamis, on the other on the heights of Phyle. Nowhere is antiquity so well substantiated as at Athens, or its outline more completely filled up to the eye and to the imagination.

MONDAY, APRIL 20TH.—A splendid morning. After an early breakfast we sallied forth with our guide, and began our survey of the ruins of Athens, our first object being the Panathenaic Stadium. Constructed by the orator Lycurgus Ibis, son of Lycophon, about B.C. 350, it afforded accommodation to from forty thousand to fifty thousand spectators. Spartian mentions that when the Emperor Hadrian presided

at the Panathenaic games, he presented one thousand wild beasts to be hunted in the Stadium.

Further on, we come to the Fountain of Callirrhoe, or Enneacrunus, so called from the nine pipes which conducted the water; and which was, according to Pausanias, the only spring which supplied good drinking water, the rest being procured by the people of the city from wells.

Passing under the Arch of Hadrian, outside the gate, on the road to the plain of the Ilissus, we come to the ruined Temple of Olympian Jupiter, and the Pantheon or Temple of the Gods, which was built of the purest white marble. In this temple was the famous statue of Minerva, of ivory and gold, the work of Phidias. According to P. G. Kastro-menos, the length of the temple was three hundred and twenty four feet, and its breadth one hundred and seventy one; it contained one hundred and twenty or one hundred and twenty four columns, of which sixteen are all that now remain, and these, fluted, and having rich Corinthian capitals, tower more than sixty feet above the plain, still perfect as when they were reared. Each column consisted of a base, shaft, and capital. The shaft has twenty-four flutings, and consists of many drums held together by iron cramps such as we saw in the one which had fallen.

We next arrived at the monument of Lysicrates, commonly called the "Lantern of Diogenes," which was built in the time of Alexander the Great. Spon, in mentioning it, says that it was called "the Lantern" on account of the ornamentation on its roof being similar to that of a lamp with three wicks; which, taken in conjunction with the tradition about Diogenes, was compared to the lantern and associated with the philosopher. It is considered one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity; and the capitals are, indeed, most elegant specimens of the *Corinthian* order, refined by Attic taste. It is now in a

mutilated condition, and its many repairs only tend to make its dilapidation more perceptible.

Whether Demosthenes ever lived here or not, the place acquires historic interest from the certainty that Lord Byron made it his residence during his visit to Athens; and the residence of Mrs. Black, whom he has immortalized as the "Maid of Athens" was also pointed out to us.

Our next progress brings us to the Theatre of Dionysius, which building, we are told by Plato, could contain thirty thousand spectators, and was constructed (writes P. G. Kastromenos) at an early epoch, because in it Æschylus himself, and other dramatic poets, exhibited their dramas. The seats were rectangular, smooth, and simple. There were likewise places reserved for the Metœkœ and foreigners. Below the lowest row of seats was a level place named the orchestra, and in its centre a little four-cornered and somewhat lofty *bema*. The central part of the orchestra was paved with small pieces of marble. The theatre had a most beautiful and charming appearance, because the town, the harbour, and the sea from which the power and prosperity of the Athenians had sprung, could be seen towards the right, and Attica towards the left. Round about the cavea, ranged tier above tier, were seats for thirty thousand spectators. The whole was crowned and encircled by a high colonnade ornamented with statues, and having a railing at the top. The upper rows of seats were divided into two or three broad belts by passages or corridors. They were divided a second time into wedge-like portions, thirteen in number, one for each of the tribes of that period, and progressing from the extremity on the right by various steps upwards, and from the floor towards the colonnade at the top. As the lower seats were best adapted for seeing and hearing, they were considered the most honourable, and were therefore set apart for the chief rulers, for the priests, and the councillors,—as is apparent from the inscriptions on the

chairs, such as "Of the priest of Apollo, the Pythian and Torch-bearer," "Of the General," and "Of the Heralds."

This theatre was greatly admired by the ancients. Dicæarchus, who saw it in the beginning of the fourth century B.C., says "It is a great, admirable, and remarkable theatre." It is conjectured that the present ruins are those of the theatre built by Hadrian, the more ancient one having probably been destroyed by Sulla; though it would appear from the testimony of Dion Chrysostom and Philostratus that the theatre in question lasted until A.D. 200, for, at that period, it was used for single combats, contests with wild beasts, dances, and other exhibitions usual to satisfy the tendency to cruelty which had been developed among the Roman people.

The Theatre, like all those in Greece which were built after the same plan, was roofless and hypæthral; no awning being spread to shield the spectators from the hot rays of the sun, as was usual amongst the Romans. Visitors were not, however, altogether exposed, as the greater part of them wore broad-brimmed sun-hats.

Leaving here we visited the Museum and the Monument of Philopappus. "The Museum," writes P. G. Kastromenos, "is described by Pausanias as a hill situated opposite to the Acropolis and within the ancient wall of the city, because the poet Musæos was buried on its top. This monument is of Pentélic marble, and stands on a pavement of Piræus limestone. It was built between A.D. 101, and A.D. 108. Josephus tells us that Epiphanes was a young man in A.D. 72, and therefore his son Philopappus must have died in middle age. On the northern slope of this hill are some excavations in the rock, in the shape of a tetragon, which are by some considered to have been constructed for use as baths, others say as prisons.

We entered a chamber excavated in the rock, which tradition hallows as the prison of Socrates; and though the authority for this is doubtful, it is not uninteresting to enter

the damp and gloomy cavern wherein, according to the belief of the modern Athenians, the wisest of the Greeks drew his last breath.

Descending, and then rising towards the summit of another hill, we came to the Areopagus or Hill of Mars, the place where the most famous tribunal in the world was held, its decisions being distinguished for their equity, and commanding universal respect.

We ascended this celebrated hill, where St. Paul delivered that memorable oration (Acts xvii., 22, &c.) "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious !"

The sublime scene here exhibited is so striking, that a brief description of it may prove how truly it offers to us a commentary upon St. Paul's words as they were delivered upon this spot, standing upon the open summit of the rock, beneath the canopy of heaven. Before him there was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and skies ; behind him the Acropolis, crowned with all its marble temples. Casting his eyes upwards he could point to pillars, statues, and altars ; and amongst others, to that one which bore the inscription "To the Unknown God." It was to these temples (four of which remain unto the present day) that he alluded, and to which he perhaps pointed, when he said "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Not far from the Areopagus is another hill, or rocky eminence, set apart by Solon for holding assemblies, and called the Pnyx. Seats in the rock are yet visible ; and the bema or rostrum on the top of the rock, commanding a view of the Piræus behind and Athens before, and from which the orators spoke, is yet pointed out. Thus Demosthenes, speaking from this spot, often reminded the Athenians of the splendid works of their forefathers, adding with emphasis—

"these Propylæa." We are sure that Athenian orators frequently excited the patriotic feelings of their hearers by pointing to the group of magnificent buildings—works which were the glory and joy of the nation—visible from the Pnyx.

We next visited the "Theseum" or Temple of Theseus, commonly called "The thirty-two columns" (though it has thirty-four); in allusion to which Kastromenos writes "This monument to the hero was regarded as a temple and as a tomb. It was likewise an asylum for the slaves who could no longer endure the torments inflicted by their masters, and who fled hither seeking protection. This the temple likewise afforded to all fugitives who were being pursued. It is a refuge to household servants and to all humble folk who dread their superiors."

Leaving here we ascended the Acropolis: where, wandering amid its ruins, and surveying the Propylæa, Parthenon, Erechtheum, and Temple of Wingless Victory—those marvellous remains of ancient art—we spent the greater part of the day. The summit is enclosed by a wall, of which some of the foundation stones—very large, and possessing the appearance of great antiquity—are pointed out as part of the wall built by Themistocles after the Battle of Salamis, B.C. 480. The rest is fast falling into decay, and greatly mars the effect when seen from below.

Passing under the gate we arrived at a magnificent propylon of the finest white marble, having a wing of the same material on each side, which stands at the entrance. Leaving this, we ascended several steps and reached the ruined Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. Standing here, we had around us all that is interesting in association, and all that is beautiful in art. Around us, covering the whole summit of the Acropolis, were strewed columns and blocks of polished white marble, the ruins of ancient temples.

The great temple stands on the very summit of the

Acropolis, elevated far above the Propylæa and the surrounding edifices. According to Kastromenos, the length of the temple is two hundred and twenty eight feet, the breadth one hundred and one feet, and the height—as far as the top of the pediment—sixty six feet. It consists of a cella, surrounded by eight columns on either front, and seventeen on either side—counting the corner columns twice—or a total of forty six columns. Each column had a diameter at the base of six feet one inch and a half, and a height of thirty four feet. A great part of the Propylæa is still in a fair state of preservation; twenty four columns now remain, of which thirteen are in good condition; but, until the latter part of the seventeenth century, this magnificent temple, with all its ornaments, existed entire.

We were back to dinner by seven o'clock, and I spent the remainder of the evening in writing out my diary.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21ST.—The morning was lovely. Dr. Forbes and myself were up before five o'clock, and by 6-30 were on our way to Pentelicus, the drive being most enjoyable. We commenced the ascent about nine o'clock, and stoutly surmounted the first part; when another, more lofty and (seemingly) more difficult, appeared before us. It proved, however, more agreeable than the first part, there being fewer patches of heather and slippery moss to scramble over. We soon came upon the strata of beautiful white marble, for which Mount Pentelicus has been celebrated thousands of years. Excavations appear to have been made along the whole route; and on the road-side were blocks, and marks caused by the friction of the heavy masses transported to Athens. The great quarries are toward the summit. The surface has been cut for a width of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, and the cutting now presents a smooth perpendicular face eighty or a hundred feet high, and excavations have been made within to an unknown extent. From

these quarries was hewn the marble for the Temple of Theseus, the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the theatres and other public buildings (and yet, in comparison with what is left, there is nothing gone), to which age has now given a soft and creamy tone. When first hewn, the Pentelic marble must have been too brilliant for the eye, and its dazzling lustre was no doubt softened by the judicious use of colour.

We attained the summit after a fatiguing climb of two hours and a half, and were now at an elevation of three thousand seven hundred feet; but the toil incurred was almost forgotten in gazing upon a view of such wonderful breadth and magnificence, including Parnassus with its unsullied snows gleaming silvery and crown-like above other high historic peaks. Not a sound was audible, save the wind sweeping at intervals round the rocky point.

We looked almost directly down upon the Plain of Marathon, which is chiefly memorable for the victory which the Athenians under Miltiades gained over the Persians. The Athenians resolved to hazard battle alone, in the absence of their allies, and marched against the enemy. Their army numbered about ten thousand, and they were joined on the battle-field by one thousand men from the little State of Platæa. This small force, skilfully disposed by the Athenian general Miltiades, attacked the perhaps ten-fold more numerous enemy with such impetuosity that the latter were completely routed, and fled in the utmost confusion to their ships, B.C. 490. The Spartan army arrived in time to learn that all was over. The Battle of Marathon is justly reckoned one of those that influence the fate of the world; had the issue been different, the whole course of subsequent history might have been reversed.

We made the descent in an hour and a half, and never was luncheon done better justice to than by ourselves on our return. We reached Athens about four o'clock, and visited

the National Museum of-Miscellaneous Antiquities, including Dr. Schliemann's collection. After spending a few hours in these interesting galleries, we wended our way to the hotel, where we found dinner awaiting us.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22ND.—A delightful morning. By 5-45 Dr. Forbes and myself were riding from Athens in the direction of the Piræus ; and in little more than an hour we were on board the Greek steamer bound for Kalamaki. The sail was lovely—closely skirting the coast of Salamis, and affording charming views of Ægina and the Mountains of Peloponnesus—and after a delightful passage of about four hours, we anchored in the pretty little bay of Kalamaki. Immediately on landing we found a train in readiness to convey us to Corinth, where we arrived in fifteen minutes. The line runs partly along the shore of the gulf, and partly across the low undulating hills of the Isthmus. There is considerable cultivation, both of currants and corn-fields. On either hand we were enabled to enjoy the splendid mountain-forms,—on the north were White Helicon and Parnassus ; on the south the nearly two-thousand-feet wall crowned height of Acro-Corinth, and the broken snowy hills of the Morea.

There are but few remains of antiquity at Corinth, but of course we went to see the seven Doric columns—noticed by travellers in all ages—still erect in the midst of modern desolation, although said to be seriously injured by the earthquake of 1858. When Wheler visited Corinth in 1676, there were a dozen columns then standing, and this state of things remained when seen by Stuart about 80 years later, but it had acquired its present condition when visited by Mr. Hawkins in 1795.

According to Murray, the Temple appears to have had originally six columns in front ; and it is conjectured by Leake to have been dedicated to Athena Chalinitis. The

great antiquity of the statue of the goddess as described by Pausanias, and some other circumstances, combine to render this identification a highly probable one. It is believed on good evidence that the latest date that can be assigned to these columns, is the middle of the seventh century, B.C. Of the seven columns, five belonged to one of the fronts; and three (counting the corner column twice) to one of the sides of the peristyle. The three columns of the side, and the two adjoining ones in front, have their entablature still resting upon them, but one of them has lost its capital. Of the two remaining columns, the capital of one and the architraves of both are gone. They are five feet ten inches in diameter at the base, and each shaft is formed of a single piece of limestone covered with fine stucco. The temple must have been sixty five feet in breadth, but its length cannot now be ascertained.

A canal is in process of construction across the Isthmus, the first sod having been cut by the King of Greece, May 4th, 1882.

Dr. Smith, in his "Dictionary of the Bible," commenting on Corinth, says "This city is alike remarkable for its distinctive geographical position, its eminence in Greek and Roman history, and its close connection with the early spread of Christianity. Geographically, its position was so marked, that the name of its Isthmus has been given to every narrow neck of land between two seas." But, besides this, the site of Corinth is distinguished by another conspicuous physical feature—viz., the Acrocorinthus, a vast citadel of rock which rises abruptly to the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and the summit of which is so extensive that it once contained a whole town. The situation of Corinth, and its command of the eastern and western harbours (Cenchræ and Lechæum), are the secrets of its history. In the latest passages of Greek history

Corinth held a conspicuous place. It is not the true Greek Corinth with which we have to do in the life of St. Paul; but the Corinth which had been rebuilt and established as a Roman colony. The distinction between the two must, indeed, be carefully remembered. The new city was hardly less distinguished than the old, and it acquired a fresh importance as the metropolis of the Roman province of Achaia. It was a place of great mental activity, as well as of commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and its wealth was such as to become proverbial. Equally celebrated was it for its vice and profligacy, for its worship of Venus was attended with shameful and notorious licentiousness, and these points are indirectly illustrated by passages in the two Epistles to the Corinthians. Corinth is still an episcopal see, but the city has shrunk to a wretched village—standing, indeed, on the old site, and bearing a corrupted form (*Goritho*) of the old name.

The Posidonium, or Sanctuary of Neptune, the scene of the Isthmian games, from which St. Paul borrows some of his most striking imagery in I. Corinthians and other Epistles, was a short distance to the north-east of Corinth, at the narrowest part of the Isthmus, near the harbour of Schoenus (now Kalamàki) on the Saronic Gulf. To the south are the remains of the stadium, where the foot-races were run (1 Corinthians, ix, 24); to the east are those of the theatre, which was probably the scene of the pugilistic contests (ib. 26); and the small green pine-trees which furnished the fading wreath (ib. 25) to the victor in the games are still abundant on the shore.

St. Paul, leaving behind him the stately yet despicable heathenism, and the ineffectual philosophy of Athens, came and spent a year and a half in Corinth; and then, in company with Aquila and Priscilla, set out for Syria, sailing from Cenchrea, the eastern harbour of the city. It was here

that St. Paul shaved his head, "for he had a vow": what that vow was we cannot determine; but it may have been that he would be an "evangelical Nazarite," and would let his hair grow until his work in Corinth was done. Winding among the isles of Greece, with their rich clothing of intermingling acanthus, myrtle, and olive, Paul and his friends came to Ephesus, where they landed. Going into the synagogue, "Paul reasoned with the Jews," who appear to have opened their hearts to the truths he spake; for they wished him "to tarry longer time with them." This he declined to do, as he wished to be at Jerusalem in time for one of the great Jewish festivals; but promised to visit them again "if it were God's will" that he should do so. He left Aquila and Priscilla in Ephesus, crossed the Mediterranean to Cæsarea, went thence to Jerusalem (where he "saluted the Church") and then ended his long journey at Antioch, dear to him as the centre of the religious movement among the Gentiles.

While we were waiting for dinner, we amused ourselves by sauntering along the beach and collecting agates and pebbles which I preserve as memorials of our visit. The hotel accomodation is wretchedly poor, and the cuisine little better.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23RD.—Glorious weather. This morning I felt as if I had been flayed alive by those Jack Ketches in miniature—the fleas. If they were not one of the plagues of Egypt, they are kin to one of the most loathsome of them. They kept me awake all night: indeed, had they been paid to sting me, they could not have laboured more zealously in the carrying out of their vocation.

Breakfast concluded, and hotel expenses defrayed, we proceeded to the railway station, and at nine o'clock left Corinth in a comfortable carriage, but we had not been long on our way before our train stopped, to allow His Majesty

the King of Greece to pass. I got a good look at him : he and his suite were returning from Corfu.

We reached Athens about 1-13 and were soon safely housed in the charming Hotel d'Angleterre. What a pleasure it was to enjoy the luxury of a good wash and clean linen once more, followed by a wholesome luncheon ! The mail had arrived, bringing newspapers and letters ; so I utilised the time before and after dinner in answering my correspondents.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24TH.—A splendid morning. After an early breakfast we left Athens for the Piræus, and about nine o'clock embarked in the Florio Rubbattino Company's Steamship "*Tasmina*" for Brindisi. After seeing to the luggage being safely deposited in my snug cabin I unbuckled my portmanteau, dislodged the necessary traps, washed myself, passed one brush over the hair and another over the ivory, and felt thoroughly refreshed. In a few minutes we were steaming out of the beautiful harbour which served for ancient as well as for modern Athens. It was beautifully calm, the sea as smooth as a lake, and yet with a delightful breeze blowing.

"In travelling by land," says Washington Irving, "there is a continuity of scene and a connected succession of persons and incidents that lessen the effect of absence and separation. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious !"

That is exactly what I felt when I beheld the last glimmer of land fade away in the horizon.

At 5-30 the bell rang for dinner, when the captain and

seven gentlemen sat down and enjoyed a comfortable meal. The state-room was large and airy, the table well served, the food admirably cooked, the stewards attentive and obliging. Night came on apace ; still, long after night-fall, I lingered upon deck, and, leaning over the bulwarks, watched the phosphorescent bubbles of water rushing from under the keel of the vessel and illuminating her wake far into the darkness,—my brain busy with reflections on the past, on home and its dear loved ones, and with plans and resolutions for the future, until I at length retired to my berth and was soon sleeping soundly.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH.—Another delicious morning. Breakfast over, I made up my diary and occupied the time in reading. The weather had continued most delightful. The voyage was very enjoyable, as we went gliding quickly and smoothly at the rate of eleven to twelve miles an hour. As there was nothing to be seen from deck but the dim union of sea and sky, I retired to my berth quite early.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25TH.—The extra noise and stir in the ship awoke me about four o'clock, and on going on deck about an hour later, I found we were approaching Brindisi. Immediately on landing we took up our quarters at the Hotel des Indes Orientales. A refreshing wash was instantly succeeded by breakfast, and then we began our perambulations in order to see what of Brindisi was noteworthy. It looked very unlike Sunday ; work going on just as on any other day ; and the people were buying and selling and hurrying along, intent upon the cares of business, just as though—instead of being the “Day of Rest”—it was the busiest day in the week.

Brindisi itself has no attractions ; the town is wretchedly poor, the streets narrow and filthy, and low cabarets where cheap wine is vended seem to be the places of great resort. But, as a place of departure for Egypt and the East,

Brindisi has certainly very considerable advantages arising from its geographical position, and the diminished sea-voyage as compared with any other port in Europe; especially now that "through" railway communication has been established between France and Italy, and between Germany and Italy.

The place possessed so little of an attractive nature that it was not long before I returned to the hotel, and retired to my room, where I sat reading at a little distance from the window. The harbour was as still as a lake, though bearing long rows of ships on its surface; and beyond the harbour was the blue Mediterranean, looking more tranquil and beautiful than I could ever have expected. As the sun neared the western horizon, the beauty of the scene seemed to increase, making me loth to leave it when the bell rang for dinner—at which very few were present.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH.—A splendid morning. We left Brindisi at 9-10 a.m. The train stopped a quarter of an hour at Bari, and we utilised the time of our stay in taking luncheon, afterwards proceeding through a rich vine-clad country, arriving at Naples at ten o'clock, where we found the Custom House officers in waiting to examine the baggage. This business disposed of, we had our things put on the hotel omnibus which was in readiness outside, and drove to the Hotel du Vesuve.

TUESDAY, APRIL 27TH.—A lovely morning. We were up early and took our places in an open carriage for an excursion to Vesuvius. After passing the Custom House and the bridge which spans the railroad, we entered the village of S. Giovanni-a-Teduccio, passed along the fine street of Portici with its elegant villas and fine gardens—a favourite country residence for the Neapolitans in September and October—and driving through the court-yard of the late royal palace of Portici—(now the property of the province of Naples) where an agricultural school has been established—

we entered the High Street of Resina, and in a few minutes the carriage began to ascend a steep but good and safe road, which has been constructed upon the lava deposited in 1858, and is close to the other lava stream of 1868. After noting these vast masses of scorix in all their capricious forms, from which every vestige of vegetation has disappeared, we continued on our zig-zag way over and along a vast field of Vesuvian rock.

The first eruption of Vesuvius of which there is any record, occurred on August 24th, 79, during the reign of the Emperor Titus. Not only is it memorable as the eruption which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompèii, and caused the death of Pliny the naturalist, but also as having had the younger Pliny for its historian. In his two well-known letters to Tacitus (vi., 16 and 20) describing the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny, he says that at about one in the afternoon, his mother informed the uncle—who was stationed with the Roman fleet at Misenum—that a cloud of unusual size and shape was visible. “It was not,” he says, “at that distance discernible from what mountain it arose, but it was found afterwards that it was from Vesuvius.”

Since that time there have been continuous symptoms of activity, and many violent eruptions have taken place. “The most noted,” writes Charles Annandale, M.A., “were those of 1036, 1779, 1793, 1834, 1847, 1850, 1855, 1867, and 1872.”

“The eruption of 1779 was particularly magnificent; flames of fire rising to three times the height of the mountain, and stones, scorix, etc., being projected as high as two thousand feet, while a river of lava fifteen hundred feet wide flowed for three and a half miles, and extended six hundred feet into the sea. In 1870, fourteen different orifices opened in the mountain; sending forth rivers of lava that threatened to carry devastation far and wide.”

"The last eruption, on the 26th April, 1872," writes B. Pellerano, "lasted several days, offering scenes of horror and devastation ; about fifty sightseers perished ; and amongst the victims were eight students in medicine who were overwhelmed during the night time in the Atrio del Cavallo by a thick volume of smoke and fire which burst through a large crevice three hundred metres wide which suddenly opened from the bottom to the top of the cone, and in three hours had covered the Fosso della Vetrana, eight hundred metres in width and thirteen hundred in length. Seen from Naples the whole sky over the mountain presented a thick mass of enflamed smoke reflected in the sea ; two large craters were formed which emitted torrents of fire and flashes of electric light ; and discharging stones, ashes, lapilli, and other inflamed matter to the height of thirteen hundred metres—carrying terror into all the neighbouring villages and townships ; destroying rich vine-yards, country residences, and some houses of S. Sebastiano and of S. Giorgio a Cremano ; and accompanied by long and incessant detonations (boati), so that we might fancy ourselves assisting at the cannonading of some tremendous fortress, with continuous explosions of powder magazines. More than forty thousand persons fled from Naples (among whom were many tourists) to escape from this scene of horror, from the dull and heavy atmosphere, and from the fear of earthquakes, the shocks of which continued to be very slight and caused no damage ; foot passengers were obliged to open their umbrellas to shelter themselves from the ashes which fell to the depth of five centimetres. The villages of S. Sebastiano, Somma, S. Giorgio a Cremano, Resina, and Portici were all sufferers, abandoned by their inhabitants and guarded by a cordon of soldiers. The terrified inhabitants, loaded with their most precious effects, crowded into Naples ; more than four thousand found a lodging in the building of the Granili ; others wandered about the streets with their packages and furniture,

ignorant of what the morrow would bring forth, and of the fate of their homes. It appeared like a scene from Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompèii*." This frightful eruption has left a sad memory in the minds of all who witnessed it."

At eleven o'clock we arrived at the hermitage of St. Salvatora. Here we alighted from our carriage, and visited the observatory founded in 1814 by Ferdinand II., under the direction of Professor Melloni. We admired the fine collection of Vesuvian minerals, Lamont's instruments, and Prof. Palmieri's Seismograph,—the former indicate the oscillations of the earth, and the latter the coming eruptions of Vesuvius.

In 1880 a double line of rails was laid from the hermitage to the top, forming a railway which is traversed by one carriage ascending whilst another is descending. We seated ourselves in the carriage, which is attached to an endless wire rope, drawn by a stationary engine, and in ten minutes we reached the head of the ascent at the termination of the sloping plain and fifteen hundred feet above the Observatory.

But though we had reached the summit, there were several huge masses of lava and scorix to cross, not without some personal hazard. These obstacles had taken the form of an irregular species of terraces which (we were informed) did not retain their height, shape, or even number, for any great length of time. They are the cooled material last deposited from the crater, and are altered in figure by almost every eruption. Over some of the cracks in the scorched and blackened surface the heat was scarcely endurable; but not less insufferable was the steaming effluvium of sulphur which occasionally met our nostrils. Crystals of sulphur were observable in different places, some of which I gathered as a memento. At last we had the satisfaction of gaining the top, which rises from amidst heaps of cinders three thousand six hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea; where,

though we had the smoking crater before us, the air felt more pure and pleasant. It was all terribly grand; but no words could adequately describe the scene. From the columns of smoke and vapour that arose it would not have been difficult to conceive that there must have been two or three great fiery mountains below. Every few minutes a fresh explosion occurred, carrying with it quantities of scorix, cinders, and ashes, and accompanied with loud and awful noises, reminding one of the fury of a raging sea.

Vesuvius may be described as a great cone, covering a circle of seven to nine miles in circumference, and melting on all sides into the flat plain of Naples, from which it seems to rise as does an island from the surface of the ocean. Turning away from the scene that had enthralled us for some time, we made our way to the carriage, and prepared for the return journey, which was accomplished in nine minutes. The view presented to us in descending was extremely fine, embracing the Bay of Naples with the gay shores which flank its sides, from the ancient promontory of Misenum at one extremity, to the rocky islet of Capri at the other. Towns, villages, and other architectural objects were seen dotted over an immense tract of country, the white walls contrasting with the bright green of the vineyards and gardens in which they seemed to be set.

Sallying from the Hermitage, we resumed our journey to Pompeii, passing through the village of Torre del Greco, where we were amused by noticing large quantities of macaroni dangling from wooden poles and drying in the sun. As we advanced further, we found ourselves leaving the sea on the right, and entering upon a tract of country quite rural in its aspect. Here and there we came upon the cottage of a humble vine-dresser or farmer, then skirted a cluster of mulberry trees; and finally, in the midst of as great a degree of solitude as one meets with in the heart of the country,

and without any kind of warning, we found ourselves walking on the pavement of a city—a city of the dead—Pompeii.

When one hears of a buried city, it is very difficult to realise what it can look like—still more to realise how a city can be buried so deep as to be utterly lost, and the place of its interment unknown for eighteen centuries. Yet this is what happened to Herculaneum and Pompeii, Stabiae, and Resina, and (some say) to thirteen other cities of this very plain; in which we know that life was universally extinguished.

Pompeii, an ancient city of Campania, was situated on the Bay of Naples, about twelve miles south-east from the city of that name, at the mouth of the river Sarno (the ancient Sarnus), and immediately at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Hercules; but its name is not found in any historical record until B.C. 310, when a Roman fleet touched there and landed troops who ravaged the territory of Nuceria. Then again its name seems to have sunk into oblivion until the outbreak of the Social War (B.C. 91), when the rebels were defeated in its vicinity by Sulla, who afterwards laid siege to the town itself. Whether it fell into his hands by force or capitulation, we cannot now tell; probably the latter, as it escaped the fate of Stabiae, and its inhabitants were admitted to the Roman franchise, though they had to relinquish a third of their arable land to a colony of soldiers, who were sent thither B.C. 82. Before the Republic came to an end, Pompeii became a favourite retreat of Romans of the wealthier classes, who purchased estates in the vicinity—Cicero, among others, having a villa there—and, under the early emperors, it continued to be a favourite resort. Seneca praises its pleasant situation, and Tacitus describes it a populous and flourishing town. The last mentioned writer records a serious conflict, which took place in the Amphi-

theatre, between the Pompeians and the newly settled colonists of Nuceria (A.D. 59); in consequence of which the former were prohibited from holding theatrical and gladiatorial exhibitions for a period of ten years.

Four years later (A.D. 63) a fearful earthquake destroyed most of the public edifices, and many of the private mansions of the town. The citizens abandoned it for some time, and the Roman Senate even contemplated prohibiting its reconstruction; but, at the end of a few months, the work of rebuilding was commenced and carried rapidly forward. The new town, however, was not completed before the final catastrophe of the 23rd August, A.D. 79. The first premonition was a dense shower of ashes, thrown from the flaming crater of Vesuvius, which covered everything to a depth of three feet, and served as a warning for the greater number of the inhabitants to escape. Many of them returned; some, doubtless, in the hope of rescuing their valuables; others, paralysed with fear, not knowing whither to bend their steps.

At the time of the disaster the city is believed to have contained twenty five thousand inhabitants. The number of skeletons of those who perished in that part of the town (about one-third) which has already been excavated, is variously stated at from four hundred to six hundred. The ashes were followed by a stupendous discharge of red-hot rapilli (fragments of pumice stone) of all sizes, which covered the town to a depth of seven or eight feet, and was succeeded by fresh showers of ashes, and these again by more rapilli, but no current of lava seems to have ever reached the town.

The present superincumbent mass is about twenty feet in thickness, and though a portion of this is the result of subsequent eruptions, the town was so far buried by the

great catastrophe as to be entirely lost to view. A small straggling village which sprang up near the spot, long served to maintain the name, but after the eruption of 472, the site was finally abandoned, and during the Middle Ages Pompeii was consigned to oblivion.

It was not until 1748, when a peasant sinking a well discovered a painted chamber, with statues and other objects of antiquity, that anything like real interest in the locality was excited. In 1755 the theatre, amphitheatre, and other parts were laid bare. Since that period the Neapolitan government has exerted itself to clear the ruins from the rubbish which encumbers them. This, however, has been a tedious and expensive process. The Government of Victor Emmanuel has assigned two thousand five hundred pounds annually for the prosecution of the excavations; and a regular plan has been adopted, according to which the ruins are systematically explored and carefully preserved. A local library and museum have been instituted, and a railway constructed for the effectual removal of the debris; but, at the present rate of working, it is calculated that sixty more years will not suffice to lay bare what of the city still remains buried.

We were accompanied in our explorations, not only by our guide, but also by a local official; and approached the ruins by the Porta della Marina, or Sea Gate—a long vaulted passage, in the middle of which—on the right—is the Museum, which contains objects lately discovered, all arranged in excellent order.

1ST HALL.—Several models of doors moulded in plaster; a new door and cupboard perfectly imitated from the ancient; as also a small wall, with an iron grating in the centre.

2ND HALL.—In the side cases are Terra Cotta; kitchen utensils; masks for fountains and other objects. In

the centre are glass cases on pedestals, containing casts of human skeletons in the position in which they were found ; their dying agony being so clearly portrayed that—even after eighteen hundred years have elapsed—one can scarcely bear to look on them. A poor dog is among them, who was fastened up by means of a handsome collar and chain : the poor beast was choked, and died in a convulsion—a terrible sight to gaze on even now.

3RD HALL.—In the side cases on the left are skeletons of animals—horses, dogs, etc.—a saucepan, containing a sucking pig : on the right are bronze kitchen utensils, measures, carbonised bread and fruits ; and several human skulls, on one of which there is still a little hair. On the sides are two marble statues,—those of Venus and Apollo.

We next proceeded to the ruins. The area enclosed within the walls is estimated at one hundred and sixty acres ; greatest length, three-quarters of a mile ; greatest breadth, half a mile. The part already excavated includes probably the most important part of the town ; comprising the Forum with the contiguous temples and public buildings, two theatres with large porticoes, the Amphitheatre, and a considerable number of handsome private dwellings.

The streets, where Roman chariot wheels have worn deep ruts in the great paving stones, are straight and narrow ; the main thoroughfares not being above twenty four feet broad, and the cross lanes only about fourteen feet. They are, however, admirably paved with large blocks of lava in the central part, where used by horses and carriages ; and a pavement or causeway for foot passengers, raised above the wheel-way, and formed of a composition of lime, earth, and gravel.

At the corners of the streets are public fountains, decorated with the head of a deity, a mask, or similar ornament.

In these long buried streets it is easy to realise, writes M A. M. Hoppus, that "God shall bring every work to remembrance" when the Books are opened and the Judgment is set. As in the days before the flood, so here in Pompeii—"they were eating and drinking and knew not until the Flood came." The houses are slightly constructed, of concrete, with bricks occasionally (especially the corner pillars) of tufa blocks. The numerous and well-preserved staircases prove that the houses must have had a second—perhaps a third—story; but these upper portions, consisting chiefly of wood, have, with a single exception, been destroyed by the red-hot scorix of the eruption.

The front of the ground floor of the larger houses was generally occupied by shops: where none such existed the outer walls were generally stuccoed and painted—often in bright colours. Only the upper floors had windows, and these were small—owing to the absence of glass. The chief peculiarity of the habitations is the internal court which provided the surrounding chambers with light, and was the means of intercommunication between them.

From what we noticed in the different streets it did not appear that any quarter of the town was sacred from the intrusion of trade. The shops were small and all of one character, having the business-part in front, and one or two small chambers behind. They were open to the street, and could be closed by means of wide sliding doors or shutters moving in grooves cut in the stone, in some instances running upon an iron rail. The shops had a broad counter of masonry in front for the display of goods, with little steps at the end next the wall, and a small oven at the opposite end when food or drink were included amongst the articles sold.

Many of these counters, covered with slabs of marble, and sometimes fitted up with earthen vessels for the sale of wine, oil, etc., are still preserved. Shops are usually known by signs emblematic of the business which had been carried on within. The splendid mansions of the Roman aristocracy were evidently situated in the midst of shops, often of a mean order, for, turning up a cross street, we came to the remains of the House of Pansa, which was (according to Pellerano) one of the largest in Pompeii, and was surrounded in the different streets by sixteen shops. Over the entrance was found *Pansam A.E.D. Paratus Rogat*. From the vestibule we proceeded into a large apartment measuring about fifty feet by forty, an improved form of the ancient open court, and known as the Atrium. It is not closed, indeed, even at this point of advancement, for the roof had an open space in its centre through which the rain could fall into a basin of equal diameter in the floor beneath,—this basin being known as the *impluvium*, signifying a receptacle for the rain. The *Compluvium* was the only window—in fact, an open skylight—in this comfortless though elegantly embellished apartment. Along the sides of the room were doors leading into the bed-chambers—dreary cells, unworthy of the name of rooms, with apertures in the wall to serve for windows. The next apartment was called the *tablinum*; and here were exhibited the family pictures and objects of taste.

The garden behind Pansa's house must have been about a hundred feet square, and laid out in ornamental flower-beds.

Among the more interesting private dwellings scattered through the town, are the Villa of Diomedes in the Strada del Sepolcri; the house of Sallust in the Strada di Eroclano; the house of Meleager, and that of Castor and Pollux, in the Strada di Mercurio; the house of Marcus Lucretius in the Strada di Stabia. The house of the Tragic Poet (writes Pellerano) is so named from a mosaic called the Dramatic

Concert, which is now to be seen in the Museum at Naples. This building, when excavated and laid open in 1824, was pretty nearly entire; and at a small expense it might have been roofed and restored. The only attempt at preservation, however, has been the tiling of the walls; and as this does not shelter their surface from the weather, some of the finest specimens of fresco painting have been destroyed. The mosaic pavements, too, were very beautiful; and these have not suffered so much from the exposure. On the floor of the threshold was the mosaic of a cur chained, with the motto beneath: "Cave Canem"—"Beware the Dog," now in the Museum of Naples.

The houses have received their distinctive appellations from inscriptions, statues, or paintings found in them; almost all are built after one plan; and are as remarkable for the smallness of their rooms as for their rich decoration. The difference between these and modern constructions is significant of the difference in the manner of life when comparing our own with that of the ancients:—ours is emphatically far more domestic than was theirs, for theirs was mainly an outdoor life, which was passed in the Forums, under the Porticoes, or in the Palestras, Basilicas, and Baths. But it is worthy of notice that all—from the richest mansion to the smallest shop—were embellished with fine mosaics and paintings, which the people are now endeavouring to preserve from the effects of the air and rain.

And yet these old Pompeians were very modern, and "there is nothing new under the sun." They had folding doors, writes M. A. M. Hoppus, and hot water urns, they put gratings to their windows, and made rockeries in their gardens; their steel-yards are exactly like those your own cheesemonger uses to weigh his Cheddars and Glosters. Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, cats, pigs, dogs, made of clay, and sometimes serving as jugs also.

Poor children ! poor mothers ! How did they fare in those three days of darkness and dismay ? People wrote on walls, and cut their names on seats, just as is done at the present time ; they kept birds in cages ; and they put lamps behind the eyes of the hollow masks that adorned their fountains. They had stands for public vehicles ; and the schoolmaster used a birch to give impetus to the dunces. They put stepping stones across the roads that the dainty young patrician and the purse-proud old senators might not soil their gilded sandals. They ate sausages, and hung up strings of onions. They even made grottoes of shells—vulgarity was ancient as well as modern.

The most important public buildings are the Great Thermæ, the Great Theatre, the Temple of Isis, the Greek Temple or Temple of Neptune (the most ancient building which has yet been uncovered), and the Amphitheatre.

Passing the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter we had the cleared space of the Forum before us. According to the guide-book this place of resort, when in its glory, consisted of an oblong area five hundred feet in length and one hundred wide, paved with marble of different colours, embellished at various points with statues, and environed by temples and other edifices with fronts of elegant Grecian architecture. On one side there had been an ambulatory, or open gallery, above the rows of pillars, where the idle might lounge, and from which they might gaze upon the moving throngs beneath. All is now desolate ; pillars broken, roofs gone, and pavement destroyed ; much of this dilapidation having been caused by the earthquake sixteen years before the final destruction.

In perambulating this scene of fallen grandeur, we are forcibly reminded of the custom among the Romans of spending a very large portion of their time in the streets or places of public assembly. To suit such customs, every Roman

city was amply provided with places of amusement, erected either by the State or by private munificence. Whatever was the form of Government—monarchical or republican—the amusement of the people at the public expense was kept prominently in view; and no small proportion of the plunder of countries conquered by Roman arms was devoted to this purpose. Besides being the spot where idlers might lounge, the Forum was also the scene of political contentions.

We were also conducted to the Amphitheatre—an edifice of an oval form, showing two stories outside, while the interior consists of tiers of stone benches, rising from, and environing, a central arena. At the sides of the area were two chambers or dens with iron gratings, for wild beasts; the whole being surrounded by a high parapet, on which were displayed paintings of animals and gladiatorial combats, and surmounted by an iron railing to protect spectators from the wild animals whose combats with each other or with men, served as an attractive spectacle. From a measurement of the seats it is calculated that they would accommodate ten thousand persons, exclusive of additional standing room.

Leaving here, we were shewn the remains of the public baths. The establishment was evidently on a most extensive scale, and consisted of distinct divisions for men and women respectively, each being supplied with cold, tepid, and hot water. One of the largest apartments—the tepidarium,—being vaulted, is still in a tolerable state of preservation. The walls are covered with stucco, which is ornamented with paintings, arabesques, and figures in relief—one of which (a Jupiter) is still nearly perfect. Light had been admitted from a dome in the roof. The floors of the warm bath rooms were hollow, heated air having been admitted beneath them by means of flues, for the purpose of taking off the

chill of the atmosphere—portions only of these flues are visible.

Sir William Gell, in his "Pompeiana," observes: "After bathing, it was customary to anoint the body with fine oils and perfumes." "Persons in a humble condition," he adds, "sometimes used, instead of soap, meal of lupins, called lomentum; which, with common meal, is yet used in the north of England; while the rich carried their own most precious unguents to the Thermæ in phials of alabaster, gold, and glass, which were of such common use, both in ordinary life and at funerals, that they have very frequently been found in modern times, when they acquired the name of lachrymatories, from a mistaken notion concerning their original destination."

Hastening on, we proceeded along an avenue, or street, singular in character, usually called the Street of Tombs. It is, in reality, the burial ground of the Pompeians; and is lined with monumental edifices of handsome and solid masonry, some in a tolerable state of preservation, others wofully dilapidated—less, however, by the ravages of time than the pressure of volcanic matter.

After purchasing a few photographs, we proceeded to the Hotel Diomède, close by; where an excellent dinner was rapidly served. After resting the horses for four hours, we started on the return journey for Naples at eight o'clock. Our route led us through Portici, a populous village built on the ground which entombs Herculaneum. The site of the buried city was only discovered last century, on the occasion of sinking a well; the first signification being the striking with a pick-axe against the door of a theatre. The drive back was very pleasant, although the evening air was so chilly as to necessitate the use of thick wrappers. We arrived at our hotel at half-past ten, and soon retired for the night.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29TH.—A fine morning. After

breakfast, we sallied forth to the National Museum of Antiquities and Fine Arts—a museum of which any nation might be proud; containing not only a valuable library of two hundred and seventy five thousand volumes, and many rare manuscripts, but an unequalled collection of gems, bronzes, vases, etc., and a vast number of articles of glass—mostly Egyptian. We were much pleased and greatly interested in what we saw, especially with the new and wonderful collection (in endless variety) of lamps, bronzes, coins, jewellery, marbles, papyri, etc., obtained chiefly from the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii; which, as might be expected, form an exhibition which is absolutely unique. The domestic life of people who passed away eighteen hundred years ago is laid bare before us: we see the implements of trade, the tools of the artisan, bronze kitchen utensils and domestic requisites of every use and description, all exactly as they fell from the hands of those who were using them until they fled in wild terror from their homes, in consequence of that sudden outburst of flames and sulphur fumes, which drove them they knew not whither—from the land to the sea, and back again from the sea to the land.

Naples (Italian, *Napoli*) was formerly a separate European State; but since 1860 has been incorporated as an integral portion of the Kingdom of Italy. It is one hundred and seventeen miles south-east of Rome, magnificently situated on the north side of a nearly semi-circular bay, partly stretching along the shore, and partly climbing the adjacent heights; is bounded on the west by the picturesque heights of Posilipo, and on the east by the lofty tops of Vesuvius: while the surrounding country (rich in natural beauty) derives additional attractions from the numerous villas, and other objects with which human art has embellished it.

The great mass of buildings which composes the city

may be described as an irregular oblong, the greatest length of which (from north to south) is stated by the guide-books to be four miles; the breadth, from east to west, being about two and a half miles; and the circuit nearly eight miles. There are more than one thousand three hundred streets, most of which are paved with square blocks of lava so exactly fitted that not the least inequality can be discerned. The best street is that of the Toledo, which, opening from the Market Place on the north extremity of the city, traverses its whole length, and terminates at the Palace, not far from the shore. It forms the principal thoroughfare and promenade, but, both in its buildings and shops, is far inferior to the leading streets of most other European capitals.

It is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the stir and noise which prevail in the streets: such talking, shouting, and rushing to and fro can scarcely be found anywhere else. It has been said—with an appearance of truth—that the Neapolitans talk all day long and for half the night. The rumble of carts and carriages of every description, which, with the greatest speed and amid frightful shouts, rush through the crowds of people every moment, almost baffles description; all the running, pushing, and struggling, form one of the most extraordinary pictures that can be seen in Europe.

The public edifices are not very remarkable. The most deserving of notice are the Cathedral, a large Gothic building; the Church of St. Paul, a handsome edifice faced internally with marble; and other churches, upwards of three hundred and forty in number. Many of these, though injured by earthquakes and disfigured by so-called restorations, are remarkable for their architecture and the works of art they contain, and are said to be possessed of mediæval tombs unexcelled by any other city of Italy. The principal educational establishments are the University, attended by

several thousand students ; the Chinese College ; the College of Music ; the Medico-chirurgical College ; the Royal Society ; the Botanical Garden ; the Observatory ; the Aquarium ; and eighteen Hospitals all richly endowed.

The population has been steadily increasing for some years past ; and, according to the Census which was taken on the night of 31st December, 1871, and 1st January, 1872, is four hundred and forty eight thousand three hundred and thirty five. The *lazzaroni*, who were considered to constitute a distinct race, numbering some fifty thousand souls, and including the porters, boatmen, hack-coachmen, etc., are nothing in reality but the very lowest classes of the community, and have, of late years, been very greatly reduced in numbers. "The boatmen and fishermen, to whom the term is wrongly applied," observes Mr. Matthews, "are amongst the most industrious and the most hard-working classes in Naples. No people in Italy are so apt and capable, and, when they choose, so hard-working as the Neapolitans ; it is astonishing the amount of hard labour they will undergo in such an enervating climate. As a class, they are universally acknowledged to be abstemious and frugal, and they continue a merry, joyous race, with a keen relish for drollery, and endued with a power of feature that is shewn in the richest exhibitions of comic grimace." "Even the lowest class," he adds, "enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy,—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of satisfying every appetite, and a conscience which gives no pain."

The manufactures are more numerous than important. At the head of them are *maccaroni* and *vermicelli*, which constitute the principal food of the great body of the people. Next to these are silk goods, especially *Gros-de-Naples*, which owes its name to the extent and superiority of its manufacture here. The other leading articles are fire-arms,

porcelain, tobacco, castings, lace, gloves, violins, and other musical instruments, hats, woollen, linen, and cotton stuffs. The exports consist chiefly of bones, cream-of-tartar, linseed, hemp, wheat, liquorice, madder, coral, macaroni, oil, and wine.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30TH.—A pouring wet morning. The weather somewhat disconcerted us, as this was our last day, and we wanted to make the most of it. At nine o'clock, in spite of the rain, we started—our first object being the Church of S. Francesco di Paola, erected by Ferdinand I., as a votive offering for his recovery in 1816. The internal part of this Church, built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, is adorned with thirty Corinthian columns of Mandragoni marble, the Confessionals being also of the same material. The High Altar is constructed of costly jasper and lapis lazuli. Eight large statues of marble, representing the four evangelists and other saints of the Church, are by celebrated sculptors; and the paintings are by the first artists of their time.

We next visited the Royal Palace, an immense building of three stories. The Grand Staircase is commodious and ample. The apartments are richly fitted up, and adorned with tapestry and good paintings by the old Italian masters. At the back of the palace, along the first floor, and fronting the sea, is a handsome terrace, paved with marble and shaded with trees, from which there is a delightful view.

Taking leave of the Palace we retraced our steps to the hotel, making a few purchases on our way in the shape of specialties of the place, to serve as mementoes, and after a hasty luncheon drove to the Railway Station and left by the 2-55 train for Rome, where we arrived at nine o'clock. After our luggage had been examined we had our portmanteaus put on the omnibus which was waiting outside, and drove to the Hotel Allemagne.

FRIDAY, MAY 1ST.—A doubtful morning. After breakfast we proceeded to St. Peter's, the Vatican, and S. Maria Maggiore; but, having given detailed accounts of the different places of interest visited by me at Rome in my "Reminiscences of a Continental Holiday," 1876, it is not my intention to recapitulate them here.

SATURDAY, MAY 2ND.—A splendid morning. After an early breakfast we started out with our guide and visited the following places:—The Pantheon, St. Clement's, the Coliseum, the Catacombs, St. Callixtus', St. Paul's, the Temple of Vesta, Theatre of Marcellus, Museum of the Capitol, S. Maria de Ara Cæli, Mamertine Prisons, Forum Romanum, and the Borghese Palace and Gardens.

SUNDAY, MAY 3RD.—A magnificent morning. Breakfast concluded, we attended Divine Service at the English Church. Every one appeared to join heartily, and there seemed an unusual proportion of men's voices. A most interesting sermon was followed by an Administration of the Holy Communion.

After a hasty luncheon, I had to say farewell to my pleasant travelling companion (it being inconvenient for me to await his departure), who had made all things so agreeable to me during our four months' fellowship, and but for whom I should probably have never undertaken such a journey. No one could ever have had a more unselfish and kindly a companion; and for the many acts of thoughtful devotion which tended so much to lessen the discomforts of the way, I am greatly indebted.

Proceeding by the hotel omnibus to the railway station, I left Rome by the 1-30 train, homeward bound; remaining in the train for thirty hours, excepting for short intervals at occasional stoppages. The train arrived at Pisa at ten o'clock; and after an interval of a quarter of an hour for

dinner I resumed my seat in the corner and prepared for sleep.

MONDAY, MAY 4TH.—A glorious morning. Arrived at Milan at eight o'clock; changed carriages; and proceeded to Chiasso, on the frontier line; and here, at the Swiss and Italian Customs' houses, all luggage was examined.

After considerable delay the train moved off. The scenery during the next seventy or eighty miles was of the most magnificent description. The route is virtually enclosed with mountains from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet high; some barren and rugged; some snow-wreathed and ice-crevassed. Below them were many lovely plains and terraced lands upon which, in a few weeks, the vine would doubtless be growing. Here, a little village seemed nestling in a crevice; there, another village seemed in danger of having its pretty church and homesteads swept away by avalanches or mountain torrents.

The train next carries us through the Great St. Gothard Tunnel, a little over nine and a quarter miles in length, or about one and a half miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. We emerged at the other end of the tunnel after a period of twenty-one minutes, and alighted from the mail express on its arrival at Goschenen about two o'clock. An interval of thirty minutes for luncheon at the buffet was soon over, and then on we sped again. There are fifty-five tunnels besides the Great Tunnel on the St. Gothard Railway; but the most remarkable feature of the railway is its spiral or cork-screw mode of ascent. After going up for some time, we looked down upon what seems to be a different line of railway at some distance below, and which seems to run directly across our track. At first it is hard to believe that it is the very line we have come over; but we have been in and out of two or three tunnels since we were down there, and appeared to have had a sharp

curve at the end of a heavy gradient through the dense mountains. At the particular spot I noticed when we passed a little village towered above: it was made conspicuous by a large snowfield on which we approached very near in our final passing, after coming in through the wide valley. In order to avoid a perpendicular descent, or the necessity of constructing reversing stations, the line runs through the heart of the mountains and comes back again at a higher or lower level by means of a curve often concealed by a tunnel. The engines used on this section of the line are very powerful and of enormous size, weighing about sixty tons; those used on our own railways seldom exceeding twenty tons. The railway passes alongside part of the Lake of Lucerne, and, in the neighbourhood of William Tell's chapel, the road is seen at a good height above the water, and in some places has been pierced through the solid rock.

"The St. Gothard Tunnel," writes Baedeker, "was begun in June, 1872, at Goschenen, and a month later at Airolo; and the boring was completed on February 29th, 1880. During seven years and a half no fewer than two thousand five hundred workmen were (on an average) employed here daily, and the number sometimes rose to three thousand four hundred. The cost was estimated at fifty millions francs or two million pounds sterling; but that sum was exceeded by six and three quarters millions of francs (£270,000). The boring machines were on the improved Ferroux system, worked by compressed air. The tunnel, twenty-eight feet broad and twenty-one feet high, is lined throughout with masonry, and is laid with a double line of rails. As a current of fresh air (at a temperature of 70° Fahrenheit) constantly passes through the tunnel, it is unnecessary to close the windows." The St. Gothard railway is one of the grandest achievements of modern times. It includes the Immensee, Goldau, Fluelen, Bellinzona, Lugano, and Chiasso system of lines, one hundred and twenty-eight

miles in length. The highest point of the line (in the middle of the great tunnel) is three thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea-level; and the maximum gradient is about one foot in four.

We reached Bâle at 7-30, where I had time to get a wash, followed by a comfortable dinner at the Railway buffet, before leaving for Calais. Quitted Bâle at nine o'clock p.m., and remained in the train for another thirteen hours. I had a well-lighted compartment to myself; but as the night advanced, the coolness of the air increased most perceptibly.

TUESDAY, MAY 5TH.—It was a pleasant run to Amiens, which was reached at 8-55 a.m., and here, during a stoppage of forty minutes, I partook of breakfast, which greatly refreshed me, but was off again at 9-30, and, passing through a flat, uninteresting country, reached Calais at ten minutes past noon. After an interval of half-an-hour for luncheon I embarked on the homeward-bound steamer and enjoyed a fair passage across the dreaded Channel, reaching Dover about three o'clock, where all luggage was examined; and then proceeded by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway for London, reaching Victoria Station at 5-20, and the Langham Hotel was my resting-place for the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6TH.—Breakfast concluded, and hotel expenses defrayed, a cab deposited me at St. Pancras Station, where I took the eight o'clock train for Bolton. Extremely prosaic, doubtless, to the ordinary traveller, appeared the grimy town of Bolton on a May day, four months after my departure for the East. Even to my short-sighted ken no beauty could be discerned in the unrelieved monotony of factory after factory, one tall chimney receding from view as another of precisely the same pattern came within the circle of vision as I traversed the line of streets with their tumultuous stream of life. But if there was no perceptible

beauty, there was that which was better—far better ! Love's warm rays illumined with brightness those ordinary streets ; Love's piercing vision penetrated those sombre buildings of dull red bricks, and with quick anticipation already saw the dear faces of wife and children waiting the arrival of the home-comer ; and when at last the tardy train drew up, when anticipation became realisation,—not all the gorgeous palaces which I had seen would I have exchanged for the smoke-be-grimed station which gave temporary shelter to those “ dearest of all to me ” upon earth. Truly “ Dark and true and tender is the North ! ” I bless the Hand that protected us when apart, and united us again heart to heart in peace and safety.

“ Homeward sped we again to all our habits and duties,—
Since then, day on day, and week on week has gathered,—
One the same as another, and all overflowing with blessings.”

THE END.



A FEW HINTS

TO TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST.

Avoid all unnecessary luggage ; at the same time be well supplied.

DRESS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Light Tweed suits, travelling rug, strong water-proof overcoat, white macintosh sheet, strong water-tight boots, slippers, woollen stockings, flannel shirts, pocket handkerchiefs, linen, comb and brushes, mosquito curtain, goggles, white veil, puggery, umbrella (with a white circle of two feet in diameter at the top only).

LADIES are recommended to take a good woollen costume, not heavy ; one or two of light texture, and a serviceable dark silk.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.—A small medicine chest is useful ; but for all general purposes it will be sufficient to take some quinine, seidlitz powders, sulphate of zinc, soap plaster, tincture of arnica, lint, bandages, gutta-percha tissue, tinct. pyrethri (for keeping off mosquitoes), cold cream, eau-de-cologne, tinct. aconite ; pocket filter, leather drinking cup, pocket knife, scissors, writing case (fitted) ; needles, thread, tape, buttons ; soap ; pocket compass, aneroid barometer ; botanical case, paper, labels, magnesium wire and lamp ; spirit lamp, matches, canister of tea, condensed milk, and a ball of twine.



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